

The Smart Screen Magazine

SCREENLAND[★]

February

15c



Spotlight Cover of
Miriam Hopkins
See Page 22

The Stars' Love Scene Tabus
First Pictures of Warner Baxter's Home
What Leslie Howard Really Thinks of Hollywood

"Not the least of my luxuries

IS LISTERINE TOOTH PASTE"
SAYS MISS ELISABETH REMSEN

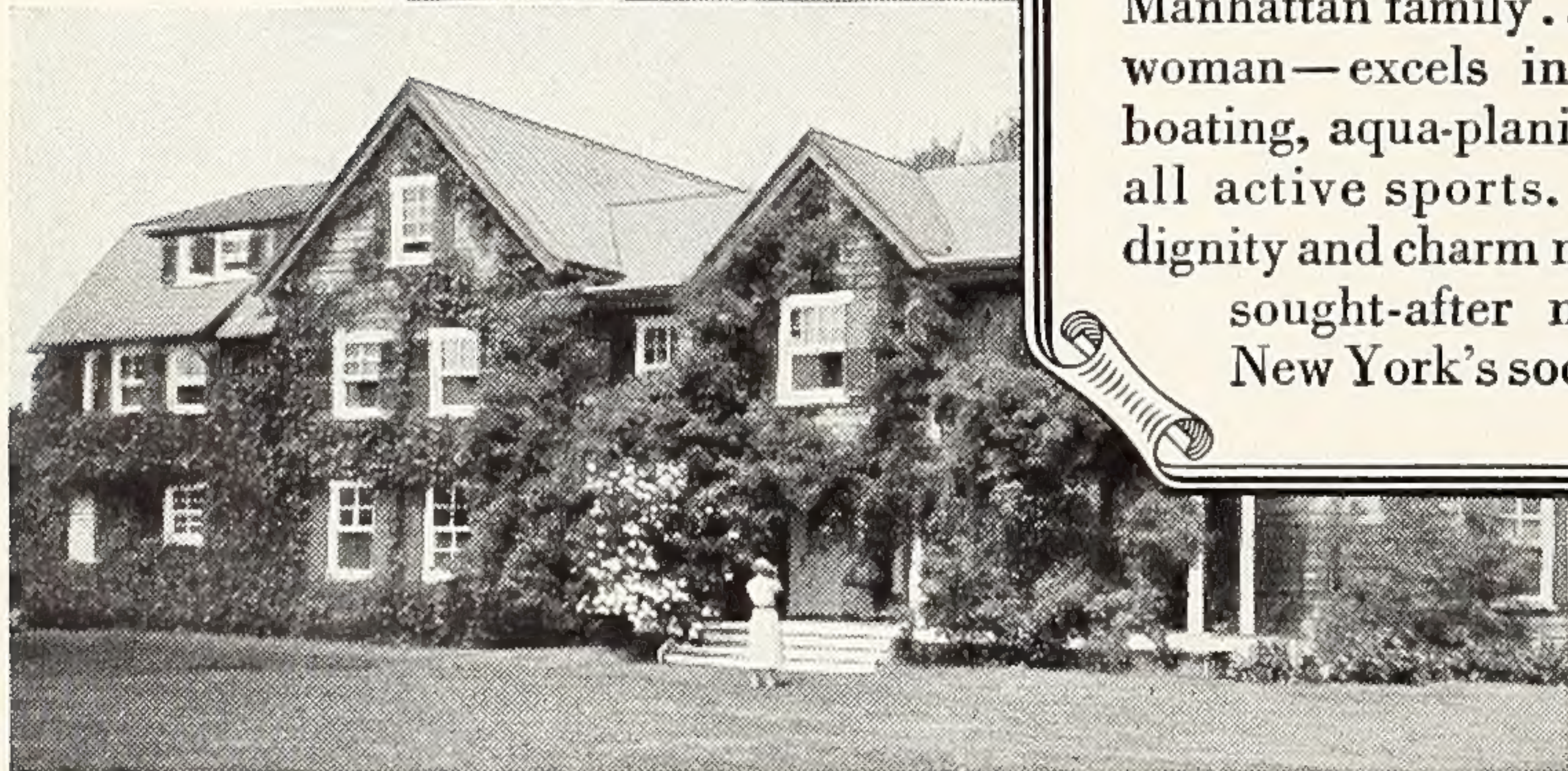


Miss Remsen shown on one of her thoroughbreds which she rides daily, rain or shine, in Central Park or the quiet paths of Long Island's famous south shore where she summers.



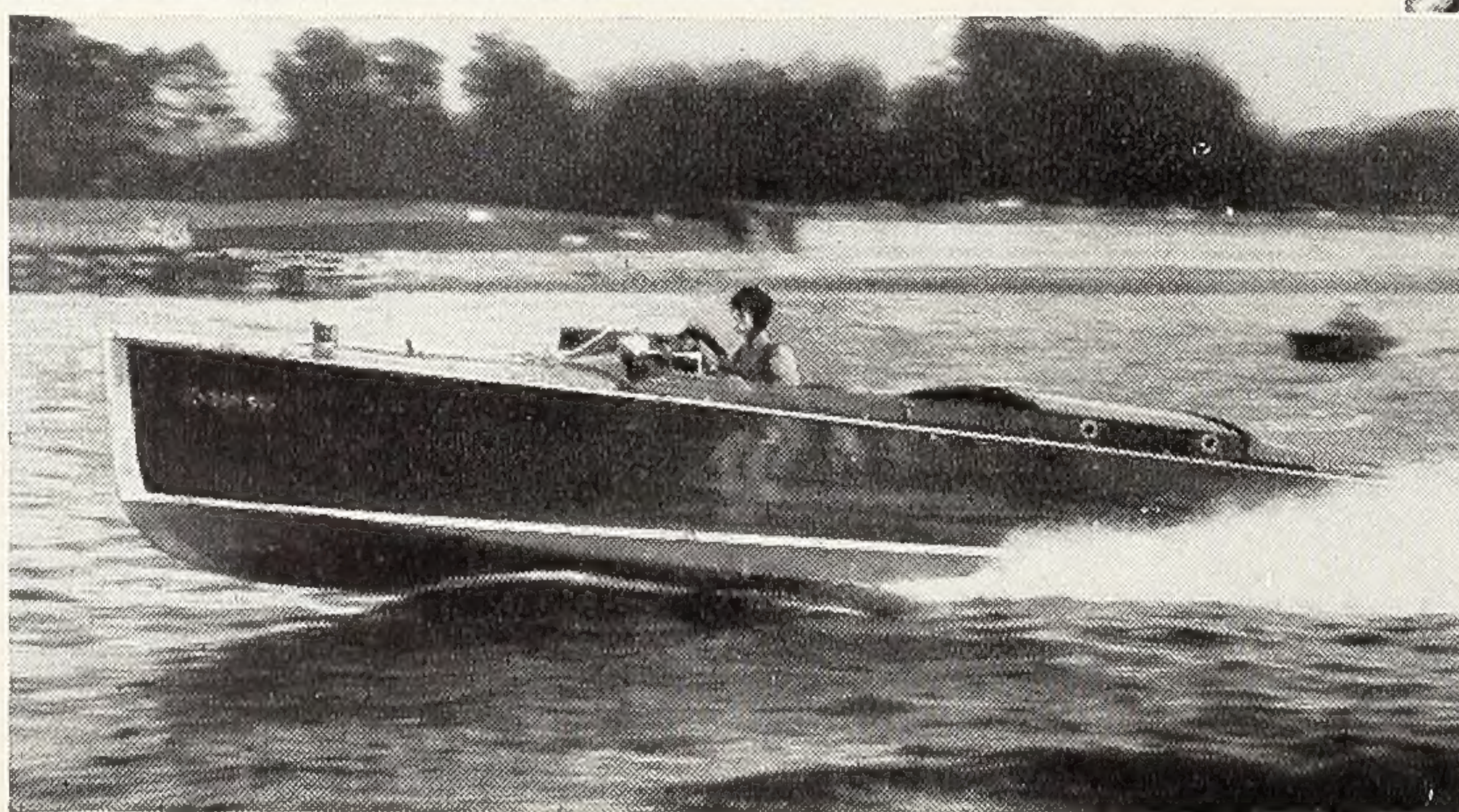
Miss Elisabeth Remsen
OF
REMSENBURG, L. I.

and New York City . . . member of distinguished and conservative Manhattan family . . . ardent sports-woman—excels in riding, speed-boating, aqua-planing, golf, in fact all active sports. Her position, dignity and charm make her a most sought-after member of New York's social groups.



Remsen House . . . Built by Miss Remsen's forebears—full of rare pieces reflecting the traditions and heritage of an old family.

One of Miss Remsen's particular delights—her speed-boat. She drives it very capably on the Atlantic as well as Shinnecock Bay.



"I like it for its gentle action
and its pleasant after-effect"

WHAT a fine compliment to this exceptional dentifrice . . . that women and men of Miss Remsen's position—people able to afford any price for tooth paste—prefer it to all others. More than 3,000,000 people now use it regularly. They are simply delighted by its results.

If your teeth are dull, off-color, and look only half clean, start using Listerine Tooth Paste now. See how quickly it brings improvement.

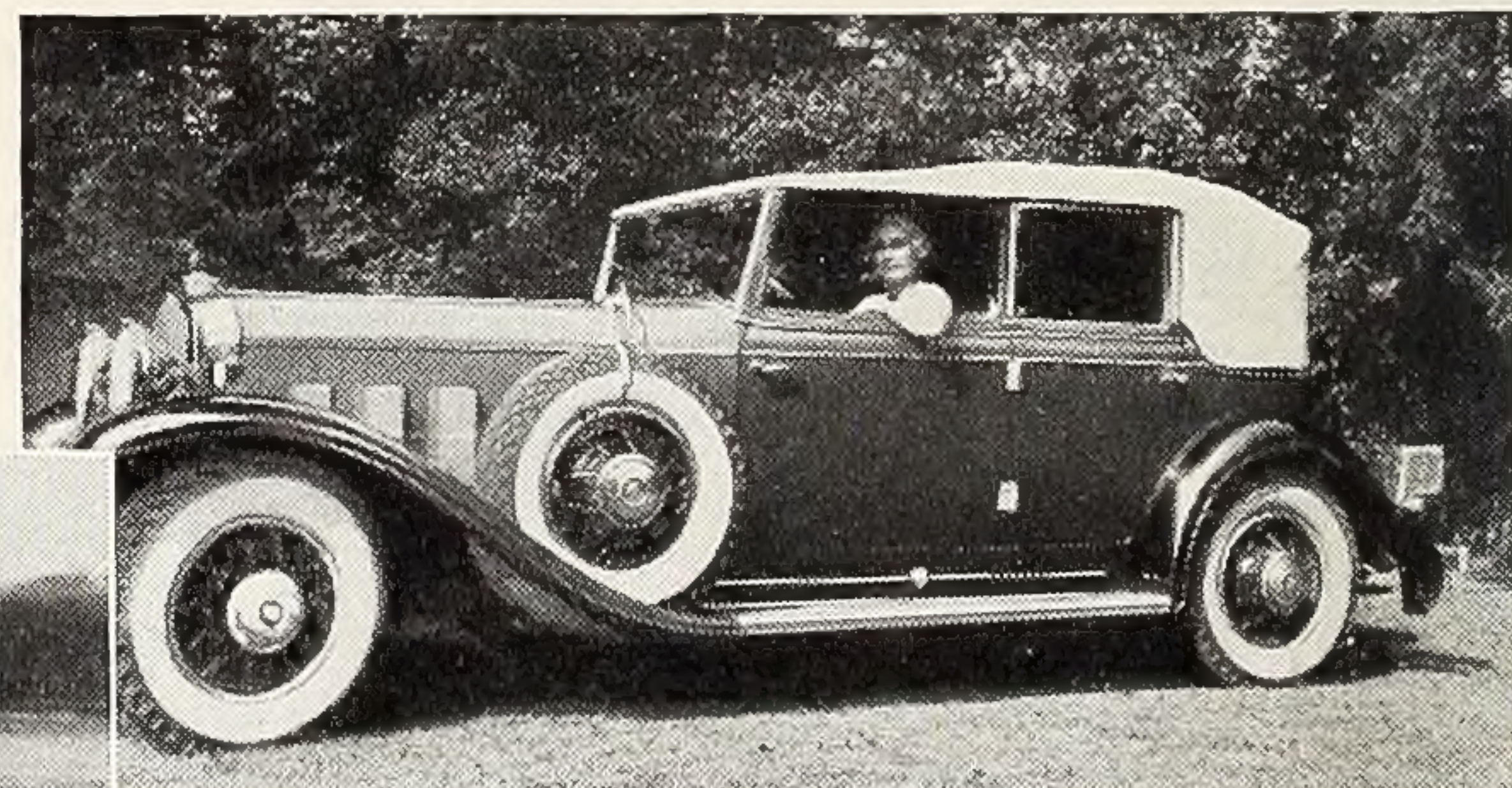
Note how thoroughly but gently it cleans—and how quickly. Thousands are won by this speedy action.

See how it erases unsightly surface stains and discolorations. "Magically," say many. Note the brilliant flash and lustre it gives after brushing is over.

The really remarkable results that Listerine Tooth Paste gives are due to special, delicate, light-as-a-feather cleansers not found in ordinary dentifrices.

As they cleanse so gently, they also polish . . . softer than enamel, they cannot harm it and so can be used year in and year out without danger.

Start now to give your teeth better care. Get a tube of Listerine Tooth Paste and let it show you what it can do. Lambert Pharmacal Company, St. Louis, Mo.



Miss Remsen's car—a familiar sight along the roads around the fashionable Hamptons . . .

**LISTERINE
TOOTH PASTE**

Large Size 25¢ . . . Double Size 40¢



Lovely TO LOOK AT... *thrilling* TO HOLD



THESE days, women are entitled to a larger bottle of nail polish, because they use so much more of it. That is the reason for PLAT-NUM'S generous, over-sized bottle . . . more than others give you for the money. Try a bottle.

FREE



this booklet

Send 4c in stamps and we will send to you this interesting, informative, stiff cover booklet on the beautifying of your arms, hands and fingers.

THERE'S no denying the fact that lovely hands hold romance in their grasp . . . hands say things that words cannot express.

Next in importance to graceful, supple hands is the choice of the nail polish that adorns them. PLAT-NUM nail polish has solved this problem for millions of fascinating women everywhere. PLAT-NUM is a better blend of polish—applies more smoothly, sets more lustrously, lasts longer—and will not chip, crack, peel, fade or streak.

Whether you prefer a creme or a transparent polish, you may choose from twelve different true-tone shades, any one of which will blend perfectly with gown, complexion and your make-up. Try PLAT-NUM without delay. On sale at 5 and 10 cent stores everywhere. It's soft, shimmering, satin-like finish completes the perfection of careful grooming—the lovely complement to a lovely hand.

PLAT-NUM

Nail Polish

PLAT-NUM LABORATORIES 80 FIFTH AVE., NEW YORK

HUMANITY'S GREATEST LOVE STORY!

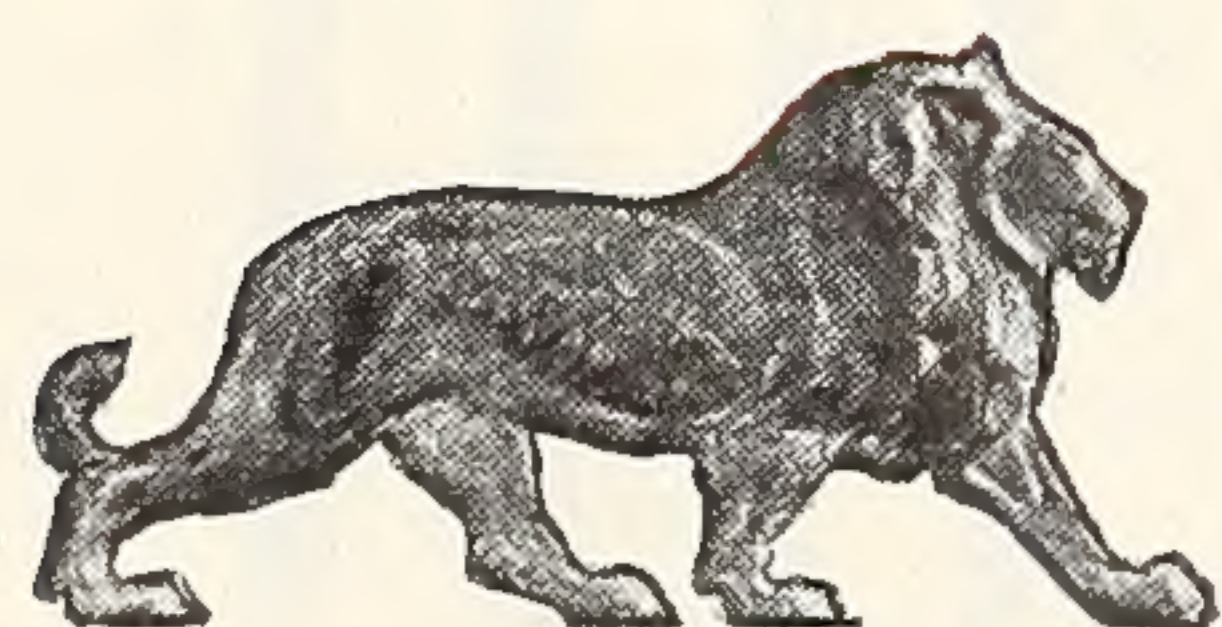


"A life for a life you love." So vowed this handsome idler! In that terror-haunted cell he asked himself what is the greatest sacrifice he could make for the woman he loved...

The producers of "Mutiny On The Bounty", "China Seas" and other big hits of this season are happy to bring you another million dollar thrill-drama! Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer has re-created for the screen, in breath-taking realism, one of the great romantic dramas of all time, penned by Charles Dickens whose "David Copperfield" was the most treasured picture of 1935. We now confidently predict that "A Tale of Two Cities" will be the best-loved romance of 1936!

RONALD COLMAN

A TALE OF TWO CITIES



Cast of 6000 including Elizabeth Allan, Edna May Oliver, Blanche Yurka, Reginald Owen, Basil Rathbone, Walter Catlett, Donald Woods, Fritz Leiber, H. B. Warner, Mitchell Lewis, Billy Bevan, Lucille La Verne, Tully Marshall, E. E. Clive, Lawrence Grant, Henry B. Walthall, Claude Gillingwater, Tom Ricketts

A METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER PICTURE • Produced by David O. Selznick • Directed by Jack Conway

The Smart Screen Magazine

SCREENLAND

DELIGHT EVANS, Editor

ELIZABETH WILSON, Western Representative

TOM KENNEDY, Assistant Editor

FRANK J. CARROLL, Art Director



We Asked Nelson Eddy: "Are Hollywood Dates Dangerous?"

Fighting words in Hollywood, these—where men as magnetic as the screen's big new blond singing star are at a premium, and lovely women stoop to follow! Nevertheless, SCREENLAND courageously posed the question to Nelson Eddy, whose second big picture, "Rose Marie," is ready for showing right now.

What did he answer? How did he take it? We caught up with this latest movie idol whose fan letters have been totaling 3,000 weekly since "Naughty Marietta," just before he left on a four months' concert tour of the country. He faced facts squarely; and the resulting story is a great feature you must not miss.

Read the Answer in
MARCH SCREENLAND
On Sale February 4

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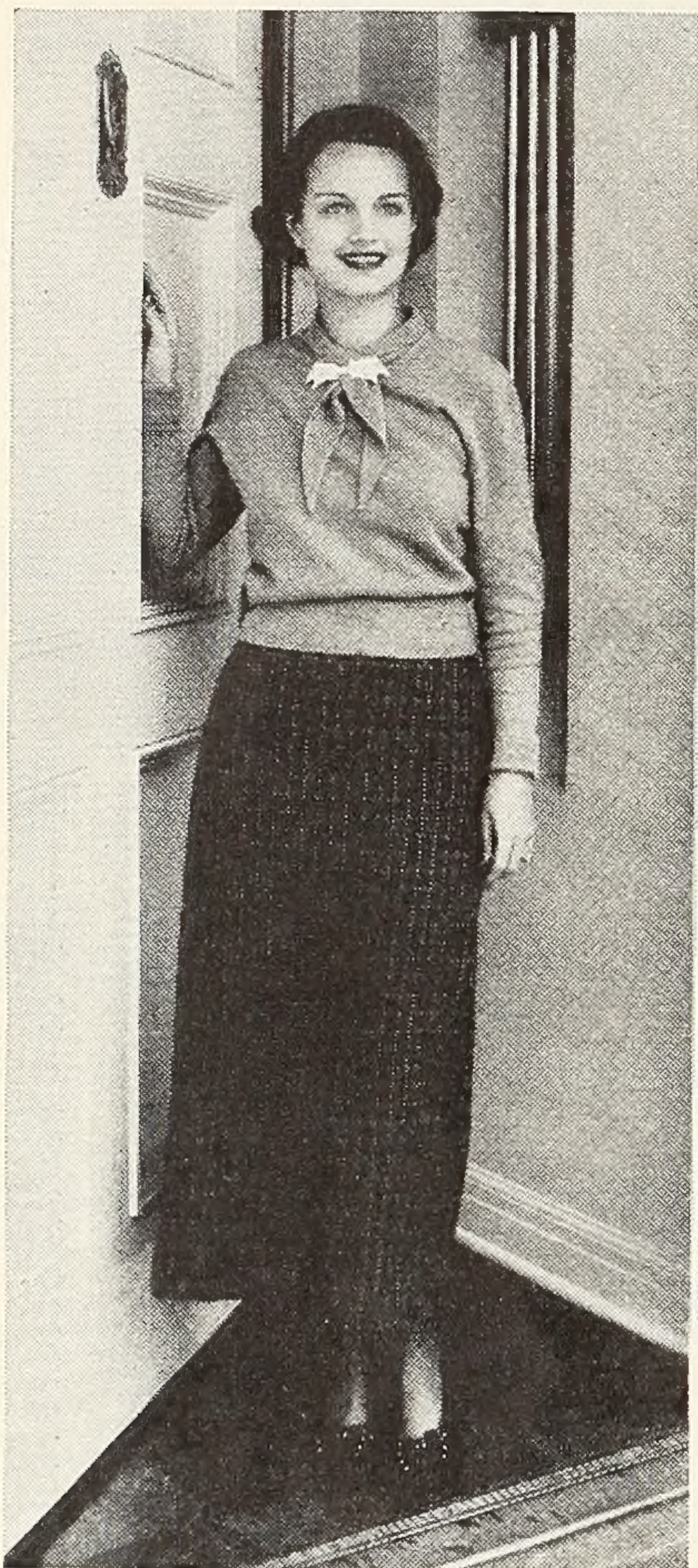
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Spotlight Cover Portrait of Miriam Hopkins by Marland Stone

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Inside the Stars' Homes



A beautiful young girl in a charming setting—a "dream house" in Beverly Hills, and Rochelle earned it all herself! Left, your pretty hostess welcomes you at the door, then invites you to share a favorite salad. Below, first view of the new home where Miss Hudson lives with her mother.

By
Betty
Boone

Your first visit to Rochelle Hudson's new house, which is almost as lovely as she is. You'll want to try her California recipes



ROACHELLE HUDSON lives in her "dream house" in Beverly Hills. It's a French Colonial house of white brick with an emerald green lawn reaching down to the pepper trees that line the avenue. A low white-brick wall encloses a red-bricked terrace before the white door.

Pressing Rochelle's doorbell, instead of eliciting a peremptory peal brings the sound of chimes. La, la, la, la, la, la! as though the dream house was happy to have a caller.

"I think everyone in Beverly Hills looked at this house while it was being built," said Rochelle, proudly. "Practically the entire population wanted it, but we were the lucky buyers. Perfect strangers still keep coming up and asking us to let them see the place—they are building and they've heard how marvelous this house is, and so on.

"I think it's so *right* that I'm taking my time about furnishing it. I want my house to be really mine—my own ideas, I mean, not something an interior decorator has put into my mind. This hall, now, is just the way I want it."

The hall is in ivory—the graceful curving stair carpeted in powder blue.

"It's taking longer than I expected to get just the right pieces. After three months, a place is supposed to be furnished, but here we are with nothing at all in the

living room or dining room! You see, we are two particular people—my mother and I—and since we are the ones who will have to live with the things, we want them to be perfect.

"So far, I've selected three beautiful prints for the living room—one of them is framed—and that's absolutely all!"

The living room is huge. Since it's all but empty, it looks even larger. "It could double any time for the Grand Central Station," quipped one of Rochelle's young friends. So all the real "living" is done in the sitting room, which is panelled in wood; an Oriental rug in brown and henna shades matches the wood. The draperies are of English chintz and the furniture selected for comfort as well as beauty.

"In California, everyone is supposed to live outdoors, so this is the ideal spot to rest and play in sunshine." Rochelle opened the French doors that led to a tiled patio, equipped with garden furniture and ping-pong table. "We're crazy about California things—sun, flowers, and fruits. One of our favorite salads is made with pulp of grapefruit, balls of cantaloupe, and thinly sliced bananas mixed with mayonnaise.

"Oh yes, here's another: You use cashew nuts, apples and bananas, and a little onion. Don't laugh! We like all our dishes highly seasoned. (Continued on page 90)

The Bride Comes Home

No Wonder She's a Blushing Bride! ... Claudette Colbert practically has to fight her way to the altar with that hard-boiled FRED MACMURRAY in Paramount's "The Bride Comes Home." P. S. — BOB YOUNG is the other guy.



This Doesn't Mean a Thing... Who said three's a crowd? Not when Claudette, Fred and Bob Young get together.

"Lady, I'm the Boss!" ... Yeah, that's what Fred thinks, the big stiff! But when Claudette begins battling, things are mighty different... and how they *do* battle in "The Bride Comes Home."



What's Wrong with this Photograph? ... We'll tell you. It's too peaceful! There's not a moment as quiet as this in the whole rip-roaring comedy of "The Bride Comes Home."

A PARAMOUNT PICTURE... DIRECTED BY WESLEY RUGGLES

SCREENLAND Honor Page

To Lily Pons, the loveliest lark who ever hit high C with voice and personality

Henry Fonda is the perfect leading man for Lily Pons in her first motion picture, "I Dream Too Much." Fonda's very American sincerity proves a splendid foil for the French girl's tremendous talents.



THE greatest tribute SCREENLAND can pay petite Lily Pons is that there is no temptation to greet her screen début with the cynical salutation: "And still they come!" This latest singer from the Metropolitan Opera House is a very small, rather shy, exceedingly disarming young girl, who flings her thrilling coloratura about as casually as a tap dancer tosses off taps. When she sings "Lakmé" or "Rigoletto" she provides an exciting experience; then she wins us completely

with her gay and genuine modesty, as much as to say: "Eet eez nuzzin', nuzzin' at all!" Then there's her sparkling sense of humor, somehow unexpected in a great prima donna; and definitely there is the endearing little-girl quality that, probably more than any other one thing, makes Lily Pons a permanent and welcome addition to our short list of really potent and important screen stars. She has been signed to make more pictures for us—let the next one be soon.



No Wonder Franchot Tone calls BETTE DAVIS "DANGEROUS"

**LOOK WHAT SHE SAYS,
IN HER LATEST PICTURE,
ABOUT LIFE, LOVE, MEN!**



"I'm not lady enough to lie! Loving me is like shaking hands with the devil—the worst kind of luck. But you'll find I'm the woman you'll always come back to!"



"I've never had any pity for men like you. You with your fat little soul and smug face! Why I've lived more in a day than you'll ever dare live."



"It's going to be your life or mine! If you're killed, I'll be free... If I'm killed, it won't matter any longer... and if we both die—good riddance."

In their first film together!

THE PICTURE

OF THE MONTH

YESSIR, "Dangerous" is the label Franchot tags on the screen's famous blonde temptress. And that's the title Warner Bros. have selected for their first picture together! If you thought Bette gave men a piece of her mind in "Of Human Bondage", "Bordertown", and "Front Page Woman", wait 'til you hear her cut loose as "the woman men always come back to", in "Dangerous".

The way she talks about them—particularly about Mr. Tone—is going to be the talk of movie-fan gatherings. Maybe you'll say she's right when you see what men did to her life. But you'll *certainly* agree that this story of a woman whose love was a jinx to men, is the surprise package of the New Year.

Besides Bette and Franchot, Margaret Lindsay, Alison Skipworth, John Eldredge, and Dick Foran are smartly spotted in a big cast directed by Alfred E. Green. There's no use telling you you *must* see "Dangerous". Because you may not be able to get through the crowds to the box-office when the news of this daring drama gets around town!



The Roving Reporter

... DISCOVERS THE SAFE SURE WAY TO REDUCE!



REDUCE YOUR WAIST and HIPS
3 INCHES in 10 DAYS
with the PERFOLASTIC GIRDLE
... or no cost!

You will appear inches smaller *instantly* ... and in ten short days you will *actually* lose 3 inches of solid fat from hips and waist or it will cost you nothing!

■ Our Roving Reporter found that the majority of women want to be slimmer, yet most of them go about it the wrong way. The successful Perfolastic method requires no effort, diet, drugs or exercise ... it is based on the healthful, invigorating principle of massage. The special "live" material exerts a gentle, massage-like action on your flesh.

■ With every move you make, each breath you take, this massage-like action removes those extra inches at just the spots where you want to reduce. And with the loss of excess fat comes energy and pep!

Test the Perfolastic Girdle and Brassiere For Ten Days at Our Expense!

■ Try the Perfolastic Girdle *yourself* and prove that YOU, too, can reduce without effort. Why not profit by the experience of 200,000 women and reduce the sure, safe Perfolastic way!



Don't wait! Mail this coupon now! You, too, can regain your slender, youthful figure!

■ Send for a FREE Sample of this wonderful fabric-lined, perforated material and illustrated descriptive booklet. Read about the amazing experiences of Perfolastic wearers.

SEND FOR TEN DAY FREE TRIAL OFFER!

PERFOLASTIC, Inc.

Dept. 732, 41 E. 42nd ST., NEW YORK, N. Y.

Please send me FREE BOOKLET describing and illustrating the new Perfolastic Girdle and Uplift Brassiere, also sample of perforated rubber and particulars of your 10 Day Free Trial Offer.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____

SALUTES and SNUBS



The ever-interesting Joan Crawford obliges with a new and striking pose and enhances our niche of fame by popular request of the letter writers. Salutes to you, Joan.

WANTED: AN OLE MEANY

Wanted—One old lady *without* a heart of gold! "Grand Old Girl" was a grand theme—the first fifty times we saw it. But variety is still spice for jaded palates, and I think "Mean Old Girl" would be a title to pack 'em in.

Marian E. Smith,
Laurel Beach,
Milford, Conn.

A NEW TYPE FOR JOAN

I'd like to see Joan Crawford in rôles as alien to her real self as are those of Charles Laughton to his own character. I can easily imagine her brilliant eyes and mobile mouth expressing cruelty, ruthlessness—the entire gamut of emotions that brought fame to colorful women of history.

Gayle Rothrock,
819 Inverness Ave.,
Louisville, Ky.

WEAVER OF SPELLS

Paul Muni weaves a spell about his audiences by sheer power of his personality and his almost uncanny sense of projecting himself into a character. His "Dr. So-crates," for instance, was colorful and without trace of the miner of "Black

Fury," or the Mexican of "Bordertown." Alice Jane Barry,
514 N. Nevada Ave.,
Colorado Springs, Colo.

REVIVALS FOR SCREEN CLASSICS

Classical literature is available for repeated reading and study. Classical motion pictures may be seen once or twice and are relegated to memory. There are a hundred pictures, most of which have been retired for years, that I should like to see again, but unfortunately I can't.

Frank Hawthorne,
232 Bolard Ave.,
Cambridge Springs, Pa.

Write a Salute or Snub in a letter for this page!

Why not share your thoughts about stars and pictures with your fellow film-goers? Write what you think in a letter to this department. Be it a Salute or a Snub, we'll be happy to consider it for publication on this page, so widely read in Hollywood as well as the rest of the world.

Please limit your letter to fifty words, and please don't ask us to return letters not printed. Address letters to: Letter Dept., SCREENLAND, 45 West 45th St., New York, N. Y.

THAT STIRRING SEA SAGA

Fresh from the excitement of seeing "Mutiny on the Bounty" I am tempted to pronounce it the greatest picture I've ever seen. The acting of Clark Gable, Charles Laughton, and Franchot Tone was perfect. This is one picture I'll never forget.

Rudy F. Bouteiller,
602 Eastern Parkway,
Louisville, Ky.

VIVAS FOR VINSON

Few actresses prove their screen personality as does Helen Vinson. After all the catty rôles she has played we still enjoy seeing her, and never stop hoping to see Helen in a sympathetic part.

Lila Searle,
1319 East 17th South,
Salt Lake City, Utah

BRAVO FOR TIBBETT

When I saw "Metropolitan" the audience applauded each of Lawrence Tibbett's selections as though he were there in the flesh. And when the picture ended the applause kept on for several minutes. That's a pretty fine tribute to a man who once was considered a "flop" in films.

M. G. Whann,
18 Virginia Ave.,
Westmont, N. J.

WHAT! NO LEO IN CELON?

For more than six months we in Celon have not been able to see an M-G-M picture. Now what's the use of going to the movies if you can't see Joan Crawford, Gable, Montgomery and other Metro stars? I'm sure if this letter is printed in SCREENLAND some M-G-M biggie will do something about this situation.

Hubert Arseculeratne,
Havelock Road,
Colombo, Ceylon

NICE PEOPLE, THE TONES

It may interest his fans to know that in the Cornell Alumni Directory young Mr. Tone is listed as Stanislas Pascal Franchot Tone. On a recent New York week-end my lucky star let me encounter Mr. Tone and Miss Crawford emerging from the Columbia Broadcasting offices. Nice people, lovely to look at.

Mrs. Mary Barger,
40 Park St.,
Brockton, Mass.

SONG AND DANCE FOR GINGER

From the top of her head to the tip of her toes she's wonderful—I mean Ginger "Snappy" Rogers, of course. Seems to me she has paved the way for other beautiful gals who are dancing their way to success.

Eleanor June,
Menlo Park, Calif.

SEE THE PRETTY CEILING!

One thing that English pictures have that ours lack is ceilings! You rarely see the ceilings of rooms in our Hollywood pictures, while nearly every English production shows them. To me it adds realism.

Carol Stumes,
433 N. Normandie Ave.,
Los Angeles, Calif.

SARTORIAL NOTE ON BING

Crosby being Bing, I can bear a lot of his clothing monstrosities, but when he wears plaid caps, I can't take it. It is only when he sings that I can forget Bing's clothes.

Thelma Draper,
Altus, Okla.

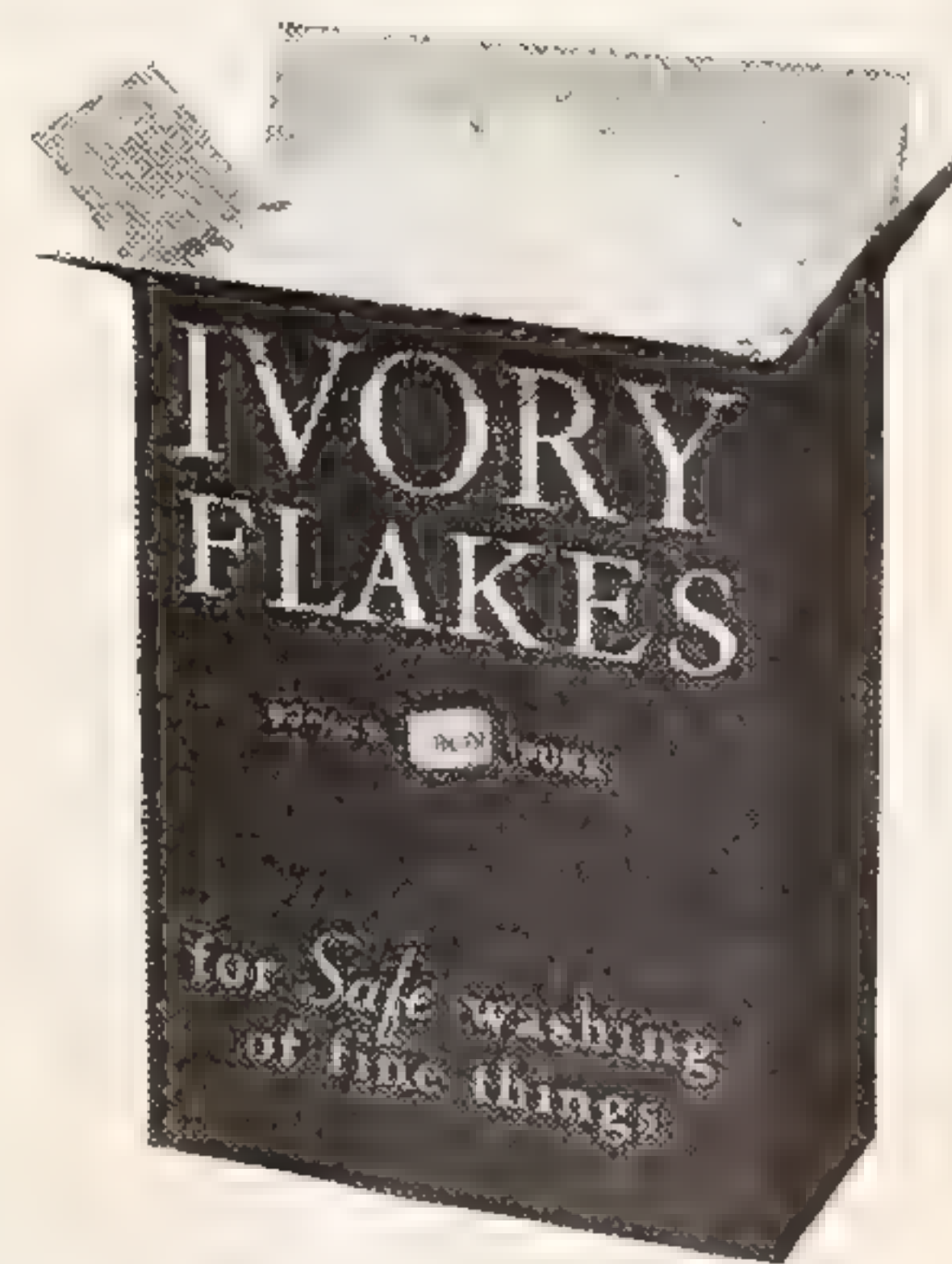
Van Raalte says:
"IVORY FLAKES keeps
fine fabrics looking fine"



A three-minute date with Ivory Flakes will make your undies and sheer stockings wear longer! You see, if perspiration is allowed to linger, it attacks fine fabrics.

But if you think daily washings mean washed-out colors you've been using a too-strong soap! Change to pure Ivory Flakes—made from the same pure Ivory Soap that doctors advise for babies' tender skins.

Here's good advice from Van Raalte, makers of the famous Singlettes, "We heartily recommend frequent washings in cool Ivory Flakes suds for our lingerie, silk stockings and washable gloves because Ivory is pure—keeps colors and textures like new through many washings!"



CHIFFON-THIN FLAKES
OF GENTLE IVORY SOAP
99⁴⁴/100⁰/0 PURE

YOU'LL NEVER BE THE SAME AGAIN!

"Something" will happen to you when you see this enduring picture — just as it did to the countless millions of people who read the strange love story from which it was filmed . . . For it fathoms that precious thing called "a woman's soul", holds it up as a blazing emblem to all humanity — for the admiration of men, for the inspiration of women!



IRENE DUNNE • ROBERT TAYLOR IN MAGNIFICENT OBSESSION

A JOHN M. STAHL PRODUCTION

Far greater than his famous "Back Street", than his memorable "Only Yesterday", or his immortal "Imitation of Life! . . . With

CHARLES BUTTERWORTH • BETTY FURNESS

Arthur Treacher • Ralph Morgan • Henry Armetta • Sara Haden

From the phenomenal best-selling novel by Lloyd C. Douglas

A Universal Picture presented by Carl Laemmle

The Editor's Page

An Open Letter to Norma Shearer

DEAR NORMA:

Hurry up and finish that picture! What's been the matter, anyway? You have the script; you have the hair-do; you have the director. Was it the little matter of a *Romeo* that held you up? If so, why didn't you ask us to help hunt? *Romeo, Romeo*, wherefore art thou, etc. Everybody seemed to want Brian Aherne to play the part except those chiefly concerned with the casting; but Mr. Aherne, of all people, absolutely will NOT play *Romeo*. Now Leslie Howard is positively appearing as *Romeo*—if he doesn't get mixed and play *Hamlet*. The point is, it's taking you longer to make a movie of "Romeo and Juliet" than it took Mr. Shakespeare to write it—with "Midsummer Night's Dream" thrown in.

Of course, I know you've been rehearsing, and studying, too, all this time. But meanwhile, do you know what else has been going on? Why, Shirley Temple is growing up; and Freddie Bartholomew is graduating into long 'uns; and Cora Sue Collins is looking more like Garbo every day. Not only that: Claudette Colbert and Carole Lombard are casually making box-office comedies—silly pictures, but *we* like 'em; and Hepburn cuts her hair. And what have *you* been doing? Sending for more professors to ponder over "treatments"; testing for *Romeos*; signing Frank Lawton to play *Paris* and Edna Mae Oliver to act *The Nurse*—in fact, daily bulletins assure us that *Juliet* is doing as well as can be expected and may, eventually, pull through. And time goes on, slowly but inexorably, like a Von Sternberg picture.

Now don't you shake your *Juliet* curls at me, Norma. It's just because we've missed you from the screen that I'm writing you this letter. It's because I hate to see you turn into a "First Lady of the Cinema" before my very eyes—you, whom I prefer to think of as that very vital, highly competitive person who can't tolerate stale tradition. Don't you remember how you flamed and flared up 'way back there in silent days when someone called Garbo your rival? And how you showed 'em that Shearer



Wide World

The 14th Century coiffure to be worn by Norma Shearer in "Romeo and Juliet." If you crave to copy it, here's how: part hair in center, with small, sculptured side curls. The rest of the hair is straight, with slightly curled ends. Norma let her hair grow for the rôle.

could set her own style in sirens, make her own rules and break 'em, too—by playing in "A Free Soul" and other record-smashing successes? You kept us waiting for "The Barretts of Wimpole Street"—just long enough; a smart showman's wait. But, so far, all we've seen of *Juliet* is a curly close-up—nice as a tip to hairdressers; hardly an evening's entertainment. Meanwhile, can't you dash off a little number for the fun of it—you know, one of those gay, daring "little" pictures; just good, old-fashioned, low-down amusement? Shakespeare's swell, but we—want—Shearer!

Delight Evans



What

Now can be told, for the first time, the very candid views of the romantic Englishman who likes Hollywood—and leaves it, only to come right back again!

By
Ben
Maddox

"Hollywood is a carnival—where there are no concessions"—Leslie Howard

INTO Leslie Howard's life the great moment has come! After so many experiences he is suddenly, thrillingly at peace. Not simply with those whom he must deal for his livelihood, and with those he loves. But more importantly—with himself.

Finally he is aware of the man he truly is. The impulses toward tempests and tangents are on the wane. The thousands of little pretenses are quite forgotten. He has become certain of the precise kind of person he is, and of what he really wants. The slate is wiped clean of confusions. Life begins!

Rumors always spread about a romantic. They have whispered often about Leslie, because his charm has involved him frequently. He is not an ordinary, humdrum soul; but a prepossessing adventurer who has demanded the very essence of whatever he has tackled.

However, his future, heretofore a vague day-dream, stretches at last plainly and satisfyingly. It is no longer thought of as an escape from perplexing frustrations. The tomorrows tantalize with their opportunities for this clear-visioned individual.

His career as an actor, his family, where he'd best

"Does that make me an ungrateful wretch?" asks Leslie Howard as he lights up after making a few pertinent remarks. At right, a scene from Howard's first Hollywood film since "British Agent": "The Petrified Forest," with Bette Davis and Dick Foran.



take root—all easily fit into the right pattern. He realizes definitely the contribution of each factor. Circumstances have ceased commanding.

I met this changed Leslie Howard during his filming of "The Petrified Forest" at Warners. At our other meetings, on his previous California episodes, he had been the witty conversationalist, sparkling with the gay bravado of one who must keep up a fast pace for fear that, otherwise, he be left to face realities. This time he walked into the studio café with a quiet calmness. His zest was of a different nature. He seemed vibrantly content.

"It's nice to see you again," he declared. "You somehow manage to report me accurately." A sigh indicated that being continually press-agented was not his notion of fun. One half of Leslie is a perennial Peter Pan, a youthful, lark-adoring boy-man who will never be

Leslie Howard Really Thinks of Hollywood

daunted. The other side of him is the keen sophisticate who, naturally enough, winces at being circused to the curious.

On his last trip home to England, newspaper men crowded about at the dock and peppered him with questions. He was thereafter quoted as saying that he hated Hollywood and that every British actor should disdain it and work in London.

"When they pick out just part of your opinions it is disconcerting. I don't dislike Hollywood, merely some of its conditions. I observed that all picture players ought to try their luck in England. This hardly marks me as an ungrateful wretch, does it?"

And then and there, over a raw vegetable salad he was tempted into investigating, Leslie poured forth the fascinating facts about the self he has succeeded in locating.

"I believe that our ultimate understanding of ourselves is the most exciting single thing that can occur. It isn't one of the fierce joys that fire adolescence. We are hemmed in and protected by our parents, or whoever has charge of us, until we are thrust upon the world. Then the fine rules we've memorized are bombarded; we gradually stray into all sorts of pastures.

"How to earn a living is the first quandary. We fall in love, expecting to possess a miracle. The years roll on and generally we are nonplussed at what's apparently happening to us. We watch the rest of the people we know and hear about and it dawns on us that we may be in wrong grooves. We then either dare to do as we fundamentally wish, or we become embittered and resigned to our fate.

"My parents weren't connected with any fashion of theatricals. We lived in a London suburb and I went to private schools. They weren't especially blissful days, for I came out of my shell slowly. I was an imaginative, shy chap, I guess. Perhaps it was release, or appreciation, that induced me to scribble at dramas and be among the school thespians whenever possible.

"When college was over, I achieved a new high in uncertainty. I privately nourished magnificent illusions, of course. I yearned for stage fame and for an emotional companion. I encountered neither and went into a bank as a clerk!"

That period was mercifully brief. Leslie's peculiarly alive blue eyes went warm as he recalled that love had



arrived almost simultaneously with the call to France. He persuaded the lovely girl to marry him before he was hustled across the channel, to the chaos and carnage which raged until the (Cont. on page 76)

Bringing his stage success, "The Petrified Forest," to the screen, Mr. Howard has a really congenial rôle. Left, with Bette Davis, who shared "Of Human Bondage" honors with him—remember?





Read why Bing Crosby, above, will never speak a word of love dialogue, even to pretty Ida Lupino. Learn about the aversion of Gary Cooper and Ann Harding, together in "Peter Ibbetson," right, above, to movie mush. See the story for reasons why stars like Kay Francis, shown at right with Ian Hunter, refuse to play in passionate love scenes.



Stars' Love Scene Tabus

IF THAT long-coated, long-nosed, high-hatted figure with the *Mr. Hyde* haircut, commonly depicted in cartoons as a CENSOR, only knew it, his best sex suppressers are not the Hays office officials, the clean-up drivers, or the studio heads; they are the gilded sons and daughters of gaudy glamor, the stars themselves!

They tell me the Hays office has a set of rules a mile long of "Don'ts" For Love Scenes, with paragraphs from A to Z taken up with how long a screen kiss may last, the hot and cold temperature of a salaried kiss, and the exact degree of heat generated by hand-holding. But when it comes to putting the really fancy tabus on love scenes, The Great Lovers themselves have more surprising "I won'ts" than the guardians of public morals ever heard of. When it comes to purveying passion and cunningly suggesting sin without rumpling even a wave in their hair, I offer you some of your first, finest, and foremost favorites!

I dare say you are under the impression that you've seen some pretty hectic goings-on *via* close-ups and long-shots by the Great Lovers of Hollywood. And just why I am continually walking into the rôle of the Old Illusion Dispeller, I don't know. But if you want to make a wager of it, I'll bet:

You've never seen Fred Astaire actually kiss Ginger Rogers or any other screen leading lady during the

entire span of his very gay and romantic screen life!

There is a certain very glamorous girl who has never uttered three meaningful little words, "I love you," into a microphone!

Franchot Tone has never gazed deeply into the eyes of any but *one* screen sweetheart—and you guess who *that* is!

Janet Gaynor has never been actually kissed on the lips by a movie beau, and that goes for Charlie Farrell in "Seventh Heaven" close-ups, too.

Grace Moore just won't be embraced. She has her reasons!

And believe it or not, you have never heard that croon—



Joan Crawford will never look longingly into any leading man's eyes—save Franchot Tone's, above. Note, at left above, how distant Joan can be in a tender scene with Brian Aherne. You'll be amused and amazed to read in the accompanying feature story just why you never see Fred Astaire and Ginger Rogers do a real kissing scene in one of their films.

When it comes to fancy censorship, your fussy film favorites have the clean-up drivers beaten a mile

By
Dorothy Manners

ing romantic, Bing Crosby, utter one line of love dialogue in a picture!

Far be it from me to argue that these personal by-laws, laid down by some of our leading lovers, have their inspiration in making the world safer for six-year-olds, or in any other uplift movement for keeping sex-appeal down. In short, the motives are not nearly so public-spirited, as private! The deeper you get into the subject, the more likely you are to discover that it is pretty cute the way some very professional and public romantics are carrying on the ideals of their private life romances right under your nose without the world suspecting a thing. As just a bare inkling of the sort of thing I'm driving at, consider the former set-antics that used to go on when the Joan Blondell-George Barnes love story was at its private-life height. George used to photograph all Joan's pictures, you remember, and he was always all right until they got into the love scenes. Then, there are those who will tell you, Mr. Barnes' eye never left the camera spy-glass during one wistful screen sigh as Mrs. Barnes emoted. And just by way of proving to George that it was all in good, clean fun, (no matter how hectic the dialogue, or how ardently she had to

mutter into the ear of an alien male), Joan would cross her fingers at Georgie-Porgy behind the camera! Who says that the soul of romance is dead in Hollywood—even if they are divorced now?

Perhaps even more tender and subtle is the inspiration back of Franchot Tone's polite, but stubborn refusal to gaze deeply into the eyes of any actress other than Joan Tone. Even when her name was Crawford it was the same way! Not that Franchot was unreasonable. He was willing to clasp the Harlows to his heart and register as much intensity as the censors would allow. He'd even go in for some pretty ardent dialogue. But he couldn't, he wouldn't, he didn't and he *hasn't* ever gazed deep into a single luscious orb—but Joan's.

Several people about the lot where the newlyweds work are more or less sold on the idea that Joan and Tone must have promised each other something about this particular gesture of love-making, because Joan isn't one to do any too much soul-gazing, herself, unless Franchot is on the receiving end of the gaze!

The business-like Mr. Fred Astaire, who handles his career with the same emotional consideration a stock broker gives American Tel. and Tel. or Continental Can, would scoff at the idea that any personal romantic hijinks is the reason back of his refusal to indulge in screen osculation, no matter (Continued on page 87)

What's New about Loy?

You wanted to know ; we're telling you—
in the first personal interview Myrna has
granted since her return to work



Myrna Loy is back after her long vacation. Here's how she looks in "Whipsaw," with Spencer Tracy.

MYRNA LOY is just about the busiest movie star in Hollywood these days. You can line up any busy little bees you may have around and I'll match them against Myrna and win. The day I watched her eat lunch in her dressing-room—oh, Myrna was very polite and invited me to have lunch with her, but I had to wait so long for her to finish a scene that I couldn't resist a snack of shrimp and avocado in the studio commissary—well, the day I watched her eat lunch in her dressing-room she had just come from "The Great Ziegfeld" set, she was planning to work until midnight, and get to the studio bright and early the next morning, Sunday, to do retakes on "Whipsaw," and the following Monday she starts "Wife Versus Secretary."

Poor Myrna was in such a dither that she didn't know whether she was Billie Burke and the wife of William Powell, or a lady crook and girl friend of Spencer Tracy, or the wife of Clark Gable versus secretary Jean Harlow. She didn't know whether to put on the blonde wig she has to wear in "The Great Ziegfeld," the brunette wig she wears in "Wife Versus Secretary," or let her hair go natural and titian as it is in "Whipsaw." I'm sure that if any of us had been in a similar position we would probably have just let out one loud shriek, "Yah-a-aa-aa-aa," and collapsed right in the middle of the set, making sure, of course, that William

Powell was standing nearby to take us to our dressing-room. But not Miss Myrna! If she hadn't told me how pressing the movie industry had suddenly become I never would have guessed—she was so much her usual calm and poised self and didn't show any signs of nerves until the telephone rang three times while she was telling me that she was glad to see me; then she muttered "Darn," or maybe worse, and had all incoming calls stopped.

Her lunch arrived, a dainty little thing of corn beef and cabbage, which looked as out of place in her extremely feminine blue and white dressing-room as Jack Dempsey would in Adrian's shop window. But I must say it looked awfully good, and I deeply regretted that shrimp and avocado concoction, which might have had chic but nothing else. Once before, I remember, I watched Myrna eat lunch. That time it was ham and eggs, and then as now, she covered everything with mustard. Ah, the appetite of a humming bird!

"What's new about me?" Myrna repeated my question. "Well, pictures?" And right she is. Do you know that it has been months and months and months since we have had a Myrna Loy picture? Much too long. But I don't have to tell you. You probably attribute those low spirits, those spots before the eyes, that burning around the heart to the fact that you haven't seen your favorite Girl (Continued on page 73)

By
Margaret Angus

ON A huge, bare stage two slim figures stood. The man was clad in a gob's uniform, the curly-headed girl in trousers of dark blue satin and a close-fitting, sleeveless jacket of paler blue, topped by a natty stock that repeated the color of the pants. From a horn at the side a "play-back" blared, and the two figures went into action, feet tapping, arms curving, faces alight. They met and parted, they twirled and swayed and bent their knees, feet twinkling in patterns more and more intricate. Now she was in his arms—now they were the whole stage apart—now they faced each other, matching tap for tap with such exquisite precision, such thistle-down lightness, such unbelievable harmony of rhythm that you felt the blood mounting to your head in excitement that anything should be so perfect.

The studio crew, going on perforce with their work, managed nevertheless to keep one eye on the dancers. It would have taken a thirty-third degree stoic to keep both eyes off. Here was a million dollars' worth of entertainment to be had for the looking. Here was the spirit of modern dancing incarnate. Here were Rogers and



GINGER HERSELF

Meet your dancing darling in a
new mood! The best Rogers
interview you've ever read

By Ida Zeitlin

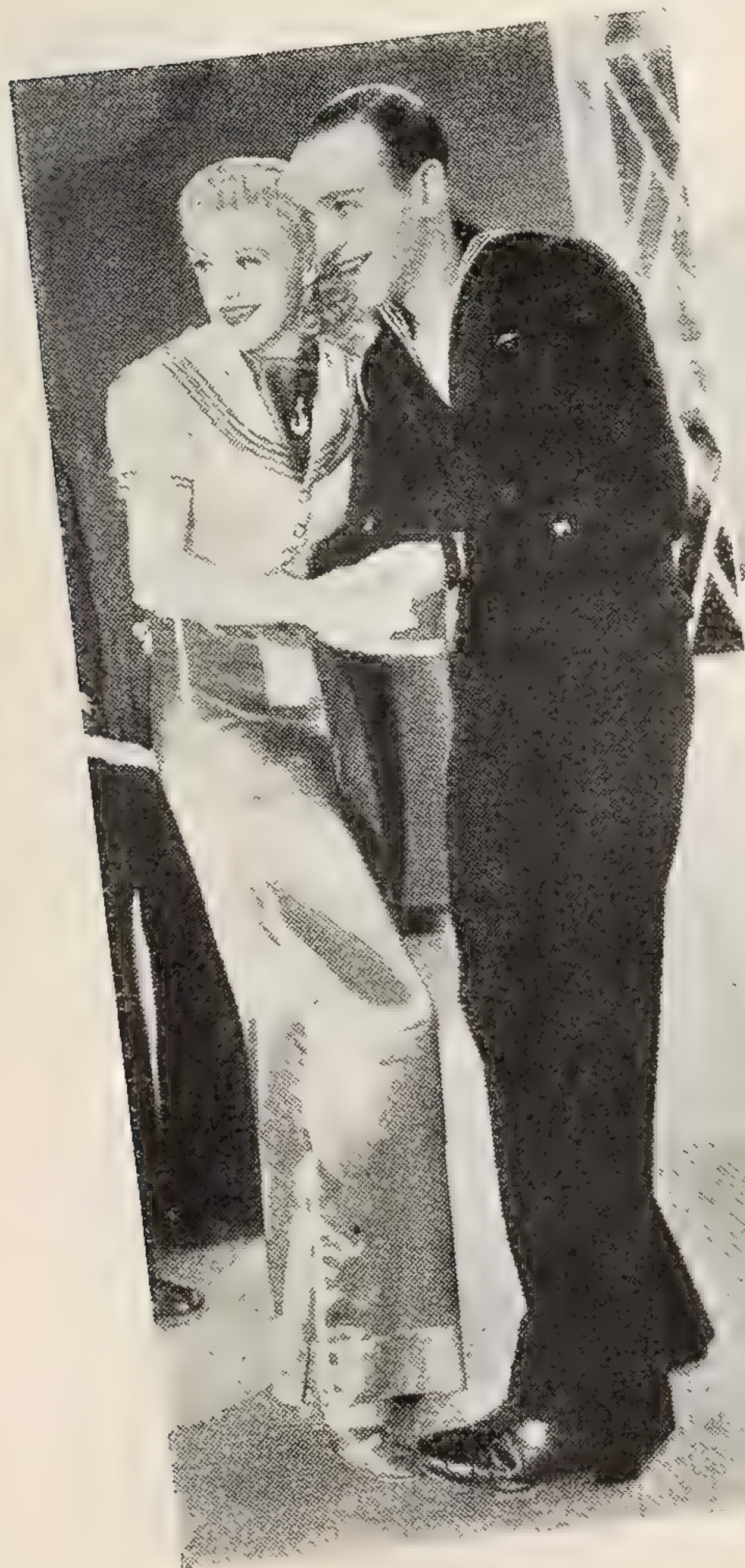
Astaire rehearsing a brand new number!

It's probably some such image of Ginger Rogers that you conjure up when her name is mentioned—a bubbling girl with a heart as buoyant as her feet, fun-loving, high-spirited, taking for granted the gifts life has poured into her lap, a symbol of youth and gaiety who twirls and pirouettes her way through a series of carefree days.

If that's your mental picture of Ginger, you'll have to remake it—for, surprisingly enough, she isn't like that at all. Oh, I don't mean that she's nursing some secret sorrow or finds herself bowed down by the weight of an afflicted world. She's a normally happy person, but as different from the merry madcap she projects on the screen as though they were two distinct personalities—as indeed they are.

Watch her as she comes off the set. Assumed animation drops from her like a cloak. Her walk is quiet, her eyes are quiet, her voice is quiet. Her manner is friendly, yet reserved—with (Continued on page 68)

First pictures of Ginger Rogers in "Follow the Fleet," her new film with Fred Astaire, below. More marvelous dancing and clowning by the idols of the musical movies.





Merle talks about Miriam and Herself

By
Elizabeth
Wilson

That original young beauty and actress, Merle Oberon, speaks frankly and fully for SCREENLAND about her new co-star, Miriam Hopkins—who apparently can take it, if that grinning close-up across the page means anything. Joel McCrea is the daring young man who supports these talented girls in "These Three," the highly controversial film version of the sensational play, "The Children's Hour."

YOU may as well know the worst! After all these years that I have been telling you that two screen stars just can't be girl friends on account of petty jealousies and major ambitions, it seems that at last I am to be made out a liar—and by none other than Merle Oberon and Miriam Hopkins.

Why, I could hardly believe my eyes when I picked up the newspaper last month and read that Miriam Hopkins had asked to co-star with Merle Oberon in "These Three"—that which used to be "The Children's Hour." Miriam is a great big Glamor Girl in her own right and doesn't have to run around asking for parts in some other star's picture; in fact, when Miriam is in a picture she is the star and that is that. And the same goes for Merle Oberon. Since the great success of "The Dark Angel," Mr. Alexander Korda's charming discovery can have anything she wants on the

Hollywood said it couldn't happen—two beauties willing to be co-starred! But Merle and Miriam are proving it can be done. Now read this first, exclusive report of the Oberon-Hopkins combination

Goldwyn lot, or anybody's lot for that matter. And you'd think that the last thing that *La* Oberon would want would be a co-star. Imagine Joan Crawford or Marlene Dietrich or Norma Shearer allowing Miriam Hopkins to play in their pictures! Or imagine Miriam wanting to. But don't imagine too long because you'll die laughing at the very

thought of it. The last thing any star in Hollywood wants is a co-star, and I never spoke truer words!

Well, if Miriam's request to be allowed to play the rôle of *Martha* in "These Three" knocked me for a loop, I simply went into a whirl when Merle Oberon announced that she couldn't be more pleased. Hollywood stars aren't like that, I said morosely to myself; they simply aren't capable of a real honest-to-goodness Mutual Admiration Society. I'll just snoop around and see for myself.

Sam Goldwyn certainly does all right by his stars,

I must say. Never have I seen such dressing-rooms! They are in a large apartment building, just like Park Avenue, with an elevator and little white door-bells and everything. And each dressing-room is a complete apartment within itself. Miriam Hopkins has brought in her cook and butler from her beach house and lives there at the studio while she is working rather than take that long drive to Santa Monica every night. The apartments consist of foyer, living room, dining room, kitchen, bedroom, dressing-room and bath, and are exquisitely decorated with lush drapes, the traditional white carpets, and flowers all over the place. Merle's apartment looked like the *Normandie* departing on its maiden voyage. It was quite obvious to me as I settled myself in the most comfortable chair that it was the

Lombard's cowboy party. David is a good-looking young Englishman who can tell perfectly marvelous stories with a cockney accent and whom everybody likes except Irving Thalberg, Junior. He played a villainous rôle in "Splendor" and was so good that the audience applauded when he was knocked down. So thanks to David and his nonsensical prattling over a bowl of dates (both Merle and David are still new enough to California to get excited over fresh dates), I was spared those awfully embarrassing first few moments of an interview, when it is a toss up as to who is more frightened, me or the star. I usually win. It was no effort to get Merle talking about Miriam, in fact she started on the subject herself between the first and second dates.

"I was delighted when Miriam said she wanted to play *Martha*," Merle began. "I don't know anyone it would be more fun making a picture with than Miriam. Do you know that she has one of the grandest senses of humor I have ever found, and if you have to spend day after day on a hot set with nerve-wracking lights glaring at you there's nothing so pleasant as having a sense of humor around. Miriam keeps saying, 'We must be glamorous, Merle, we must act like great stars'—and she will sweep around the set with magnificent hauteur, and then with her famous satirical smile she'll assure me it's all a joke but isn't it fun! Miriam loves to be glamorous with her tongue in her cheek.

"I met Miriam about a year ago at a dinner party at Mr. and Mrs. Goldwyn's home, and I liked her from the start. She is so different from most people you meet. She has a way of immediately putting you at your ease. Then she and I had adjoining beach houses at Santa Monica and that helped our friendship along quite a bit. I was awfully lonely and homesick in Hollywood last year—it was all so new and (Continued on page 74)



First exclusive portraits of
Miss Oberon and Miss
Hopkins by Hurrell.

Turn to Page 74 for Spotlight Cover Contest offering reprints of our Miriam Hopkins cover

season for chrysanthemums. Vases of them everywhere, with a huge basket of white ones from Mr. Goldwyn. Yes indeed, Sam Goldwyn does all right by his girls! When I think of those cramped dressing-rooms at Paramount and Metro—and Columbia, phooey! Dumps, just dumps. The next time I call on Myrna Loy or Carole Lombard or Claudette Colbert at the studio I shall do so definitely with the air of one going slumming. Mr. Goldwyn has spoiled me for dressing-rooms.

I was introduced to Merle by David Niven, the boy friend, whom I had met under a keg of beer at





Forever Yours

THE novel of Hollywood, by an author whose sympathy and understanding highlight the heart interest as well as the glamor of two famous stars

By Margaret E. Sangster

PART II

WHEN Karen left Tom Kildare, the studio gave her a farewell party. It was a gay, foolish party, with flowers and balloons and snappers and paper caps. Karen was as alien at that party as a Russian wolfhound in a basket of kittens. She tried to enter into the fun, and she tried, later, to be properly emotional over the flowery toasts in which each member of the studio staff claimed to have discovered her.

"When I pointed you out to Tom," Monte Feinberg thundered, dramatically, and untruthfully, "Tom said, 'Baloney!' But I know a genius when I see one. So I insisted—"

His remark was met by a chorus of boos. Even Karen recalled exactly what the manager had said. But when the noise subsided, she murmured—

"You didn't hurt my feelings, Mr. Feinberg. You were correc'—I looked like the wash-out! I tell you thees: when I need a manager I weel steal you from Tom Kildare, who cannot properly appreciate talent."

Monte Feinberg said, very seriously, "I'll keep that in mind, Karen."

As a matter of record he did.

* * *

Tom's next comedy, minus the French girl, wasn't quite up to standard. It was a success financially—his comedies always were—but there was a spark missing. The picture went but it didn't make the hill on high. Also, not too surprisingly, people missed Karen—missed her eloquently by word of mouth and by word of pen. They missed her even though the new leading lady with the dimples and the legs—which she kept very much in evidence—was quite adequate. And yet the film was

The most ardent gossips of Hollywood found Karen an enigma. "Too cold to fall in love!" a scenario writer said.



ILLUSTRATED by
GEORGIA
WARREN

"I don't think you're funny in your love scenes. Maybe you lack feeling, but—ever been in love, Karen?" Tom fairly shot out the question.

a success . . .

Karen's initial picture without the advice and direction and patience of Tom was another matter. She had never stood entirely on her own before—she had been treated kindly—and her natural talent had been encouraged by people who were prone to be lenient. Now everything was altered, and she did her stuff—often crudely and clumsily—for a group who demanded their pound of flesh. Now she was the culprit, hurling her defense at a jury who were apt to take the other side from sheer perversity. It was a groping, pathetic, inarticulate performance that she gave, and there were times when her huge eyes might have been the eyes of a blind woman. Once she heard a cameraman laughing about her halting exit from a scene, and she went home to cry herself into a headache. Once she sobbed publicly and piteously on the set, after she had gone over a certain bit of action from sun-up until sun-down.

When the picture was finished two executives sat in dismal silence and watched the sequences stumble one after the other. When the lights came on they faced each other blinkingly, and had bitter words. Their discussion practically ended in blows.

"She's a bust!" the first executive raged. "She's so dreadful she makes me want to scream. Throw her into cheap comedy where she belongs. Maybe Kildare will take her back if we pay him a bonus."

The second executive answered bravely:

"I tell you, Jim, she's lousy in this, but she has *it*! She'll be worth shooting the works on, one day. I don't know what it is she's got, but it's a gift!"

Jim sputtered a reply, and was his face red! And because he was the ranking executive the picture was shelved. It was very nearly scrapped, but a scheduled feature went wrong and the fate that watches after ex-nursemaids was kind, and the picture was grudgingly released. And then a minor miracle happened. The public, with an established taste for Karen, and a keen curiosity about her, was unanimous in its verdict. As a dramatic actress Karen Kent lacked polish, finish, confidence, what have you! But she possessed a quality more important than any of the qualities she lacked.

The groping, inarticulate performance became news—honest-to-goodness news. Later it was to become history and to suffer many revivals.

Incidentally the fan magazines bestowed a name upon the something that Tom had first sensed in Karen—the quality that had arrested the attention of the beleaguered executive. They called it *glamor*.

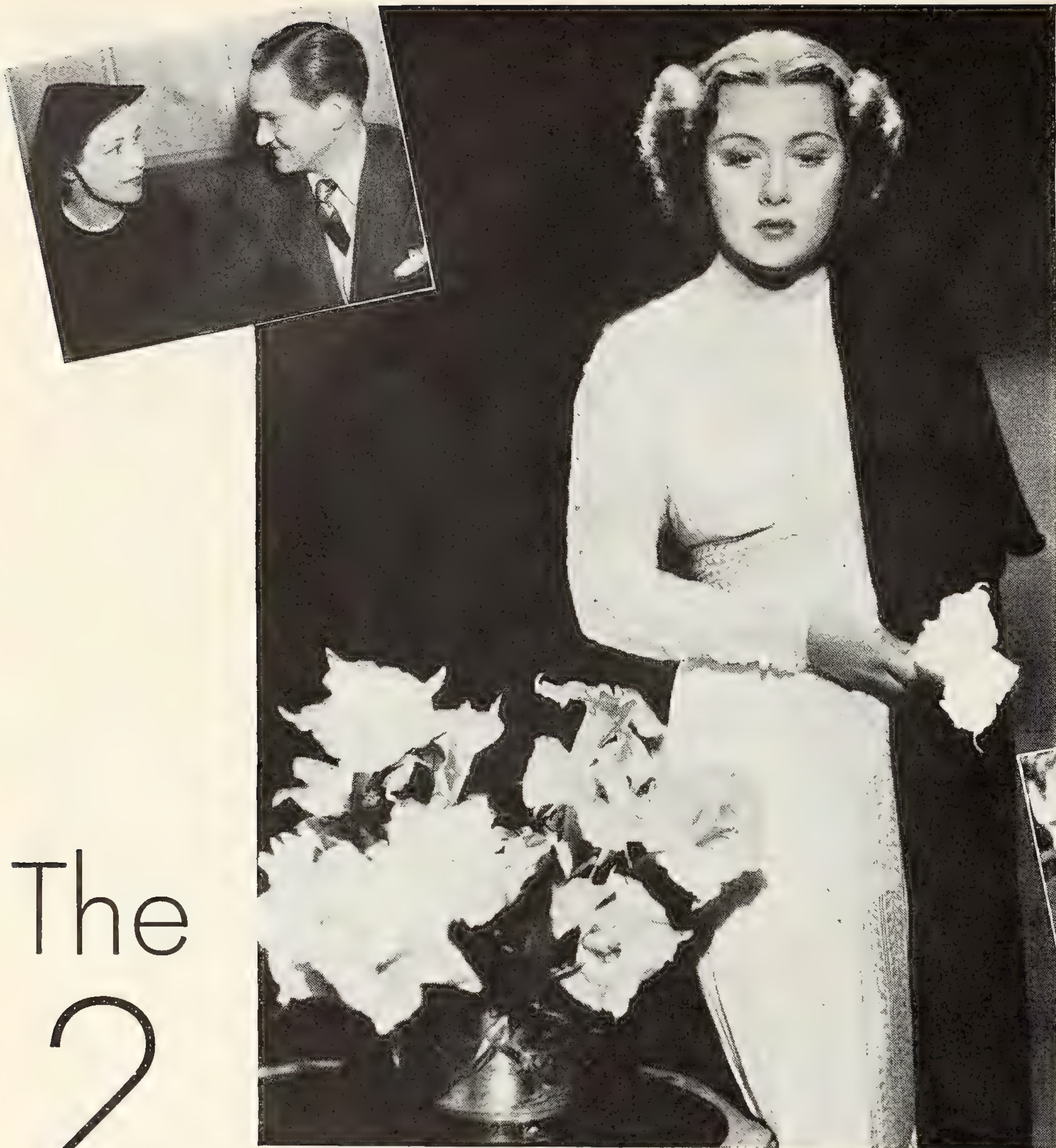
* * *

The breaking off of their business partnership didn't mean that Tom Kildare and Karen Kent ceased seeing each other outside their respective studios. They continued to go about—at least on the surface—in the old way. They were the most firm of friends. Tom was invariably gay, with a touch of his inimitable slapstick, unless he was giving advice. He still chose Karen's frocks and he personally selected her chauffeur and her butler—that seal of screen success! Her new contract—certainly she got one—bore the mark of his Celtic cunning.

Karen, unlike Tom, was uniformly quiet when they were together. She didn't have (*Continued on page 78*)

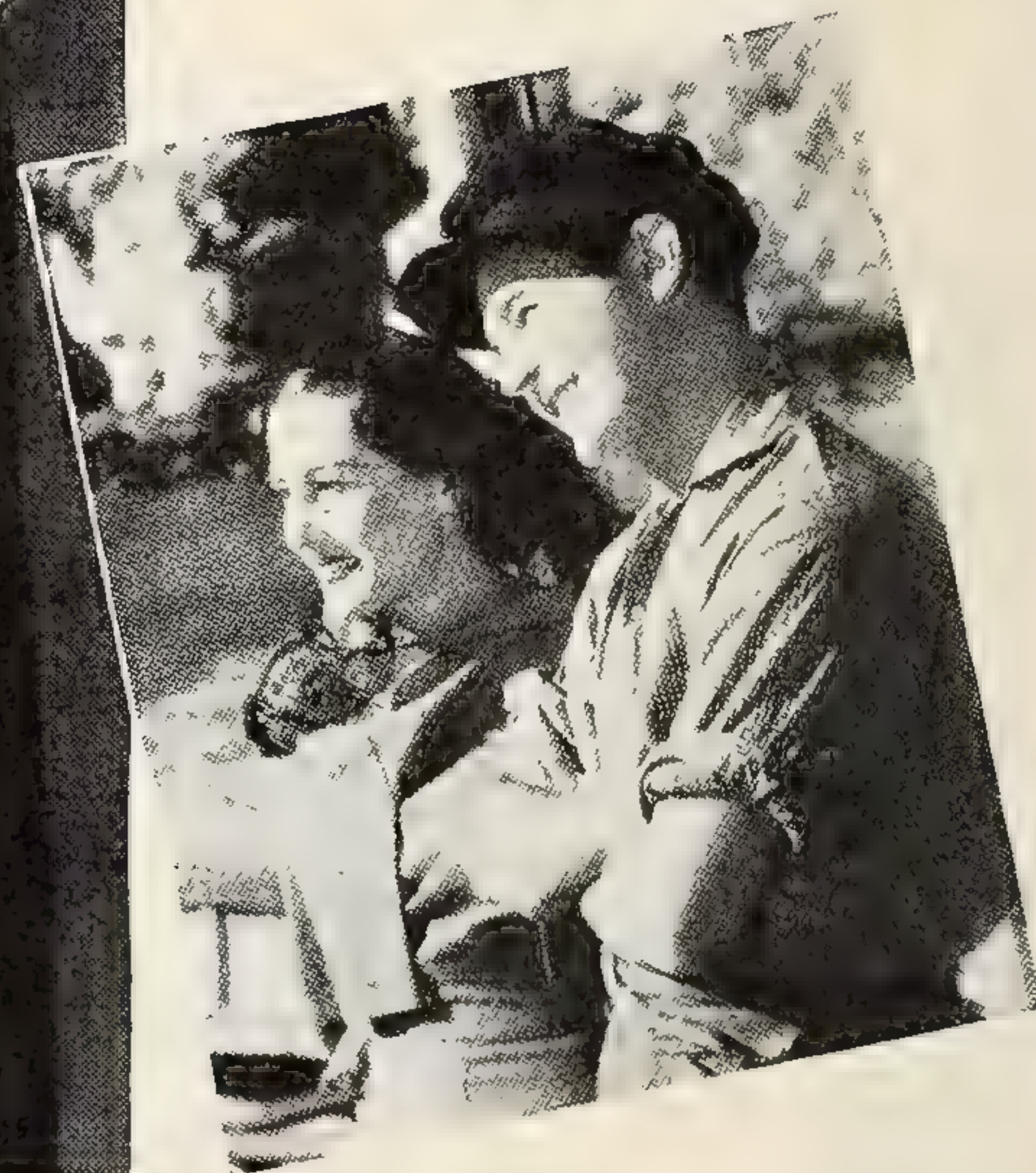
THE STORY SO FAR

Over the protests of his associates, Tom Kildare, star comedian, selected a tall, gawky girl from the group of applicants for lead in his new picture. "No acting experience, and she can't even talk English well," they said of Marie Kastelaine, former nurse-maid brought to California from France by a wealthy family. Her difficulties with the language made little difference at the time, for the pictures were "silent" then. However, Kildare was right. Under the screen name of Karen Kent, the girl gained great prominence. When Karen received an offer to play dramatic parts with another company, she reminded Tom that she owed everything to him, and would remain with him if he wished. But Kildare decided it best that Karen accept the offer. Now read on.



Gladys Swarthout, gorgeous new-comer from grand opera, upsets a few legends in this colorful interview

By
James B.
Fisher



The 2 Influences in Her Life

The applause of the brilliant audiences at the Metropolitan Opera House has never turned Gladys Swarthout's lovely head. In fact, she is hoping and listening for the applause of you picture-goers, if you like her first film, "Rose of the Rancho," with John Boles; or her second picture, "Give Us This Night," with Jan Kiepura, with whom Miss Swarthout is shown above. Upper left, with her husband.

HOLLYWOOD is agog! A new star has bobbed up on the horizon. A star of such brilliancy, in fact, that this land of shadows is in imminent danger of being well lighted. And the illumination already throws into bold relief certain cantankerous traditions that have been a part of the Hollywood galactic system this many a year.

Yes, the Garbos, the Hepburns, the Dietrichs and the others of the lovely-to-look-at-but-impossible-to-see school of thought had better trim their lamps. They're likely to need the light. Gladys Swarthout is in town!

Gladys Swarthout, you ask? Yes, indeed! She's that famous "boy" of Metropolitan Opera fame. The dashing youth of "Rosenkavalier." The slender page, Stephen, of "Romeo and Juliet." Of course, she has sung her way through many a be-skirted rôle, too. As the violent, passionate, ill-fated *Carmen*. As *Niejeta* in Rimsky-Korsakoff's "Sadko." As the fascinating *Duchess* in Verdi's "Luisa Miller." And so on.

In the realm of opera, concert work, and radio she

started a revolution by having a face and figure as lovely as her mezzo-soprano voice.

In Hollywood she has upset the works. Her complete lack of temperament, her disarming graciousness have made her "tops" with everyone. The Cinema Capital is unstrung. It has been accustomed to watching its super-glamorous darlings bloom with haughty radiance inside a protective covering of glass. And now? Why, here is an exquisite rose, this Swarthout, growing contentedly and agreeably *outside* the green house! If you think that isn't a phenomenon, there's something wrong.

If these remarks seem a bit hysterical, consider this. Recently I spent three weeks lurking on a set while trying to get an interview with a stellar personality who shall be nameless. I watched her read, yawn, fiddle with her costume, stare abstractly into space in the hours she—and I—spent while she wasn't before the camera. But it was never the right moment to disturb her. She was moody. She was explosive. She didn't like interviews. Finally through some strange working of fate the "right moment" arrived and she consented to answer a few questions. But it took three weeks. Sometimes it takes months.

Now consider this. When (Continued on page 66)

Wide World



Jackie, above, with Betty Grable at the party celebrating his twenty-first birthday. Upper left, Coogan as "The Kid," the Charlie Chaplin picture which made him famous. Left, as "Tom Sawyer," one of Jackie's come-back efforts.

The world says that his 21st birthday dropped a fortune into "The Kid's" lap—but read what Jackie has to say about it

The Truth about Jackie Coogan's "Million Dollars"

EVER since his twenty-first birthday, Hollywood has been standing by waiting to watch Jackie Coogan hit the high-spots with the thousand dollar bills his childhood genius earned him!

Where would the first great child actor of the screen find his happiness now that he had become the boss of his own million dollar trust fund? Movies, millions, and marriage were at his command, and rumor had it that young Coogan had been waiting for just this chance to spend without benefit of parental guidance or trust fund watchfulness. Even the headliners weren't quite sure just how much Jackie had to spend, but the guesses were between \$500,000 and \$2,000,000.

On that fateful twenty-first birthday even Mussolini and Haile Selassie had to make room for Jackie on the front pages of the newspapers, for everybody, over twenty years old, remembered "The Kid."

To the movie fans of fifteen years ago he is still the wistful, bedraggled urchin who reached such heights of genius at the finger tips of the great Chaplin that the memory of his shadow has far outlived his physical presence on the screen. Hollywood, closer to him, has watched indulgently as the chubby-faced little boy outgrew his stardom and developed, first, into a long-legged,

skinny young school boy and later into the juvenile romantic delight of the gossip columnists. But a couple of months ago, when The Kid became twenty-one, the outside world and the inside world were united on one point of interest:

What was the richest kid actor in the world going to do with all his money—now that he had it?

For if that question could be answered, one would also find the answer to an even more important question, *what kind of a man had The Kid become?*

Certainly the newspaper clan left no stone unturned in their guessing game. Yachts? Imported automobiles? Diamond rings for the pretty little girls he took to Hollywood parties? Travel? Maybe, his own motion picture company on a major scale?

I understand that so persistently did the press stalk him on his birthday that Jackie went into hiding, refusing to answer the dizzy questions shot at him by reporters over the telephone. In fact, for two entire months he had managed to elude personal interviews pretty well. I ought to know. I'd been on his trail almost that long!

When I finally tracked him down at the Santa Monica Swimming Club he told me that it was the "confoundedest thing" that had ever happened (*Continued on page 82*)

By Walter Ramsey

Movie

You're Dick Powell's first guests in the new house where he does "a heap o' living"

By Maude Cheatham



Dick by his own fireside, and by the pool, above, shows two favorite spots of his. Left, the interesting panelled dining room. Below, an exterior view of the home the singing star built near Toluca Lake.



Exclusive pictures of Dick Powell's home made for SCREENLAND, by Scotty Welbourne.



DICK POWELL pointed with pride to a thriving fig tree. Then, admitting that as yet, he had no vine, he showed me its substitute, a graceful olive tree that is the show piece of the patio, at his new home on Toluca Lake, just over the hills from Hollywood on the fringe of San Fernando Valley.

Ever since he left the family fireside to become Arkansas' favorite Rising Son, Dick has dreamed of building a home of his own. Now, his dream has come true, and he joins our famous group of movie bachelor housekeepers.

It is always interesting to see what kind of a setting

these bachelor stars choose for themselves, and visiting their homes offers surprising glimpses into the off-screen life of our film heroes.

"I'm definitely domestic in my tastes and grew tired of renting," Dick told me one recent Saturday morning, as we sat in his sunny living room. Then, flashing his million dollar smile, he added, "I'm too noisy a tenant with my *mi mi mi mi* daily voice practice for hotel and apartments and I had to get a house in self-defense. So, I bought this acre that backs up against the Lakeside Country Club, and only a few minutes from the Warner Brothers studio, and built a home. Now—here I am,

Bachelor at Home

more comfortable and far happier than I've ever been!"

It's a beautiful place. The house is white California Colonial, built around a wide patio that extends down to the shimmering swimming pool, with the playhouse on one side, and rows and rows of flaming petunias on the other.

These petunias are a precious asset. Popular flowers of his native Arkansas, they hold first place in Dick's childhood memories and he gave up the spot allotted to the tennis court so he could have quantities of the gay blossoms. They cover about a fourth of his acre. The jolly bunch over at the studio have dubbed him, "Petunia King of Toluca Lake," and daily, one by one, they solicitously ask about his garden.

"I drew the floor plan of the house myself," he explained, with a bit of pride. "Of course, there were a few blunders that had to be rectified, but the whole thing gave me a terrific kick. Now, I have the building bug. I'd really like to build another home just for the excitement. No, there wouldn't be many changes but I've learned a lot of things that I might incorporate."

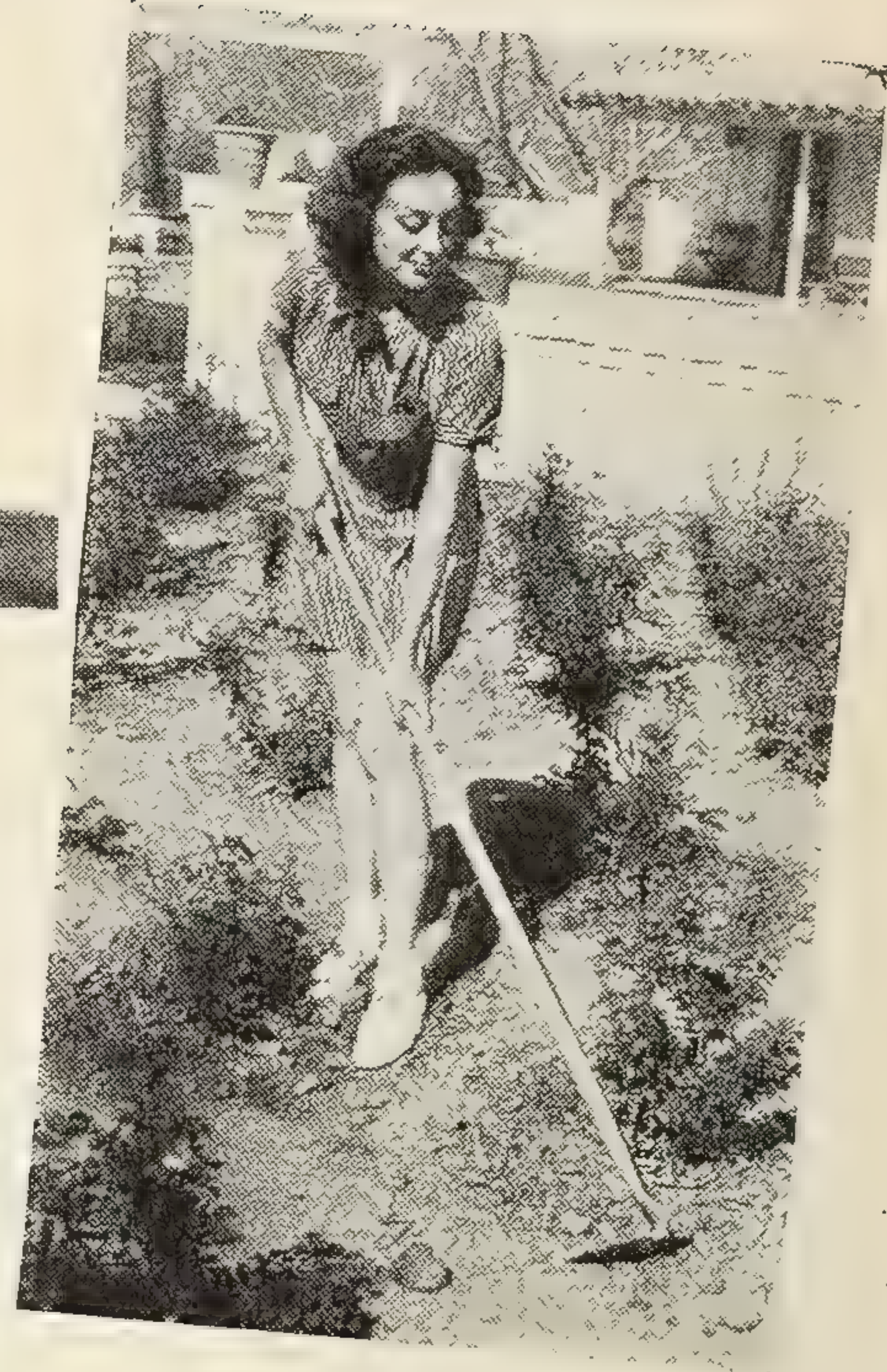
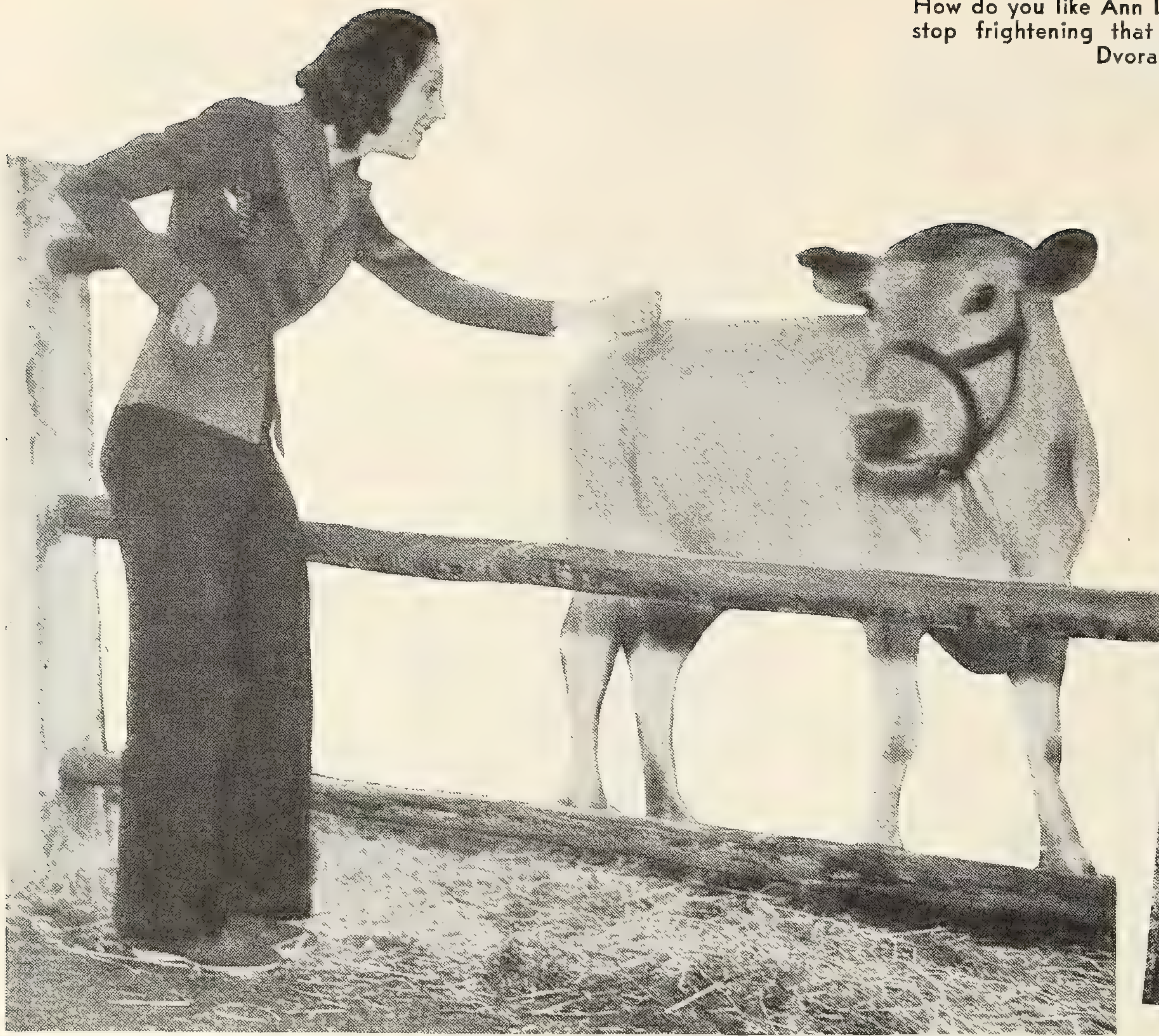


For sheer novelty and comfort Dick's bedroom is an achievement. The pine bed, designed by Dick himself, is equipped with a radio, bookshelves, and nearby is a cabinet refrigerator, just for a convenient snack now and then. Left, relaxing in the patio, with his dog, Razorback. Lower left, the bathroom with its circular medicine cabinet in the center. Below, a view of the living room, featuring wine-colored carpet, with draperies of matching shades, lots of easy chairs, and, as we might expect, a real open fire-place. You'll always find lots of flowers, (Dick grows 'em himself), scattered about his room.



"I'm not extravagant," Dick went on. "I've always saved my money and followed the rule never to buy anything I couldn't afford, so everything here is paid for. I went a little wild at first and had the thrill of a spending spree, but I got over that. Now, there are several things I would like to have but I'll wait until I feel justified before buying them. Anyway, half the fun will be gone when there is nothing else to wish for. (Continued on page 84)"

How do you like Ann Dvorak in her rôle of farmerette? Ann, stop frightening that poor defenceless cow! Below, Miss Dvorak and the Good Earth.



Let's be bucolic! Do you know which stars are really business-like about going Back to Nature? This story gives you the facts

Is Hollywood

THE very newest rumor to ooze out about Hollywood is that the town's royalty has gone crazy over ranches.

You gather that it's now right to be rural and that your favorite star is in the dell. That chit-chat at today's smartest film soirées concerns cover-crops, instead of the old standby—the dirty work put across by a rival. The cinema elite, you may gasp after listening, get no kick from champagne. From a cow, apparently, what a thrill!

But honestly, *has* Hollywood gone hayseed?

Just to be ornery, I've investigated. Yes, there is somewhat of a "trend" towards getting back to nature, but like most other tittle-tattle about our movie colony this whole thing has been grossly exaggerated by overzealous press boys.

Comparatively few players are *seriously* interested in a rustic existence. As for those who actually labor themselves? Well, here's what's what.

The grand-daddy of the movement was Doug Fairbanks, Sr. Ever a man of expansive moods, in one of them he hit upon the idea of retiring to the normal peace of the countryside. He and Mary were then at the zenith of love and popularity.

Emissaries were sent forth to locate a place where

they could again rub shoulders with everyday reality. The beautiful, rolling hills north of San Diego seemed the perfect Eden. Doug took three thousand acres and next day his notions were colossal. He would have a feudal estate, no less. Early California style, with his men toiling under his benevolent direction. An elaborate hacienda was to be the grand centerpiece, and the gay, glamorous days of the dons were to be revived.

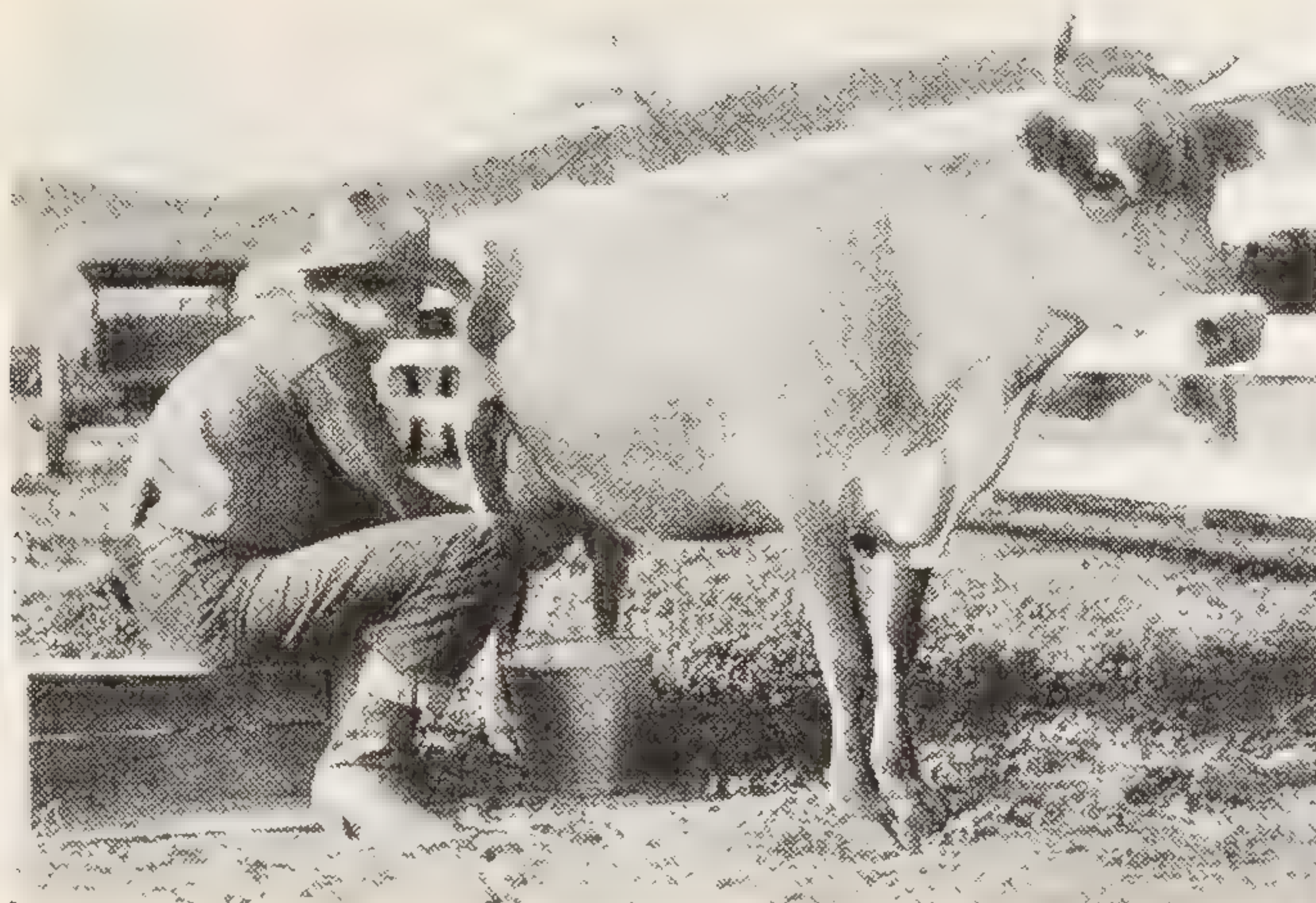
Only somehow Doug never followed through on his back to the rancho with Tiffany trimmings program. There were always pictures and visiting nobility and then the split with his Eve. He still owns the property, and perhaps when his worldly wanderings cease he may yet wind up there.

Adjoining the Fairbanks' holding is Bing Crosby's ranch. Two years ago Bing had the same get-away-from-it-all twinge. He surrounded an old adobe house with every modern convenience and then signed a long-term screen contract which has kept him from all except spasmodic jaunts South. Of course, when the Crosbys do vacation "at the ranch" they feel like real tillers of the soil. To Hollywood columnists they are!

For a while Gary Cooper lent his name to the ancestral cattle range in Montana. Unfortunately, the depression hit the dude trade and so his brother has resumed con-



Charlie Ruggles, left, just a good, old hayseed. Eddie Horton, above, looks over his acres. Joel McCrea, below, as a milk-man; and, right, robbing the roost with Frances Dee McCrea, at their ranch.



By
Dickson Morley

Going Hayseed?

trol as of yore. Wide-open-spaces Cooper has settled down in citified Brentwood.

But now as to which stars do spend their spare time really participating in the business of ranching?

The biggest plunger has been none other than Clara Bow! What's more, she's made money at it. Gone from the screen for some time, the redhead is not forgotten and she plans a comeback this winter. Since determining to resume her career she has built in Beverly's exclusive Bel-Air district. But those great Nevada stretches where she regained her health and her perspective will ever be home.

Clara and Rex Bell lease four hundred and fifty thousand acres of flat cattle range from the government. Rex personally runs it, while the former flapper rules the kitchen. Their ranch is a ten-hour drive from Hollywood.

Regular tours of inspection being on Rex's program, Clara tells me she goes along with him. They put packs on their horses and stay overnight at the various cabins they have at strategic points. They have had their exciting happenings, too. Last winter there was good old-fashioned cattle rustling, until Rex stopped it in true movie hero fashion. More recently their great Dane turned wolf, sneaking out to join the pack bent on kill-

ing the calves. Yep, Rex and Clara are serious ranchers.

Next in earnestness rank the Joel McCreas. Joel was as anxious to have a ranch as he was to become a star. His thousand acres near Ventura were fully paid for when he proposed to Frances Dee. It was "Love me, love my ranch!"

Right after the honeymoon they moved into their home there. Encircled by low hills, it is far from the artificialities of the studios. Carefully they are establishing a little heaven, entirely apart from the confusing crowds.

Joel's cattle have made his ranch self-supporting and he rides the range at every opportunity. Although his most embarrassing moment occurred when a photographer asked him to pose milking a cow! A whiz at every other barnyard feat, he'd overlooked that basic accomplishment. And his humiliation was complete when Frances calmly stepped forward and showed him how to proceed. Joel didn't recover until he discovered she'd hired one of the hands to teach her while he was out riding! Now he's an expert himself.

Whenever the McCreas are not actually working on a picture, they stay at the ranch. They have become so enthusiastic about the simple system that they are going to run a dude ranch for (Continued on page 69)

Or—

Is Hollywood Going Highbrow?

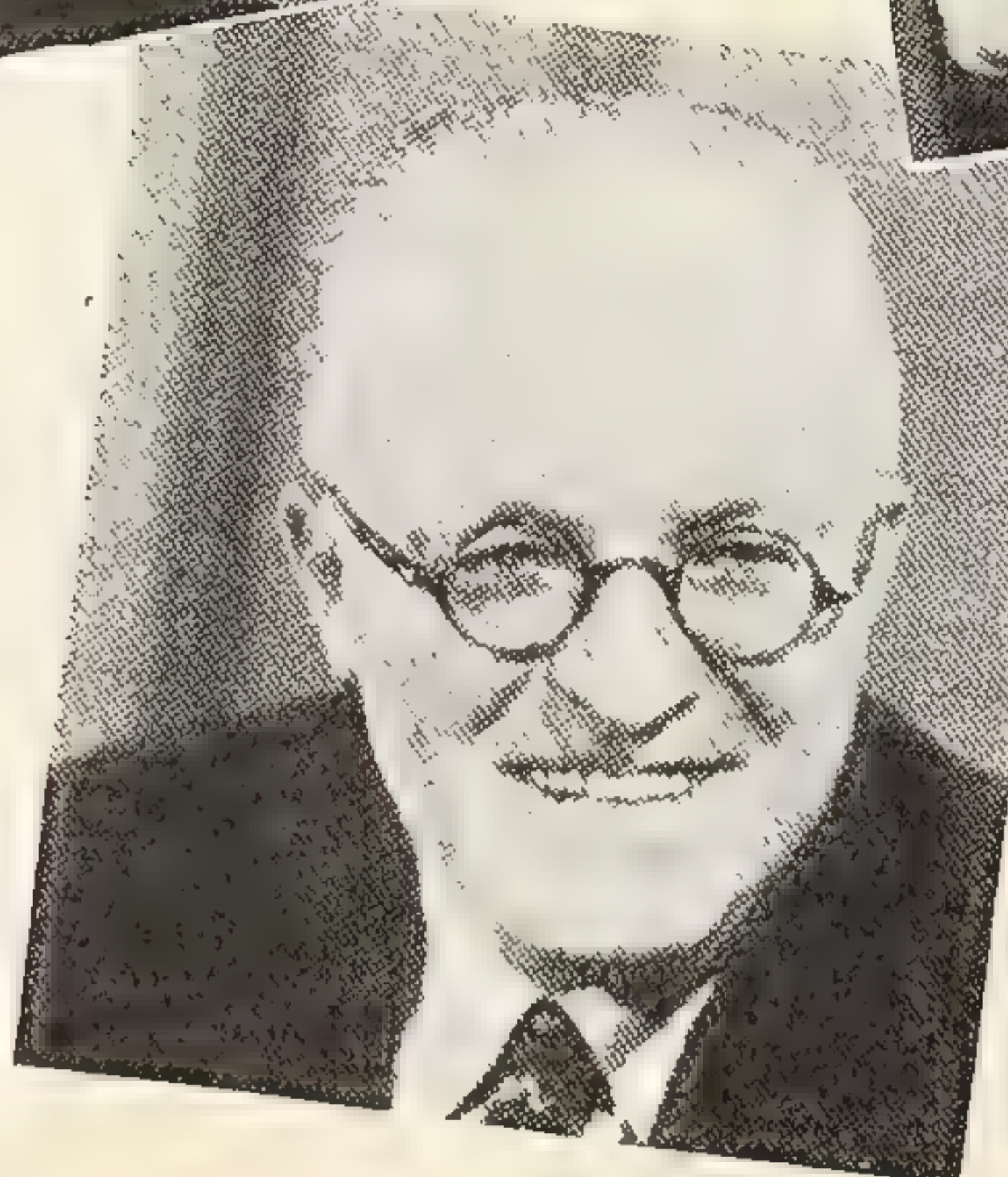
"POOR little girl, stranded in Hollywood without a scrap of culture!" A scenario writer named Garret Fort made that remark about ten years ago to a rather pretentious young actress from New York when she bemoaned a lack of intellectual interests in the picture colony.

Well, ten years isn't so long in which to develop from infant to adult, but our town has made the grade! The intelligentsia rash enough to moan for culture in this enlightened day is very apt to be composed of those disappointed pseudos who have found the company too fast for them. Even the hard-working old name-game gets them nowhere any more. A few good big names sprinkled liberally through their conversation, with a note of intimacy, used to get these birds by. It is now actually necessary for them to have read the books written by their big-names, have looked at their pictures with some artistic evaluation, and to have heard their music often enough to really appreciate it. A desolating state of affairs for pretenders, you will admit.

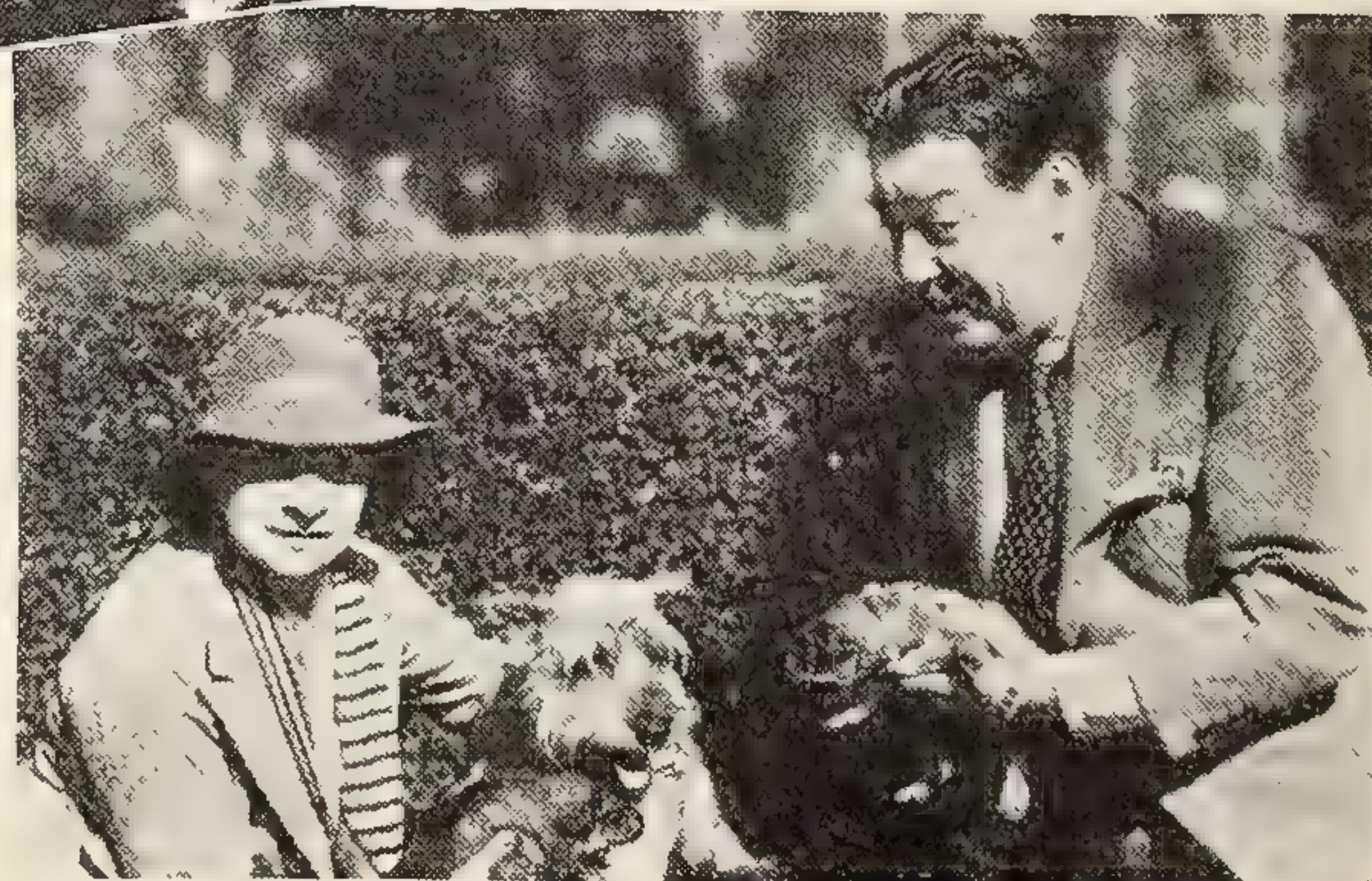
The proven wit and wisdom of the world has congregated in Hollywood and improved not only the entertainment you see on the screen, but the screen village itself. The chorus girls who used to sit around on the set swapping idle gossip, are now quietly engrossed in a tome whose title would astonish you.

Now let's look at the other side! Can it be the screen colony is going in for culture? You'll find surprises here

By Ruth Rankin



Jean Hersholt has a fortune in Dickens "firsts." The Warner Olands, below, are Hollywood intellectuals. Hugh Walpole and Constance Collier bring brains from Britain. Robert Montgomery has a fine Max Beerbohm collection, including the original MS. of "Zuleika Dobson."



Grace Moore arrived, and everybody began taking voice lessons. Max Reinhardt has started a Shakespearian frenzy. Robert Edmund Jones, foremost artist-stage setting designer has awakened us to the possibilities of color on the screen. Dorothy Parker's quips are passed around every day, fresh from the source—no more waiting until the New York boys hand them along. (Ha, that for you, New York!)

So, our recently quaint and naïve village, the butt of many a satiric joke by the intelligentsia lads and lassies, has expanded into an exciting, cosmopolitan city. The beautiful irony of the situation being the fact that the most rabid fun-pokers are now simply delighted to have a job in Hollywood and are largely concerned with having their options taken up!

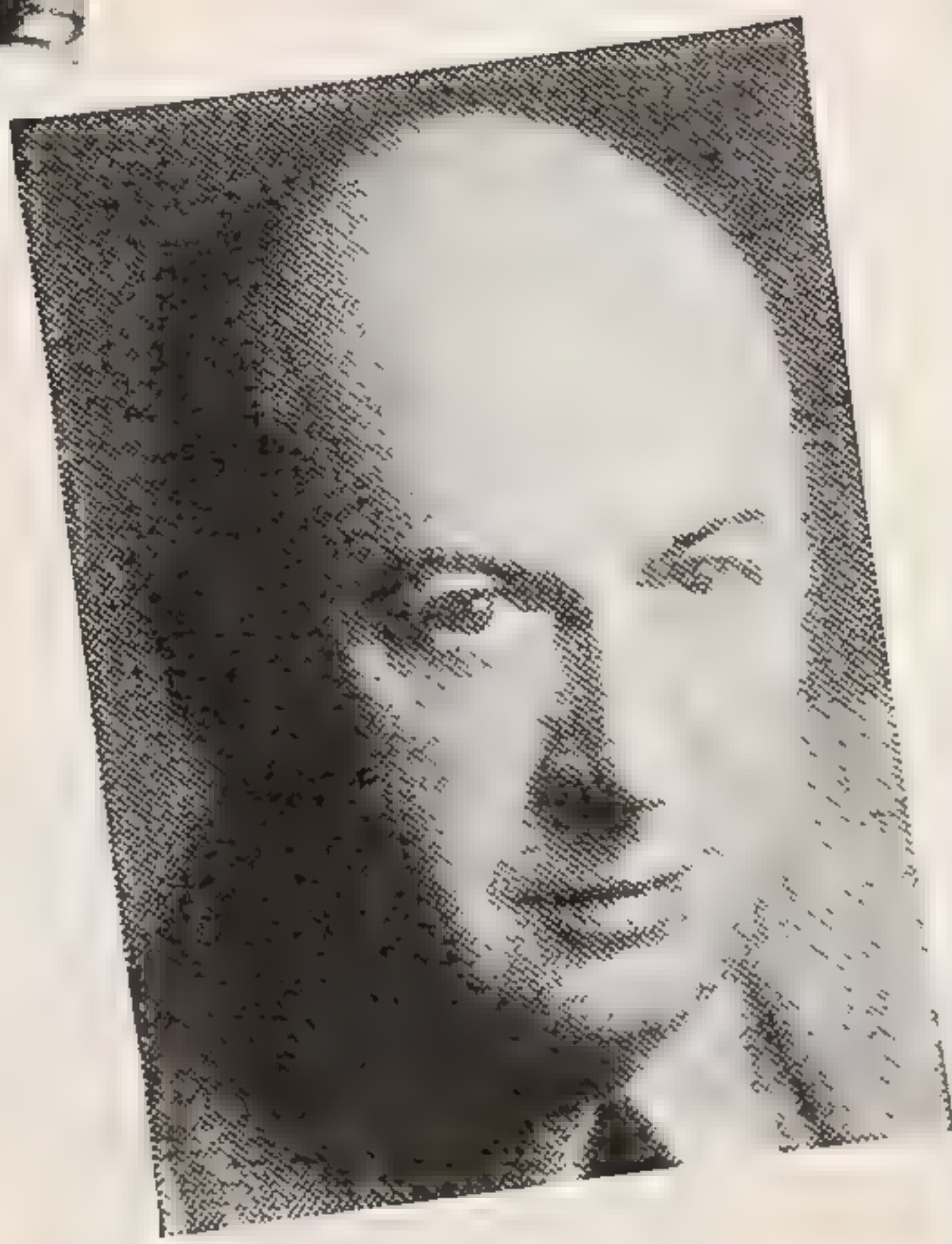
Constance Collier says she has never seen such a

change in a place. She was out here in the early Chaplin-Griffith days, when we were pretty raw. She hurried away, shuddering slightly—this brilliant actress, writer, and wit from England. Now, you couldn't coax her away from Hollywood! Constance Collier is the friend and confidante of one Noel Coward, who wrote the introduction in her book, (*Continued on page 70*)

Grace Moore, below, Hollywood's first opera star. Dorothy Parker and Alan Campbell, right, first wits. A Marx Brother, highbrow of the harp.



Jean Harlow, right, not only has a book—she's writing one. Edward G. Robinson, left, collects fine paintings. Marc Connelly, below, and Robert Edmund Jones add their artistry to Hollywood life and work.



THE KING OF CASTS in the picture that's
THE KING OF LAUGHTER...DRAMA...SONG!

KING OF BURLESQUE

GLORIOUS SONG HITS
including

'SPREADING RHYTHM AROUND'
'SHOOTIN' HIGH'
'LOVELY LADY'
'TOO GOOD TO BE TRUE'
'I LOVE TO RIDE THE HORSES
ON THE MERRY-GO-ROUND'

THE FIRST GREAT MUSICAL ROMANCE OF 1936
..ablaze with color...crowded with the drama
of a wonder-world you've never seen before!

WARNER BAXTER


Even greater than in "42nd STREET"

ALICE FAYE
JACK OAKIE

ARLINE JUDGE ★ **MONA BARRIE**
GREGORY RATOFF ★ **DIXIE DUNBAR**
FATS WALLER ★ **NICK LONG, Jr.**
KENNY BAKER

A Fox Picture
Associate Producer Kenneth Macgowan • Directed
by Sidney Lanfield • From a story by Vina Delmar

20th
CENTURY
FOX



Carole Lombard, the star sapphire girl, in typically gay mood—need we direct your gaze to the opposite page? That huge hat-clip Carole wears is the famous star sapphire which, set in a ring, was Bill Powell's gift to the beautiful blonde who was then his wife.

No wonder they smile! George Brent, informally happy in formal attire; Dick Foran, who brings a new measure of dash and good looks to western rôles; and Ian Hunter, ruggedly suave British actor, all handsomely present on this page to take well-merited bows.



First Pictures!



General view of the main entrance, at top, showing beautiful landscaping, with steps leading to the swimming pool. Warner's favorite spot is the recreation room, at upper left. Back of the tapestry at the right is his screen for projecting movies. The projection equipment is cleverly concealed at the left. French doors lead to a formal garden. Above, the tennis court, where the Baxters take on Hollywood's best racquet wielders, and regarded one of the finest privately owned courts in the world. It is the scene of many a match in which screen celebrities engage. Left, Mrs. Baxter, with Poddy, Australian heeler dog, in the garden.



As a personal tribute to SCREENLAND readers, the Warner Baxters for the first time permit photographs to be made of the beautiful hilltop home in exclusive Bel-Air

Views on these two pages of Warner Baxter's home were made, with the personal permission of Mr. and Mrs. Baxter, especially for SCREENLAND'S exclusive use. Photographs by Fox Films.

The Baxters' Home



Rare tapestries decorate the beautifully panelled walls of the spacious living room, shown at top of the page. The color scheme is golden brown, highlighted by shades of rose. At upper right is the western entrance and the southern exposure, which overlooks the tennis court. Above, a portion of the attractive pavilion facing the swimming pool, and gathering place for Warner's coterie of friends, including Bill Powell, Dick Barthelmess, Ronald Colman, Frank Lawton and Clive Brook, who are also Warner's tennis partners and opponents on Sunday mornings. At the right is another view of the swimming pool pavilion.



Double Features!



First, consider the amorous advance, or advances, of Jean Harlow and Spencer Tracy, tripping across these two pages in "Riff-raff," to a highly satisfactory clinch. Then you'll see, center, Jeanette MacDonald embracing Nelson Eddy for "Rose Marie," and Bing Crosby crooning to Ethel Merman in "Anything Goes." That's Jean Parker pretending to prefer a knight in armor to Robert Donat; while at the upper left you note John Howard admiring water-baby Wendy Barrie—as who wouldn't?

It takes two to make the best pictures,
as these dazzling duos prove



All aboard for Romanceville—just another name for Hollywood. Directly above, Claudette Colbert and her pet leading man and ours, Fred MacMurray, ecstatically hitch-hiking. At their left, Katharine Hepburn listening enraptured to Brian Aherne's British accent in "Sylvia Scarlett;" and, below, another timely team, Henry Fonda and Sylvia Sydney, attentive in "The Trail of the Lonesome Pine," all-color and colorful scenic romance. Finally, Errol Flynn humbling Olivia de Havilland in "Captain Blood."



First, Eleanor Whitney, the new tap-dance sensation, whose lithe figure you see stepping around these two pages, and whose piquant close-up appears above. Eleanor, a pupil of Bill Robinson, who calls her "the fastest dancer living," appears in Paramount's "Millions in the Air." Watch out, Ruby and Eleanor Powell!

New Girls in Town!



The beauty above is Anya Taranda, in Eddie Cantor's new picture, "Strike Me Pink." Right, above, the newest darling of them all—little Darla Hood of "Our Gang." Then there's the handsome blonde from radio, Harriet Hilliard, RKO-Radio's pride and joy, first seen in "Follow the Fleet." Directly below, sweet Rosina Lawrence.



Two gorgeous girls sponsored by 20th Century-Fox are Dixie Dunbar, below, clever dancer from the stage who débuts in "King of Burlesque;" and Helen Wood, left, the wistful, winsome type.



Everything stops when the latest flock of lovelies descend upon Hollywood. They can act, they can tap, they can sing — and just look at 'em!



Meet Kay Linaker, right, Warners' new beauty. Above, Metro presents white-hopes Stewart and Loring—Nell left; Ann right. Reading right up, June Travis of "Ceiling Zero;" blonde Phyllis Brooks, ex-artist's model; and smart Lucille Ball, whose ambitions are as lofty as her Alpine hat.



Platinum Blonde Number One

Alice Faye is queen
of the blondes in
"King of Bur=
lesque" with War=
ner Baxter, now
that Jean Harlow
has abdicated

Otto Dyar



When she isn't busy at the 20th Century-Fox Studio filming her new picture opposite Mr. Baxter, above, Alice Faye is enjoying her Beverly Hills home, shown at right, with Alice waving a welcome.



Soldiers Two

Victor McLaglen and Freddie Bartholomew share adventures in "Professional Soldier"



McLaglen and Bartholomew, those two brave Britons, had a grand time making their new picture together—the story of a boy king and his champion, with Gloria Stuart, below, marking her return to the screen as the feminine charmer.

Gene Kornman



You Have to be Crazy to Get Ahead in Hollywood



Katharine Hepburn, at top—and tops—poses for weird pictures and wins. Francine LaRimore, noted stage actress, has heard about Hollywood—and arrives to begin her new contract complete with pedigreed dogs and luggage. Consider Eddie Cantor, who gets crazier, and funnier, in every new film—at right, in "Strike Me Pink." Cesar Romero revives the matinée idol tradition: chest appeal.



Bill Powell takes it all with a grin—that's why he makes good movies. To Bill's left, observe those high-priced artists, Irene Dunne and Robert Taylor, whimsically partaking of a running-board snack, between scenes for "Magnificent Obsession." Finally, at top, see how silly Robert Young can look for his art, with Fred MacMurray in "The Bride Comes Home."

Even Shirley Temple is a gag
artist in the town where origin=
ality reigns supreme—in cycles



Above, Shirley, just Shirley. Then, left above, Claudette Colbert and a comedy fall. Left, Preston Foster and Betty Grable goin' to town. Right, even the youngsters get the idea—Cora Sue Collins putting on the dog. Below, li'l girl gives great, big doggie a bath—at least that's what Jane Withers is made up for—to say nothing of Buck, whom you may remember was the canine star of "Call of the Wild."



Just A Big Girl Show!



The loveliest girls in the world are captured by Hollywood. Top, Grace Bradley. Directly above, beauties of "The Great Ziegfeld." Right, one of the Paxton Sisters from "King of Burlesque." Every real girl show has its torch singer—ours is Ethel Merman, at left.





With special shiny make-up for an elaborate number, the chorus girls of "The Great Ziegfeld" take time out for lunch. Right, Toni Lanier, called by Florenz Ziegfeld himself "The Girl with the Million Dollar Legs." The Lanier limbs are 41 inches long; thigh, 20 inches; calf, 13 inches; ankle, 8 inches; size shoe, No. 5. You'll see Toni in "The Great Ziegfeld," which stars Bill Powell, Myrna Loy, and Luise Rainer. The fantastic scene at upper right is one of the dazzling numbers from "Anything Goes."



Left, the other Paxton Sister, pretty and pert. The rollicking roller-skaters at right are Maxine Jennings, Lucille Ball, and Jane Hamilton, whom you'll see in the new Fred Astaire-Ginger Rogers film, "Follow the Fleet." We certainly will!





Irving Lippman, Columbia Studios

The Most Beautiful Still of the Month

Herbert Marshall and Jean Arthur in "If You Could Only Cook"

BEAUTIFUL BAFFLER

The decorative Dunne's reserve may bewilder many, but not the reporter who analyses Irene here

By
Leonard Hall

HOLLYWOOD, that western hamlet which glories in the obvious, has always been completely baffled by Irene Dunne.

Here is a young and beautiful woman who insists on living what the film colony considers the life of a crabbed spinster, devoted to good works and, perhaps, a dog of the more obnoxious type. Entitled by her good looks and stellar eminence to all the normal pleasures of a film star, such as getting divorces or wafting hard rolls at her sweetie-pie in the Trocadero, this odd Dunne girl tends strictly to her tatting in the studio, exhibits no boy-friends, and tags along with a married couple when she does appear in public!

Hollywood is not only puzzled by these strange antics, but is even a little annoyed. What in the heck, the town asks, is the use of being a movie star if you are going to live like an antiquated librarian? But it is a notorious fact that Hollywood baffles easily, and is far too busy patting its own shoulder-blades to bother a great deal about what makes a lady tick.

Because of her alleged lack of color and glamor, (O despised and shopworn word!),

a legend of dullness has grown up about the fair Irene. Many of my colleagues shrug their best shrug at the mention of her name, and say "Oh, Dunne! Nice girl—but what can you say about her? She's the worst copy in the world!"

From this superficial opinion, I loudly dissent. I am fascinated at the sight of a lovely girl who can live a quiet life in the midst of insane exhibitionism, who is content to slave for months on end in the film canneries, and gets her modest relaxation out of smacking a little white ball hither and thither on the greensward.

So little does Irene Dunne resemble the movie star of song and story that she is actually unique, and to the resolving of any mystery about her I have recently addressed myself. Here are my findings.

For eleven months a year *La Dunne* labors like a bargee in the studios. She is an honest, earnest worker at her trade, and she never gets push-over rôles. You will note that Irene Dunne plays in the tough ones—"The Magnificent Obsession," which she has just finished, was months in the making at Universal, and wore her almost completely down.

The twelfth month, usually, is her own. Packing her prettiest toggery, she plunges eastward to let her hair down and relax.

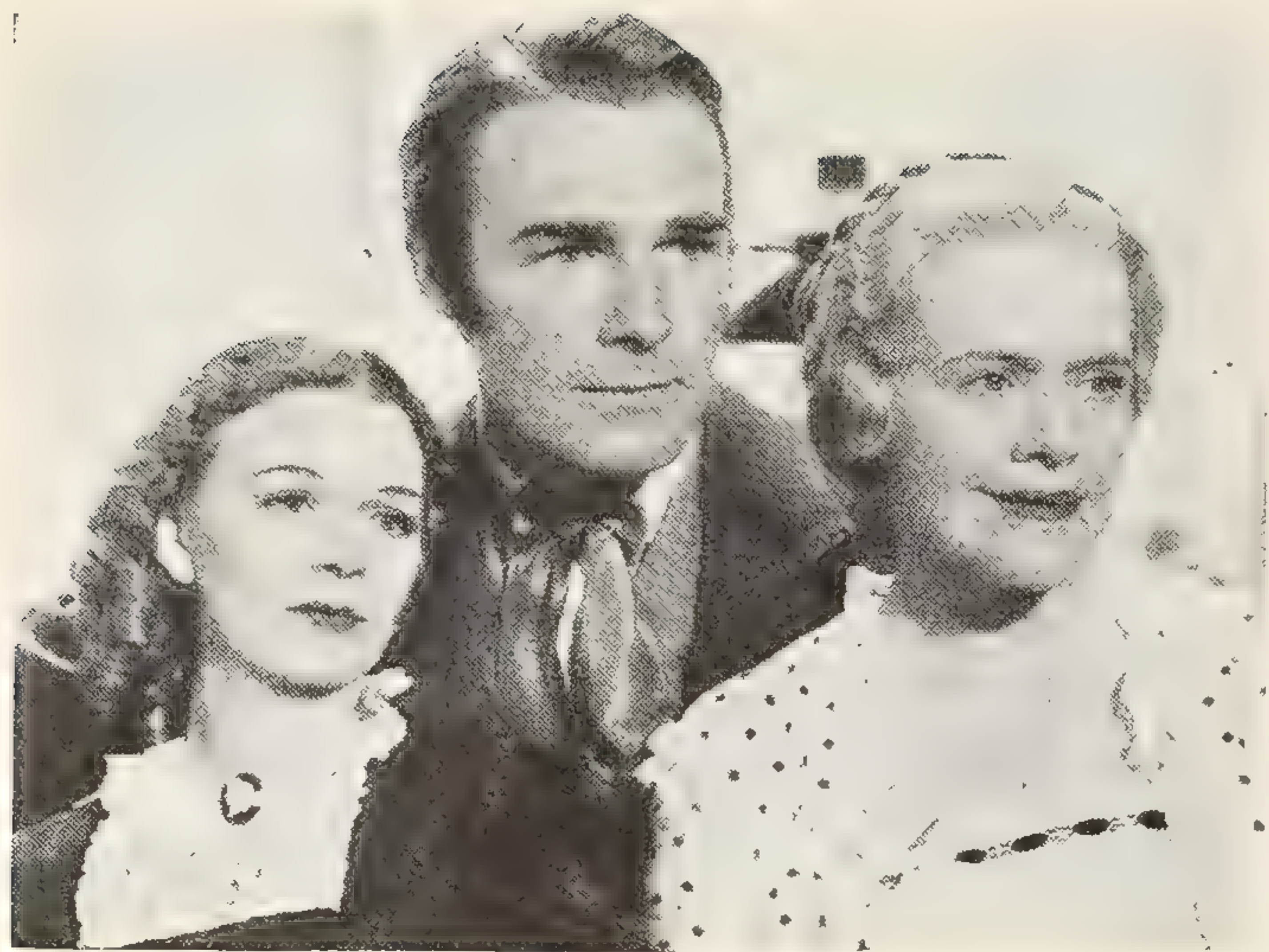
She recently completed one of these thirty-day junkets, and I succeeded in wheedling my way into the presence to finish my microscopic study of Irene Dunne on a tear.

When the lovely one arrives in her beloved New York, it is no Little Grey Home in the East for her. No indeedy! She moves right into a fancy hotel right in the center of the town's nocturnal hurly and burly. From the goldplated Hotel Pierre, where she was in residence when I dropped in, one could hurl a brick in almost any direction and hit a nifty night club, or one of these chromium bars infested by the Fifth Avenue Drinking Set. Out west the girl may prefer to lurk in the suburbs, but in Manhattan she wants to be where things are most apt to happen—though, alas, few do!

Doc Griffin, her dentist husband, moves in from the outskirts, and for the period of her stay they are always together. It was in this family suite that I found her, though the Doc was still at his office doing a bit of bridgework.

Irene was looking extraordinarily lovely in a suit of black silk lounging pajamas (Continued on page 88)





So Red the Rose—Paramount



A MOTION PICTURE which must be seen and will be remembered! Tender, tragic, heartbreakingly lovely, this picturization of Stark Young's story of the Civil War-torn South will remain in your memory, as Margaret Sullavan's lovely voice will re-echo like the strains of a beloved old song. Director King Vidor has "felt" this story from the heart, and fortunately Mr. Vidor's technique is quite equal to his emotional reaction to the Old South. It is a sensitive, and terrible, story he has to tell: that of a fine Southern family torn apart by the war. Not a war picture—don't think it; but one of the best preachments for peace ever presented. Margaret Sullavan plays a frivolous Southern belle who grows up to face reality when one by one her family is taken away by the war, and her beautiful plantation home is destroyed. She and her mother uphold the courageous traditions of their clan as father and sons are taken away. The only one of their men to come back is the cousin who held out longest against war. Randolph Scott plays him, picturesquely and effectively. Miss Sullavan is truly superb, and Janet Beecher as the mother will wring your heart.



Ah, Wilderness—M-G-M



A FINE family picture, which should not be missed. From the play by Eugene O'Neill, this nostalgic drama is a rare and rather lovely thing, of particular appeal to those who can remember back to 1906, but almost equally interesting to the younger generation; for it tells of the emotional life of a typical American family, with emphasis on the son of seventeen, and the father who understands his trials and temptations. It is the father-son theme that makes this picture of unique appeal—and for once, the father and son are *not* played by Wallace Beery and Jackie Cooper. No—Mr. Beery in "Ah, Wilderness" has a surprising new rôle, and a good one, in the ne'er-do-well, bibulous uncle of the family; while Lionel Barrymore, at his mellow best, is the father. It is Eric Linden, however, as the boy with his seventeen-year-old problems weighing him down, about whom the interest revolves; and Mr. Linden does an excellent job. Cecilia Parker as The Girl in his Life is engagingly natural; Spring Byington is a delight as the mother; Aline MacMahon contributes a choice spinster's portrait. Clarence Brown directs with all possible sympathy and understanding—he must have loved his job.



Reviews of the best Pictures

by

Delight Evans




The Bride Comes Home—Paramount



SPEAKING of touches, there's the Lubitsch Touch, which I happen to like better than the DeMille or even the Von Sternberg Touch. Mr. Lubitsch is no miser with his touches; he contributes them lavishly to Paramount pictures these days, and one of the happy results was "Hands Across the Table," remember? This month's most amusing light number is also rife with those piquant touches, never heavier than a gentle nip or a naughty tap or even a capricious kick, of which Lubitsch alone is master. Of course, it helps to have Claudette Colbert playing another one of her grand, gay gals, this time with a terrible temper, who can't decide between two such swell leading men as Fred MacMurray and Robert Young. She fights with Fred, makes up with Bob; and not until she is almost married to one, in a mad, merry elopement, does she suddenly switch to the other. You guess. By this time you're dazzled with the bright dialogue and the aforementioned touches, to say nothing of Claudette's charm, Mr. MacMurray's nonchalance, and Mr. Young's imitation of Robert Montgomery; and the dizzy ending, which Edgar Kennedy steals from the stars, will leave you limp. Fred MacMurray is our favorite actor—until further notice.




The Littlest Rebel—20th Century-Fox

 ENCORE to "The Little Colonel." If you liked Shirley in that picture, you'll enjoy her in this, a child's-eye view of the Civil War, highly sentimental but somehow appealing. Shirley looks devastating in her hoopskirts and pantalettes, emotes convincingly when her Confederate father goes to war and she and her mother and the darkies are left to defend their plantation home; dances adorably with Bill Robinson, and finally wins you completely, if you still needed winning, in the best scene little Miss Temple has ever performed before the cameras—that in which she pleads with Lincoln to spare her father's life, munching half of the Great Emancipator's apple as she sits on his big desk, crying and being comforted on the executive shoulder—probably the prettiest picture of unspoiled childhood we've ever seen. Oh, if only Shirley can stay that way! The other high spot of "The Littlest Rebel" is the dance in which Shirley performs the amazing feat of keeping up with Bill Robinson in the hottest routine this great colored performer has ever devised. The children will like this picture and shouldn't miss it. John Boles, Jack Holt, and Frank McGlynn are fine.




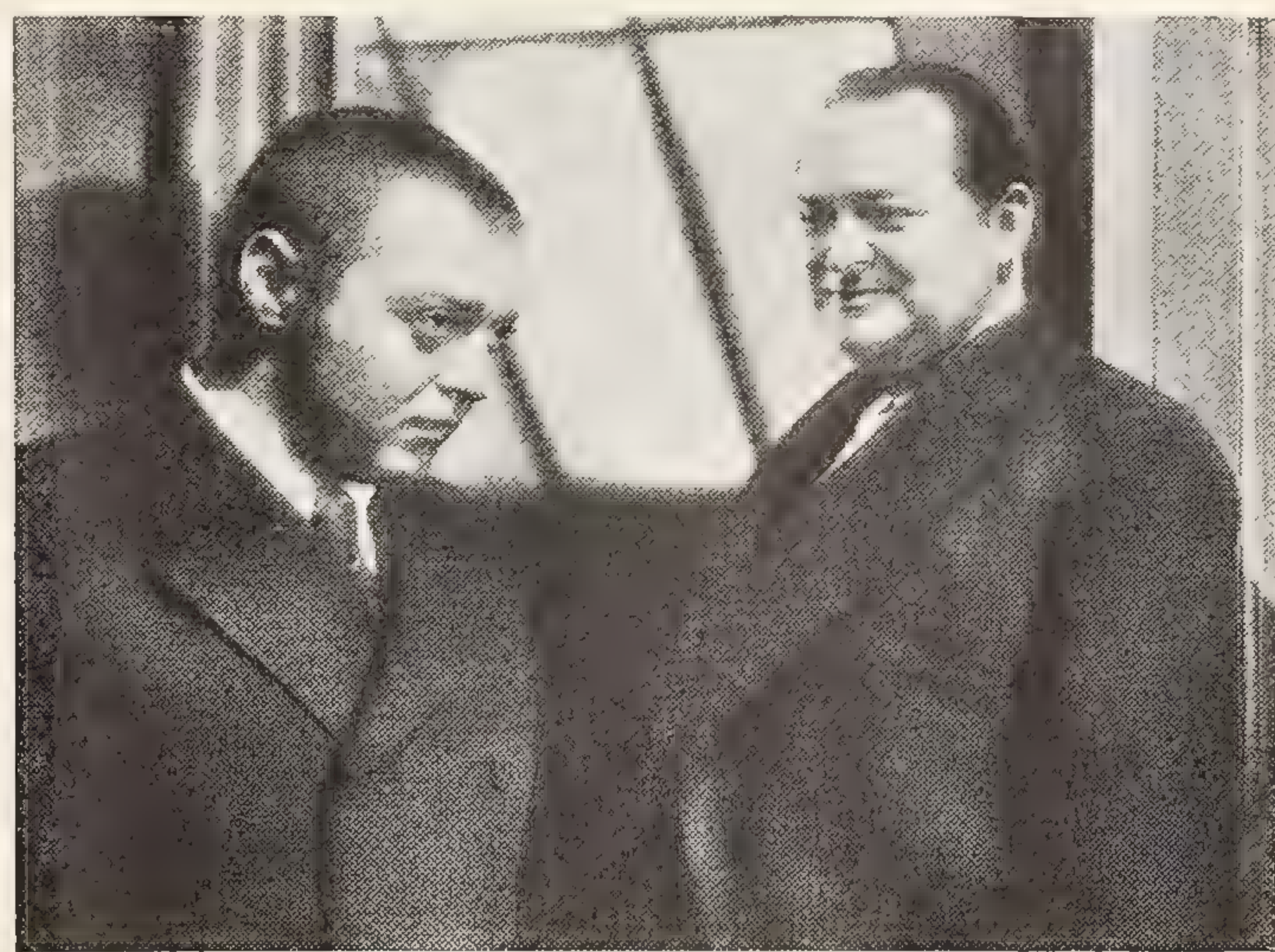
I Dream Too Much—RKO-Radio

 LITTLE LILY PONS makes her screen bow to you in such unpretentious fashion that you're sure to succumb! Lily is a prima donna—yes. But Lily is not buxom, or palpitating, or awe-inspiring. This frail, tiny thing possesses the world's greatest coloratura voice; but she has fewer airs than a torch singer. She is humble rather than "gracious," so when she gives out in arias from "Lakmé" and "Rigoletto" you are all the more ready to blister your paddies in wild applause. Pons' ingratiating personality covers a multitude of story shortcomings in "I Dream Too Much," the plot of which is as fragile as its heroine. Seems Lily is really a housewife at heart—perhaps the fact that Henry Fonda plays the husband is the excuse. At any rate, her heart inclines toward home and kiddies; but her amazing voice makes her, willy nilly, a great opera star, with Osgood Perkins, that fascinating actor, as the perfect impresario. Still, fame fails to quench Lily's domestic yearnings, and, nicely enough, she has her composer-husband's opera produced, so his *amour propre* is restored. And there's other amour, too—in fact, some of the sweetest love scenes we've seen. That Fonda!




A Night at the Opera—M-G-M

 RIGHT now I might as well break down and tell you that I'm the one who laughed at the Marxes' *old* pictures. This makes it a little difficult to go on and tell you how funny I think their new picture is; but I can try, if I'm not too weak from laughing. To begin, the Marxes are only three where formerly they were four; in addition, "A Night at the Opera" is the longest film comedy ever made. If this doesn't make sense, then neither does the picture. It was this show, you know, that the gallant Brothers tried out in stage form first, before filming a foot. What the customers guffawed at, stayed in; the sequences received in stony silence are still on the cutting-room floor. From now on, this is the only way to make comedies. Practically every scene is riotous, from the moment the Marxes arrive in New York as stowaways, to their big night at the Met.—when they show us grand opera from the rear. Yes, Groucho talks, Chico plays the piano, Harpo honks and strums the harp—but it all seems fresh and new. Allan Jones, handsome newcomer, sings with charming Kitty Carlisle, whom we haven't been seeing often enough lately. Walter King is another noteworthy member of the big cast. See it if you don't mind laughing until it hurts.



Crime and Punishment—Columbia

 DIRECTOR VON STERNBERG'S first picture since the great Dietrich Desertion is something to see. Whether you'll enjoy it, or whether you'll feel that the punishment does indeed fit the crime, I can't predict. It offers all of the famed Von Sternberg effects: fine photography, handsome backgrounds, careful characterization. But in place of the exquisite Dietrich close-ups, you have Peter Lorre's talented features, brooding or twisting—and don't ever tell me you were bored by Dietrich's beauty! Mr. Lorre can be even more tiresome when he, and Mr. Von Sternberg, let loose the arty "touches." Dostoevsky's classic of the murderer whose own conscience betrays him would seem to be the ideal vehicle for Von Sternberg's directorial and Mr. Lorre's histrionic talents, and so it proves—to a certain point. There is power and pathos in Lorre's portrayal of the student who commits the perfect crime; there is impressive menace in Edward Arnold's police inspector; and a fine performance by Elizabeth Risdon as the murderer's mother, while Marian Marsh and Tala Birell prove themselves as actresses as well as beauties. The dénouement is grimly thrilling. For sheer dramatic pictorial appeal, it's a triumph. Better not miss it.

SCREENLAND'S Glamor School

Edited by

Claire Trevor

Claire is a movie blonde—with a difference! She has warm brown eyes with which she surveys the fashion scene and selects only the clothes that are becoming. "Chic at any cost" is a silly motto, according to Claire. She prefers wearable, tailored things, such as the pajamas, above. Simple ensembles for evening—not scorning a silver-fox cape, but refusing to be smothered. Her dressing-table, left, is dedicated to the creams and powders she actually uses; but she splurges on perfume, depending upon the mood of the moment—below.



Otto Dyar



She's a Hollywood Blonde—but she has brown eyes and eminently sensible ideas about clothes! So listen to Claire Trevor's charm secrets

The full-length pictures show, first, Claire's tea-time costume: sophisticated simplicity in her matelasse frock; flattering flare to her black felt hat; antique gold and emerald chain for accent; and a quartette of sables for elegance. Then her gay velveteen and plaid suit: green jacket, gloves, shoes, and alligator hand-bag; green, orange, and blue plaid.



Claire Trevor was well-known on the New York stage before signing for pictures; and she was one of the first girls in the film town to sponsor the "Be tailored before noon" vogue. Left, Claire's correctly tailored suit, with just the right hat. Right, Miss Trevor's touch enlivens her evening coiffure with a cluster of metal clover blossoms, slightly deeper gold than her hair. With clever inconsistency, Claire tucks one above her left temple and the other on a level with her right eyebrow—which is, by the way, unplucked.





Got Furs and Frills!

The lovely cinema sirens on this page are giving you flashes of their favorite effects. Carole Lombard, above, wears a sumptuous cape of cross fox over knife-pleated black crepe, with hat, gloves, bag, and shoes of black antelope. Next, Barbara Stanwyck swathed in silver fox, topped by a "churchman's crown" of black felt trimmed with silk tassel. Jean Muir returns from England complete with Sealyham, lynx-trimmed tweeds, and a feather in her hat. Dietrich dotes on her white chiffon negligée, divinely draped. Olivia de Havilland, right, in young and frilly, billowy flame-colored chiffon.





Got a Bran' New Hat and Hood!

Gay as anything, the gals on this page! Center, Marguerite Churchill, making her come-back in "Man Hunt," tops her costume gown of blue crinkly satin with the season's most delectable turban: blue and silver metal cloth of conical shape with flat crown. Top, Una Merkel and pert braided beret. Madge Evans' hood, worn to keep curls in place on big evenings. Then Katharine Hepburn and her pet felt. Right, Mary Carlisle goes Eskimo in white suede jacket with fur-trimmed hood. Olivia de Havilland wears a ribbon hat tilted over the right eye.



Hands to Love

By
Elin Neil



To Marlene Dietrich's expressive, perfectly groomed hands goes much of the credit for her enviable position on the top of Hollywood's ladder.

WHEN you see Marlene Dietrich in her new picture, "Desire," look at her hands—and make a firm resolution to take better care of your own! Marlene has one of the loveliest pairs of hands in Hollywood. They are beautiful to look at when they are perfectly still, and she knows how to use them in all those fascinating expressions of emotion that are so important to an actress' art.

Your hands, more than any other part of you, are what you make them. There is no such thing as being born with ugly hands. Large or small, slim or wide—whatever the shape and size of your hands, you can make them attractive by graceful movement and perfect grooming. Some of the most unshapely hands naturally are the most intriguingly expressive!

Here's my list of "Don'ts" for hands: Above all, *don't* be self-conscious about them! Keep them in the

best possible condition, move them slowly and gracefully—and then forget all about them! When you're playing bridge or joining the gay repartée at a dinner table or having sweet nothings whispered into your ear, you don't want to be bothered about how your hands look. You want to be *sure* they're right.

Don't wear bright red nail polish or one of the exotic new shades like gold, silver, or bronze unless you feel perfectly comfortable and at ease with it on. If you are the kind of girl who can wear striking clothes and unusual hats without being self-conscious, you can go the limit on tricky fingernail effects. There are plenty to choose from this season.

Don't let your hands get bad habits—like crooking your little finger when you hold a cup, fingering gadgets while you are talking, or moving in jerks. Hands should be kept flexible from the wrists and free for action. Their movements should be slow, sure, and with an easy grace.

Marlene Dietrich studied violin for a concert career before she was in pictures, and she still plays for recreation. This probably contributes

(Continued on page 95)

It Happens in Manhattan

The Hollywood influence on Broadway reported in close-ups of film celebrities who go to town in Little Old New York

By Tom Kennedy



They made a stir in Manhattan. Left, Jane Froman, and, below, James Melton, radio's gifts to films. Lower right, H. G. Wells, with two stars of his first original scenario, "Things to Come."



BROADWAY, these days, is just Hollywood's Other Boulevard. Time was when a Broadway star, a Broadway playboy, or anybody on whom the Broadway label could be pinned, was the big news of this and other towns of the land. But now Manhattan's own newspapers play up and its crowds gang-up the visiting film stars, while Broadway's own simpler unnoticed in the dark that surrounds the spotlight.

Manhattan is said to be right back to good times in the theatre. At this writing some 40 odd plays staged, and only 16 failures. Thus the statistics prove it's the best season in years. The data also prove that about half of the total plays put on have had the backing of movie money, but let that pass.

For the real low-down on what it means to be a Hollywoodian on Broadway, note who get the play from the ogles and the autograph fans at theatre openings and night clubs, and who get their names in the Broadway columns next morning.

Manhattan is still the center of radio broadcasting. But you can walk by the NBC or CBS studios any night without getting pushed around—except when a movie star is doing a microphone show between very social engagements at the swank clubs and homes of Manhattan and Long Island.

Stars of the stage and radio who are at the crest of their popularity behind the footlights or the microphones

become NEWS as never before if they come back to town with a film success to their credit. Witness how the town became more Jane Froman and James Melton conscious after the Manhattan premiere of their picture, "Stars Over Broadway."

Even novelists famous around the world, including one with such a flair for getting in the headlines as H. G. Wells, learn, as Wells learned recently in Manhattan, that they just ain't seen nothin' yet, until the newspapers are told they have something to say about the films.

Of course, Manhattan still has an identity of its own. After all, the film celebrities come to do New York (Continued on page 71)



The Two

Here's Robert, who wanted to be a doctor but is glad he became an actor, and tells you just why

By
Virginia Wood

I'd been turned over to a nice, clean-cut young man, who was also wearing make-up. I found out later that his name is Don Miloe and that he not only acts as stand-in for Robert, but is his very closest friend.

"It was very funny, how we met," Robert told me, right after he'd come in. "Don had been sent out to Pomona College to look up a friend of his. The friend happened to be someone I knew and was expecting Don in order to make arrangements to rent an apartment with him when he finished school and came on in to Los (Continued on page 92)



He was Arlington Brough before Hollywood discovered and renamed him Robert Taylor. Now one of the screen's most popular leading men, he finds the name as well as the game and the fame, entirely to his liking. Left, with Eleanor Powell, his heart-interest in "Broadway Melody of 1936," and, below, rehearsing with Irene Dunne, star of "The Magnificent Obsession."

IN THE first place, Arlington Brough had no intention of coming to Hollywood. In the second place, he little dreamed that within a year or two he would have become a movie actor. And in the third place, he had no earthly intention of changing his name.

After all, he was christened Arlington Brough, and you can readily imagine that after this rather impressive title, Robert Taylor would seem a trifle unromantic. But the studio thought that Robert Taylor was a very nice name. So before he realized it, he had made a couple of pictures under that name and there wasn't a thing to do about it.

He admits, though, that he doesn't mind being called Bob. And he's the kind of chap you'd probably be calling "Bob" after the second meeting.

When I sat down opposite him the other day at the luncheon table, I was totally unprepared for the vital, unspoiled freshness of this boy from Nebraska. After all, I'd been hearing tales of his wealthy parents and how he'd never had to earn his own living, and I'd rather anticipated a somewhat dissipated young fellow who would probably "broad-A" me throughout the interview.

Robert had been shooting a rain sequence on the back lot at the studio, where he's working in "The Magnificent Obsession," and had been obliged to return to his dressing-room to put on dry clothes before appearing in the restaurant, so he was a little late in arriving. Meantime,



Taylors

Here's Kent, who divulges some hitherto closely-guarded secrets about his fight for recognition

IN THE first place, Louis Wiss wanted in the worst possible way to come to Hollywood. In the second place, he wanted desperately to become a motion picture actor. And, in the third place, he was perfectly willing to adopt a screen name.

After all, he was christened Louis Wiss when he was born on the little ranch near Nashua, Iowa. It was a good name and Louis was proud of it, but he realized that it didn't sound very romantic. So, when the studio finally decided on the name of Kent Taylor, he was very much pleased. All he wanted was to see it on the screen.

Kent, like our other Taylor, Robert, acted in all the high school plays. There the comparison ends. Acting, he found, was very difficult.

Another Taylor who has reason to smile happily, for Kent worked hard for the success he has finally won in pictures, his first real chance coming in a film with Mae West. Right, in a romantic scene with Gail Patrick, while in the informal shot below we find Kent very much at home with the dog he tells about in this interesting personal history of a courageous career.



"It may have been because I was so darned serious about it," Kent admits, "but I was always doing something wrong. I remember one time when I was wearing a crepe-hair mustache for a character part in one of the school plays. At the psychological moment, it fell off and the entire audience started laughing. It was always that way."

Kent's acting career came to a sudden end after he left high school. The family finances didn't look very healthy at the time, and Kent was obliged to go to work. He started his business career as a window-trimmer in a department store in Waterloo, Iowa.

Thereafter, he became a shipping clerk in a packing house, a concrete mixer and a tender of gas burners in a nut and bolt factory, saving what little money he could toward bringing his family to Los Angeles, which had become his undying ambition.

When they finally arrived, Kent and his father decided to buy a small business. They purchased a tent and awning shop and set about building up a trade. His father took care of the management of the shop, while Kent went from house to house, canvassing accounts.

Kent was a hard worker, and his pleasant voice and winning smile made him a good salesman, so the business started growing.

"Every time I pass the Hollywood Plaza Hotel, I get a thrill," Kent told me one day. "You see, that was one of the biggest jobs we ever (Continued on page 93)"



Blues fill the air around a "Rose Marie" set, as Gilda Gray, shimmy dancer, joins singing stars, Nelson Eddy and Jeanette MacDonald, in vocalizing a famous torch song.



Wide World

Claudette Colbert and Dr. Joel J. Pressman, arriving in San Francisco and telling reporters, "yes, we're engaged!" SCREENLAND told you that in an exclusive story last month.

Here's Hollywood

LUISE RAINER seems to be the town cut-up, and really it's kind of refreshing, so long as it doesn't go too far. She refuses flatly to be moved from her old dressing-room to a very grand new one. The other day she visited friends in Santa Barbara and left her purse. When she drove back, the family was out, so Luise entered, found her possession, and just by way of amusement, rearranged all the furniture in the living-room!

JEAN PARKER is terribly upset over the Francis Lucas, bank-clerk, publicity. She says the press misquoted her when they

Topics of Talkie Town!
Camera and news shorts

By
Weston East

WELL, well, the honeymoon can't be over with Joan Crawford and Franchot Tone taking lunch together every day. Joan looked exceptionally well when we caught her last week in the Ambassador wearing a red suede suit and hat.

MARLENE DIETRICH'S Christmas present to Joseph Von Sternberg was a whole forest of silver birch trees for his new estate in the San Fernando Valley. The only other silver birch we know of in this vicinity are planted in front of Rupert Hughes' home on Los Feliz, and now completely conceal the Mediterranean house.



If Fred Astaire goes into his dance, maybe that feeling the ocean seems to be giving him here, will vanish.

printed "her only love is Lucas." She spent a week in New York and most of the money intended for the trip to Hollywood, on long-distance telephone calls, being homesick. Then her friends assembled for a welcome-home, and being interested in the Lucas situation, asked many questions. Jean was so upset she ran out of the house and left them, taking her dinner at a remote little tea-room down near the beach.



First still! Fredric March in the name rôle for "Anthony Adverse," with Olivia de Havilland as ANGELA.



Elsa Lanchester, wife of Charles Laughton, in character for her part in a film recently made in England.

JOHAN BOLES has purchased several acres between Mary Pickford's and Charlie Chaplin's homes, and they are delighted to welcome John as a neighbor. The only difficulty is the large and noisy machine just now excavating John's cellar. It gets up early—much too early—and it looks as if Johnny will have to be an extra good neighbor to make up for the loss of sleep in that vicinity.

DON'T let 'em fool you, the Dick Powell-Joan Blondell romance is warmer than ever. Maybe Joan did take a flyer out once or twice with her ex-husband, George Barnes, but Dickie heads straight for Joan's house when the day's work is over. Maybe he just goes to play with the baby—one of the most adorable youngsters, "Normy," a bouncing robust fellow, is doing some pretty good walking these days, and the cutest thing you ever saw in a sailor suit.

MARY BRIAN has her work cut out for her, and she won't have a ghost of a chance to get lonesome way over in London, if such a thing remotely threatened. Her brother Terry expected her home some time ago, and stacked up the fan-mail in a spare room. Well, along came a fire marshall on inspection, and he informed them the mail constituted a fire hazard! (Hot letters, huh?) So Terry crated it up and sent it to London, and Mary will be snowed under for weeks to come.

TWO rumors being vigorously denied by the subjects are the Jolson-Keelers and the Arline Judge-Wesley Ruggles. Ruby explains herself fully when she makes denial of the rumors about herself and Al. Perhaps we'll tell you her full story next month. It's interesting. Wesley Ruggles has been very ill, and will go to Johns-Hopkins for observation and possibly operation. Arline will join him there.

SEEMS as if picture stars can develop the most amazing new talents in the shortest time—and they have a way of fitting the rôle they happen to be playing until, if we were not awfully noble about such things, we would almost regard it in a suspicious light. What brought all this on, Jean Harlow plays the secretary in "Wife Versus Secretary," and right away on the very heels of that news, arrives the information that Jean surprised the director no end by taking dictation in shorthand, and rattling away on the typewriter like a machine-gun. Well, Jeanie, maybe we do you a rank injustice, but honest now, honey, isn't it all a perfectly remarkable coincidence?



Glenda Farrell and Addison Randall—Hollywood says they're altar-bound—attending a preview.



John Barrymore entertains with a piano solo between rehearsals for the air program in which he appeared with Wally Beery and Lola Lane.

PAUL MUNI, after his triumph in "Pasteur," took a train out of town up-state to a large colony of Chinese, where he will live for the next two weeks to steep himself in the atmosphere for "The Good Earth." I have heard several interesting opinions, pro and con, and mainly from actors, concerning the advisability of such a move. The fact remains that Muni's characterizations are always profoundly interesting. He works himself to such a pitch of preparation that usually he has to take to his bed for a few days before the beginning of every picture, with nervous indigestion. He will play the rôle of Wang, in "Good Earth." The cast will be all mixed up with Hollywood and Oriental actors. Luise Rainer will play the wife, Olan.

WALLACE BEERY gave us this rare bit of philosophy the other day and it's worth passing on. "There is a compensating balance somewhere in this mystery we call life. A fellow can get just so low or just so high, and then something swings him back to normal." It's been said before, but not quite so well.

REALLY, somebody should organize a Hollywood Hypochondriac's Club, and the membership would be a staggering number of stars. Probably the charter member ought to be Eddie Cantor, who "enjoys poor health" more than any man alive. The other day, he and a group of cronies could think of nothing better to do, so they went to Eddie's doctor and had him take their blood-pressure! Sam Goldwyn is high on the list; so is Darryl Zanuck. Wallace Beery does all right by his doctor, and Claudette Colbert and Glenda Farrell can have more fun out of a headache! Hughie Herbert says he would love to be one, it's such a lovely word, but his doctor is so discouraging—just says "there's nothing at all the matter with you," and poor Hughie is desolated.

THE Gloria Swanson-Herbert Marshall romance seems to be dying a natural death. We hear on good authority that Marshall may spend Christmas with his wife, Edna Best, in England, and see his child again.



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The Dionne Quintuplets now feature film stars! First still of the famous Quins with Jean Hersholt as the Doctor, and Dorothy Peterson as the Nurse, in "The Country Doctor." The setting is their own nursery.

Wide World

A CERTAIN blonde star who is on the skids made life pretty merry for the press, the studio, all her co-workers and servants, not to mention her husband, when she was riding high. She would like very much to have the press, particularly, kiss and make up and drop in any time—and incidentally, print something about her as frequently as possible. This is going to be a little difficult to wangle, especially among the boys and girls who stood out in the cold damp rain when she was married.



In an ocean of orchids and with lots of lace for her hat, you see Luise Rainer in her new rôle as Anna Held.

I HAD more fun over in the Warner commissary, watching Errol Flynn mix himself a cocktail. (No, not that kind. They don't have 'em in studio commissaries.) Errol took some catsup, chili sauce, Worcestershire, red pepper, salt, A. 1, and every other little thing the waitress could promote, and mixed half a glassful, which he downed in a gulp. He's the world's healthiest-looking young animal, so it certainly must agree with him. After that, he proceeded to put away a lunch of everything on the menu, and discourse with twenty people, more or less, who paused at his table. Quite a guy.

FRANCHOT TONE, along with a number of other players including his wife, (Joan Crawford, you know), is taking voice lessons from Otto Morando. The Morandos have long been among the most colorful families in Los Angeles, and are justly celebrated in their own right, no matter who takes lessons from them. But the point we started back there to make is that Franchot's chest has expanded until he had to have all his waistcoats let out!

JOHN HALLIDAY is what you might call an enthusiastic angler. He is travelling 14,000 miles to New Zealand where he says is the best sword-fishing in the world. Will take Mrs. Halliday and ten-months-old John. The Hallidays' house-guest in their Santa Monica home has been Humphrey Bogart, working with Leslie Howard in "Petrified Forest," same part he played on the stage. Humphrey will move into town—perhaps for some time, if he signs a contract as several studios have invited him to.

Too bad Ruby Keeler didn't put that steak on Dick Powell's eye before he got hit. A scene from the new film in which Ruby and Dick co-star.

EVERY studio has a "crying room"—over at M-G-M, the stars rush over to Dora Ingram's little bookshop across the way, and Dora has to wring out her shoulder every little while. At Warner's, they rush up to Maggie Maskel's office and tell all. Maggie is a very swell gal who works in the publicity department, and the big chair in her office has been named the "mourner's bench." An understanding girl, who might be a player herself she is that attractive, Maggie lends a sympathetic ear to the little Anita Louises and Olivia de Havillands when things get a bit thick and a good cry helps. And, let me hasten to add, Maggie is as un-pumpable as a priest, after these confessions. Nobody ever found out what the cry is caused by, and probably nobody ever will. Even misunderstood actors have been known to find their way to Maggie's little den, and if she ever wants to write her memoirs—which she will not—they would make good reading.

THERE is one actor in town who never gets a moment's peace over his luncheon, and if he weren't a convivial soul, he couldn't stand up under it. Hugh Herbert's table in the Warner Green Room is permanently crowded. People enter and make a flying leap for it. And somehow somewhere, in between the soup and salad, he

manages to keep everyone roaring. No one tells a story like Hugh. Maybe it's old, maybe it's new; nobody cares. It's the way he tells it, that has you choking on your cutlet. Hugh gives away a thousand dollars worth of talent a week, we would venture to say at a conservative estimate.



Once there was a fellow named Pat—but that's another story. This one pictured above has to do with the arrival of Pat O'Brien in New York, where, as you see, the crowds followed the famous actor around.



A close-up of Mary Taylor and John Howard in "Soak the Rich." You'll be seeing lots of Howard, because Paramount thinks him a real "find."

THE Palm Springs season opened auspiciously, with the assistance of the Chaplin boys and Shirley Temple. The exquisitely-mannered Sidney and Charles, Jr., stood at admiring, (and yearning), distance, watching Shirley gambol on the lawn in front of the El Mirador. Finally Shirley noticed them and extended an invitation. They accepted like a shot. And flocks of camera-lads from Hollywood fell out of the bushes and took pictures. Janet Gaynor and Al Scott bicycle out of town, neglecting to be social except with each other.

ONE of our cherished legends has been de-bunked, a good thirty-year-old legend which has stood up under terrific treatment at the hands of wise-crackers all that time. Anna Held never took milk baths at all! There is something sad about discovering that what she did was merely get in the tub and cover herself with a lotion, which, when the water was turned on, made it look like milk. You see, they had to investigate all these details for "The Great Ziegfeld." When Luise Rainer refused altogether to take a bath, (in the picture), some little thought from many great minds produced the startling revelation about Miss Held's ablutions—and Luise was automatically excused.

MAE WEST drives around town often with her body-guard, the ex-Boston prize-fighter, Johnny Entizano. Mae, it has been revealed, is in deadly fear of having acid thrown in her face after several fanatical threats. Johnny has a multitude of duties—chauffeur, (sometimes), actor, confidante, and escort.



Another dancing star is captured by Hollywood. Above, Paul Draper, who struts his steps in "Colleen."



How movies are made! Jean Harlow and Una Merkel stand out from the crowd on this fire-escape as cameras shoot from above, and a sound engineer works the microphone boom, for a scene in "Riffraff."

TITLES have a way of being too appropriate, sometimes. There is the title to Dietrich's next—"Invitation to Happiness," which one hopes she will accept. And "Turn of the Wheel," for Gertrude Michael. It was a turn of the wheel that put Gertrude in the hospital, after an automobile accident. Another title for Gertrude is "Woman Trap," and Wendy Barrie gets "Millions in the Air," which seems to tie up somehow with Woolworth Donahue, who is the boy friend.

CURRENT big excitement still centers around Clark Gable, who has assumed all the blame for the whole business. The Eastern society girl business is out, so far as his close friends say. Naturally, when he was in New York he would see the niece of the Countess di Frasso, who is one of his good friends in Hollywood. The real lady in the case, we are given to understand, is a Hollywood actress, whom Clark will marry when the divorce proceedings are over. He and the girl have been so cautious about their romance, never being seen together, etc., that it is simply a matter of conjecture whom she may be.

LOUISE FAZENDA'S Christmas dinner was entirely home-grown. She raised the turkey on her San Fernando ranch, the vegetables came fresh from the garden, the fruit and nuts from her own trees. Louise has gone bucolic in a big way, and there is not another actress who knows more about food and how to put it together. A knowledge, by the way, which is no longer scorned. It is rapidly gaining a place among the major arts, and you ought to hear some of the more glamorous gals get together and brag about their cooking!

IMAGINE Madge Evans' irritation to find herself in London on her recent trip, with twelve pairs of slacks which took up quite a lot of room in her duffle-bag, only to find out she couldn't wear them. Some kind of a law or something. And anent slacks again: Luise Rainer's mama has taken up a firm stand against them.

(Continued on page 98)

The 2 Influences in Her Life

Continued from page 26

I went to Paramount to get an interview with Gladys Swarthout I was accompanied by the usual fear and trembling, the usual despair. I reflected that she was a great opera star—had been one before Hollywood caught up with her. What was even worse, she was not working in just *one* picture. She was struggling along in two. For she had already started work on "Give Us This Night" with Jan Kiepura when Paramount decided to make some added scenes for "Rose of the Rancho." All in all, the chances for an interview seemed remote.

Before I knew what was happening I was out on Stage 10. I was talking to Gladys Swarthout. I was busy making the discovery that the great can also be gracious!

When I had entered the stage it was just in time to find this dark-eyed diva ready to start a scene. Seated on a magnificent white horse and garbed in the black trappings of *Don Carlos*, the bandit, she was about to tell her vaqueros in turbulent song that they would ride that night.

Yes, her movie career is further complicated at the moment by the fact that she has to perform a double chore in "Rose of the Rancho." Most of the time she is the languorous, be-shawled *Rosita*, but some of the time she must masquerade as *Don Carlos*, the bandit leader. This happened to be one of those times.

During the action of the scene I saw her eyes stray occasionally to a figure encased in brown tweeds standing on the side lines. This was Frank Chapman, husband of Gladys Swarthout and Influence Number One in her private and public careers at this writing. Very much like an animated metronome, he swayed violently in time to the lusty melody that she was singing. He used his smouldering pipe as a baton. While she sang for the camera he sang silently for her, helping her with the tempo of the number. The scene ended, the Swarthout eyes so eloquently shadowy returned to Frank seeking his reaction. He smiled, nodded, stuck his pipe back in his mouth.

Such a ritual is a familiar sight on any set where the Swarthout is at work. She relies on her husband for advice and criticism. And he, in order to help her with her new career, the movies, has put his own work aside temporarily. He, too, is a concert and opera singer and has had offers of his own for picture work.

If I had entertained any thought that Gladys Swarthout might not be quite sure of her identity as a result of being involved in two pictures and three parts all at the same time, I abandoned the idea as soon as I met her. She knows exactly who she is and what she is doing. Her every movement, her slightest gesture is as definite as it is graceful. Her ready, flashing smile is warm enough to thaw the jaded, chilly soul of any studio gate man. Incidentally, when she shakes your hand she means it. Her grip is as firm and muscular as that of a professional tennis queen.

As I watched her refurbish her make-up with a sure, practical touch it occurred to me that here was a person who would give compact information in answer to a direct query. When she looked up from her make-up box I was therefore prepared. "SCREENLAND wants to know all about the two influences that have helped you along with your career," I blurted.

She leaned forward eagerly in her canvas chair. Her eyes grew even darker

with the seriousness of the thought about to be expressed. After a moment's concentration she said, "Yes, there *have* been two influences. First it was my sister, then my husband—now, of course, it is first my husband, then my sister. They are two of the most generous, self-sacrificing people in all the world!"

Her glance traveled up to the athletic form of Frank Chapman. He was now standing on top of a "prop" rock talking with the director and gesticulating with his pipe. A Princeton graduate. An athlete. The possessor of a solid, definite personality. No one is likely to call him Mr. Swarthout—and get away with it! But he deserves still further mention. Not only is he an outstanding baritone; he is also outstanding as a chewer-upper of pipe stems. He chews his way through them as easily and as speedily as a beaver might gnaw through an oak.

The slight pause occasioned by the upward glance of my interviewee ended. She continued in her throaty, modulated voice: "Indeed I don't know what I should have done in these hectic months out here in Hollywood without Frank. This seems such a mad place! Ever since I've been here I've felt as if I were on a flying trapeze, and sadly lacking in the sustaining poise and assurance of that young man of the song! Without Frank I should certainly have lost my hold and gone spinning off into space.

"Why, I can't understand all these stories about the incompatibility of marriage and career in Hollywood! It seems to me that marriage is most necessary. A husband can be such a marvelous guide,

such a balance wheel in his wife's career. Here, more than anywhere, I have felt the need of honest guidance, critical support. And from a husband reliably sincere, dependably frank. No," she added with a quick smile, "that isn't a pun. That's a fact. Frank is just that!"

"In my case I've been doubly fortunate. For I've had the help of two people who are 'just that.' Sometimes when I'm singing here on these sets and trying to keep one eye on Frank to see whether I'm holding the right tempo I remember the many, many times when my sister used to help me in just the same way. Then I was a little girl and trying very hard to interpret correctly my *andantes*, *allegrettos*, and *allegros*. And dreaming dreams, of course! Incidentally, they didn't include anything so astonishing as all this! Well, it's due largely to my sister's devotion, encouragement, and self-sacrifice that those dreams have come true. She—"

Whatever it was, she couldn't finish. She had spied an assistant director searching her out to summon her back to the cameras. You see, those large, dusky eyes of hers are both ornamental and very useful. They never miss a trick. She smiled an apology for leaving but assured me that she would return as she rose to the full extent of her five feet four. With a technique that contrasted oddly with her essential feminine daintiness she took a hitch in her trousers and swung the huge black sombrero on her head. Before anyone could scramble to her assistance she had lifted herself effortlessly into her silver-mounted saddle.

As I noted the deft eloquence of her movements it seemed to me that here was a natural, an instinctive showman. That is the quality in Gladys Swarthout which—even when they were children and hardly thinking of the future at all—her sister, Roma, must have recognized and felt compelled to nourish. Anyway, nourish it she did. For it was Roma who set the foundation for Gladys' career at the sacrifice of her own.

Roma was studying music when it was discovered that Gladys, three years younger, had what the teacher termed an "extraordinary voice." Immediately the elder sister discarded all thought of a musical career of her own and devoted herself to the task of helping and encouraging Gladys.

"No one has ever had a sister like Roma—at least, that's what I think. More than a sister, she was really my inspired guide." Gladys' expression was serious. Her eyes were sober as if she were seeing again the scenes of the past which inspired these sentiments. Yes, she had returned to her haven behind the "prop" rock and had resumed our conversation as if it had never been interrupted.

"Roma was always so marvelously helpful, so patient, so considerate. When it was decided that I should study voice she immediately set out to teach me what she had learned of the piano. Being three years older than I, she was already quite advanced. Later when I was further along she studied voice too. She worked terribly hard, but not for herself. It was always with the idea of helping me. Sometimes it seemed to me that she actually put more thought and effort into my career than I did myself.

"And right here I'll have to admit that I do adore a good time! I always have. And I used to spend a lot of time thinking about the fun I was going to have at that dance next week, or planning some means



Time: moonlight; Place: Monte Carlo; Girl: Joan Bennett. No wonder Ronald Colman puts such feeling into this scene above!

of eluding the family and meeting that young man after I was through singing at the church social. Or wondering what I could do to make that dress look just a little different for some party or other! I'm afraid that my belief in the theory that 'all work and no play makes Jill a dull girl' wasn't shared by my parents. But Roma was always there, making excuses, taking my side. She took my side even though she wasn't as much interested in adventure as I was.

"Of course, she has always been the scholar of the family, the real student. Her grasp of musical technique was more secure, more fundamental than mine.

"But even more important than all that was the feeling of confidence it gave me to know that Roma believed in me. It did more than chase away the blues—those moments of hopeless melancholy that everyone gets who is pursuing some artistic goal. Her devotion to my career, to the career she had literally handed over to me when she might have had it herself! That was always a spur to my ambition. I knew that to repay her I would have to justify every hope she had for my success. So I really worked twice as hard as I might have otherwise.

"Finally when I was started my sister married and went to live in Italy. I was terribly busy, of course. Auditions, concerts, radio and then—opera! It was rather a mad whirl and there were many moments when I felt quite lost. Quite like a puzzle that has just been spilled helter-skelter from its box! I was very much in need of some one to whom I could turn for a bit of honest advice, for some sincere and unbiased criticism. I needed companionship—love.

"Well, I found even that. There he stands!" She leaned back in her chair and waved proudly in the direction of a cloud of pipe smoke which was Frank Chapman. She grinned. "You see how outrageously lucky I've been!"

She has been fortunate, of course. Usually genius has to struggle forward alone. A great talent has a way of inspiring envy and hatred in others. If it's painting, other artists are delighted to pronounce your masterpiece a hopeless smear. If it's writing, bookworms gnaw contemptuously at your ink-smeared soul. Great actors spend half their time extracting from their quivering egos the barbs tossed by outraged rivals. Singers seldom find life a lilting melody. A career among the grace notes is frequently a process of hurdling the discordant jibes of others.

If, in spite of all this, one still shines with stellar radiance the light is likely to be as chill and forbidding as it is bright.

But here is Gladys Swarthout! Perhaps she's the exception that proves the rule. Perhaps it is because her struggle up the ladder of fame has not been lonesome that she shines with a light as warm and friendly as it is steady and sure. She's had help. She admits it. She likes to admit that there have been two people who have assisted her immeasurably. Roma and Frank—two people who are the most unselfish, the most considerate in all the world, she thinks.

But no matter how convincingly she puts it, no matter how earnestly she pleads, no matter about the dark insistence of her glance—it hasn't *all* been luck! It hasn't *all* been due to the beneficial, the happy influence that her sister and her husband have had upon her. After all, she is the sole owner of a rich and interesting personality. A lovely voice. A beauty that presages a new deal for the opera-going public. A graciousness that has all Hollywood standing on its ear!



SCREENLAND'S Crossword Puzzle

By Alma Talley

ACROSS

1. The wife the farmer took
6. The lover in "Anna Karenina"
11. Actor whom Adrienne Ames married
16. To worship
17. Spry
18. Where Tibbett and Grace Moore used to sing
19. Star of "Splendor"
21. Girl's name
22. "The Man on the Flying Trapeze"
23. Ever, contraction
24. Lawless outbreak
26. A metal
28. To allow
29. To please
31. Mrs. Irving Thalberg
33. Withered
34. Not hard
36. Film in which Helen Gahan starred
37. Small children
39. Depart
41. A bird's home
43. Island
44. Ruby Keeler's husband
46. Star of "Let 'Em Have It"
48. Frequently
52. Reside
54. Narrow inlet
55. Title of nobility
56. River (Spanish)
57. Featured actor in "Break of Hearts"
60. Star of "Magnificent Obsession"
61. Leading actor in "Dante's Inferno"
63. Upon
64. College official
66. Uncommon
68. Featured actor in "Thunder in the Night" (nickname)
69. Sums up
70. A cereal
73. Color
75. Leading man in "The Last Outpost"
77. Star of "Metropolitan"
80. To drop (as rubbish)
83. Carpenter's tool
84. Solitary
85. Trench, surrounding a castle or town

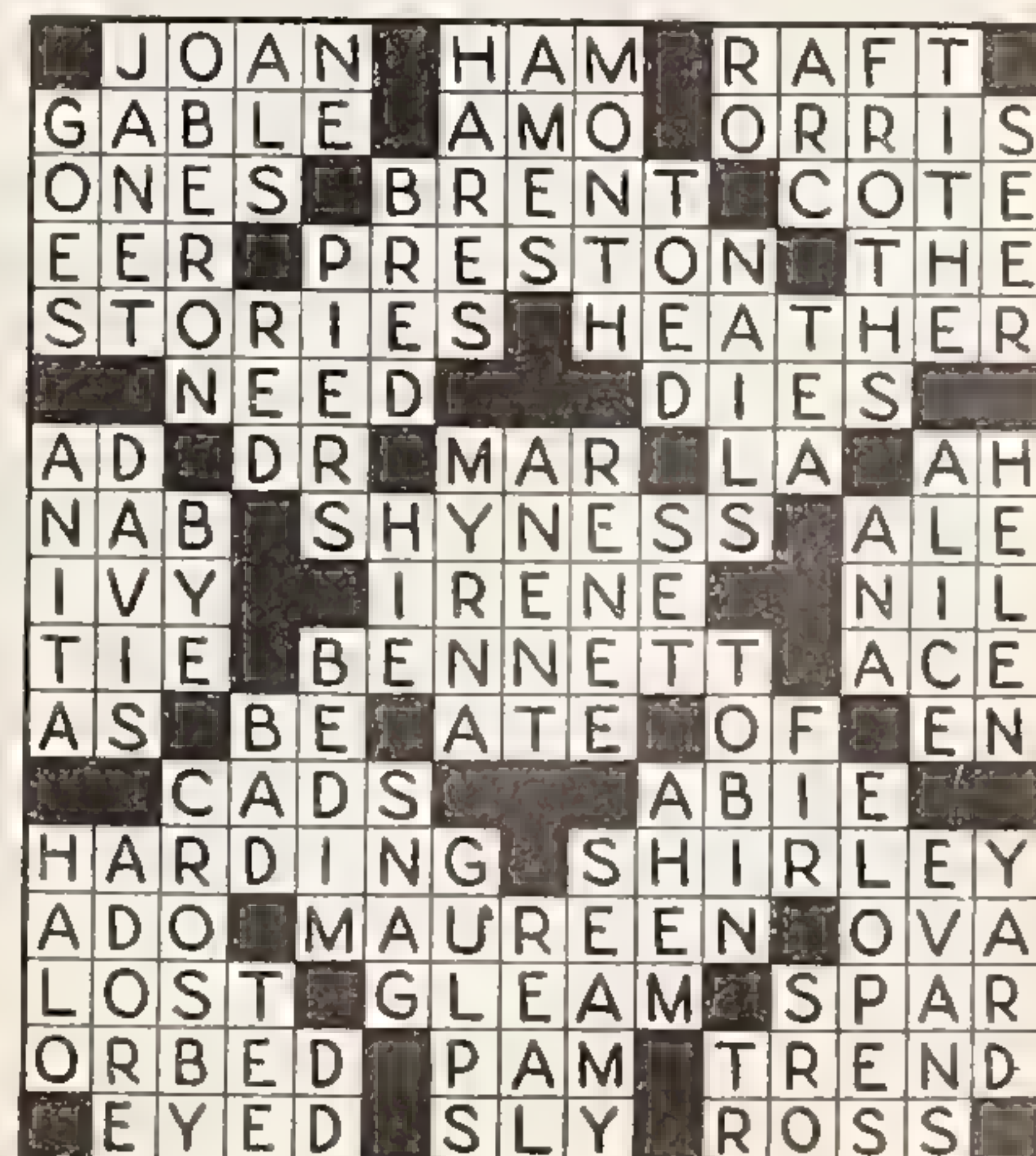
87. What a sheep would say in a talkie
88. Actress who wowed us in "Escapade"
90. To knock
92. Featured actor in "No More Ladies"
94. Wilful setting on fire
95. The earth
97. Kinds
98. Movie tryouts
99. To come into
100. Impudent (slang)

DOWN

1. "The Frisco Kid"
2. Good-bye
3. Famous woman writer
4. Silkworm
5. What you let fall at a sad picture
6. Pa's wife
7. Children's marbles
8. Free from
9. Featured actress in "Dante's Inferno"
10. That man
11. Piece of money
12. Monkey
13. Popular girls
14. Command
15. Flavor
20. Fogs
22. Fortified places
25. Exclamation
27. Note of the scale
30. Crawford's new husband
32. Exclamation
33. To boil slowly
35. Marsh
38. Every star dreads getting this way
39. The knockout from Sweden
40. Constellation
42. Heroine of "Here's To Romance"
43. Interior
44. Heroine in "Music Is Magic"
45. Comedian famous for his spectacles
47. To put down
49. Remote

50. Prefix, meaning three
51. Indefinite period of time
53. Epoch
58. His new one is "Rose Marie"
59. The color of a star's lipstick
61. Prefix, meaning three
62. Tear
65. Featured actress in "Page Miss Glory"
67. Flower essence
69. Star famed for historic rôles
70. Heroine of "The Dark Angel"
71. College degree
72. "Our Little Girl"
74. Fleishy roots
75. Jeweler's measure
76. Conscious of
78. Preposition
79. Toward
81. Markets
82. Comedy actress in "Thanks A Million"
84. Part of an eyeglass
86. To fling
89. Negative adverb
91. What many actors say they work for
93. Large snake
95. You and I
96. Physician's title (abbrev.)

Answer to Last Month's Puzzle



Ginger Herself

Continued from page 21

the reserve that any person of taste maintains toward a stranger. But as you talk to her, you're likely to see flickering up from the depths of her gray-green eyes a gleam of fun that may presently translate itself into speech. As when she turned to me, the barest hint of a smile lifting the corners of her mouth, and inquired gravely: "You remember those question-and-answer games children play in school? What's your favorite color and your favorite flower and your favorite movie actor? I always hated answering those questions. I could never decide whether blue was my favorite color or green, or whether I liked Harold Lloyd better than Charlie Chaplin. So there I'd sit, gnawing my pencil and wondering who invented the darn game, anyway. Maybe," she said, her smile widening a little, "maybe I've carried that feeling over from my childhood. Maybe that's why I'm not much good at interviews."

We were in her dressing-room now, but don't imagine that Ginger was resting. The wardrobe woman, the hairdresser, the maid were moving back and forth. There were trousers to be pressed, slippers to be fitted, curls to be arranged, make-up to be repaired. But despite the activity, there was no sense of strain or bustle; no flut-

tering, no fidgeting, no impatience. Ginger sat before the mirror, applying paint to her lips with deft, sure strokes, turning her head this way and that for the hairdresser's convenience, making occasional requests for what she needed, and answering questions meantime with more pertinence and good humor than I could have achieved in the cosy relaxation of a boudoir.

"You know," she said, "I sometimes think I'd like to take a nice little vacation—digging mines, for instance. I can't help laughing—with a tear in my eye—when people say: 'What fun it must be to dance for a living!' Well, if you call it fun to rehearse eight hours a day for five or six weeks while your hair gets wet and your make-up runs—to get so tired that you feel it's asking too much of your legs to drag you to bed, and still to go on dancing—all right, then, it's fun. Just about as much fun," she said, eyeing me speculatively, "as it would be for you, if someone put you in a hotbox with a typewriter and told you: 'Now write a lovely story,' I'll tell you something nice, though." Her eyes were flickering again, though her mouth remained sober. "We get a whole hour for lunch!

"I love dancing, of course," she went

on, "when I can just dance. But I don't get much time for that. Between pictures? Well, there hasn't been much between-pictures for me lately. When we're not rehearsing, there are fittings and stills—and interviews." This with a smile that removed any sting of reproach. She might also have added, though she didn't, that there were tests to be made with Harriet Hilliard. When Miss Hilliard was cast as Ginger's sister in "Follow the Fleet," Ginger insisted, despite her own heavy program, on making the tests with her—"because it will be easier for Harriet to work with someone who knows the ropes."

"I even had to ask some of the stores to stay open at night," she was saying, "so I could buy my winter wardrobe. And now that I've got it, there it hangs! Of course I can always get a kick out of opening the closets and taking a look at the clothes. And who knows? I may even get a chance to wear one or two of them before they go out of style." Her voice was tranquil, unruffled, amused. She was analyzing, not complaining. You got the impression that she would indeed, like any girl, welcome the chance of using her pretty things. But if the chance didn't come—well, that was that—and where was the sense in making a fuss?

It's this quality which seems to be her distinguishing mark—an acceptance of what fate brings, an unexacting attitude toward life, an instinct against combat, wherein lies perhaps the source of her serenity. Even as a child, she didn't ask for things. While all her friends in Fort Worth went scooting around on bicycles, Ginger was apparently content to go afoot. For all you heard from her, you might have thought that no such thing as a bicycle existed. And when she entered the dining-room one morning, to discover a shining new bike against the wall, instead of flinging herself with squeals of delight on the toy, as most children would have done, she flung herself on her stepfather and burst into tears, moved more by the love that had prompted the gift than by the gift itself.

On another occasion, unaware that Ginger was behind him, her stepfather entered their car and started closing the door. "Daddy," said a still small voice through the window, "please open the door." A glance at the white face told him what had happened even before he opened the door in desperate haste and released her poor crushed fingers. He was beside himself with horror. "It's all right, daddy," she said, clambering into the car. "It's all right. Let's go."

"You see," she confided later to her mother, "he felt so dreadful. I didn't want to make him feel any dreadfuller."

She was a self-contained child, serious, dependable, aware at an early age of her responsibilities. She was only seven when her mother found it necessary to send her alone from New York to her grandmother in Kansas City. Putting Ginger on the train, she wired a friend to meet the youngster in Chicago, where she would have to change. The friend was late. A frantic hunt for Ginger ended in the station restaurant, where she was discovered perched on a stool, eating her dinner. "Thank you for coming, Aunt Nell," she said politely. "Won't you have dinner with me?"

She knew that when you visited people, you brought them gifts. Hardly had she stepped off the train into her grandmother's arms before she began explaining anxious-



Ginger Rogers, Jeanne Gray, Betty Grable and Joy Hodges seen as they put over Irving Berlin's "Let Yourself Go." Wait till you hear them sing that tune in the new film co-starring Ginger and Fred Astaire.

ly: "I looked for something in Chicago to bring you, granny, and I saw a very pretty darning basket, but it cost eight dollars. And I began thinking how many stockings eight dollars would buy. So here, granny—" she thrust a moist, crumpled bill into the other's hand—"here's a dollar and you go buy what you want."

Not the sort of child, was she, you'd expect to see grow into a singing, dancing star of stage and screen? But the girl of today is that sensitive child grown up, while the romp of the films is an actress's disguise.

Ginger herself never expected to sing and dance for a living. "I was lacking in ambition of any kind," she said with rare self-knowledge. "I marvel when I talk to the children of today. They all have ideas about what they intend to do. I had none. I was just enjoying myself. I danced for my family's amusement and amazement, and that was all. Then I entered a Charleston contest, because all the other neighborhood kids were entering, and they said I was a good Charleston dancer. And I won. The prize was four weeks in vaudeville, and it went so well that I just kept on. Sheer inertia, I guess—and my mother. She had everything I lacked—foresight, determination. I had nothing but an inferiority complex, while she had a complex or whatever you like to call it that overrode mine. I was always willing to let the tide carry me—still am. She fought upstream. When I said: 'I can't,' she said, 'You can'—and I did. And I'll never stop being grateful.

"It was mother who was forever telling me I'd eventually be in pictures, and I'd scoff. Why? Well, it's obvious, isn't it? I knew I wasn't a beauty. I knew I wasn't any of the things that the movie industry calls glamorous or dramatic. I'd made several tests, but it always ended there, and I wasn't surprised. What did surprise me was being signed to play *Puff Randolph* in 'Young Man of Manhattan.' And what surprised me still more was suddenly finding myself with a five-year contract in my hand.

"I didn't come in as a dancer, you know, and I didn't advertise the fact that I was one, because I had no particular yearning to dance on the screen. Dancers, I thought, don't last very long in the films, and I wasn't especially interested in fading right out when I saw that comedians and dra-



Stars by the score attended the opening of the new Hollywood beauty salon of Max Factor, seen above with Paul Muni and Claudette Colbert.

matic players could go on for years. So I was kind of happy that they didn't know I could dance. But," she added, carefully pencilling a line along the edge of her upper lip, "they found out somehow. And here I am.

"Please," she said, wholly serious for a moment, "because I'm telling you all this, don't run away with the idea that I don't enjoy my dancing rôles. I do. And I love working with Fred. Who wouldn't? But I'm glad to be doing comedies in between. And some day—if I don't have to fight too hard," she qualified with a comical tilt of her brows, "I want to do a straight serious rôle. In fact, I've got it all picked out, but I'm not telling, because you'd probably give me the horse laugh, and the old gag about the clown playing *Hamlet*. Just the same—" the demure little smile hovered again for a moment, "you can't really tell about the clown till you've tried him out.

"There." She was ready now—curls

and lips, trousers and stock and little tight jacket. With the tip of her finger, she dabbed at one of her eyes that had been bothering her.

"Must be the lights, Miss Ginger," said the maid anxiously. "No," replied Ginger, all lightness again, her secret hope tucked back where it belonged. "Just a sorry eye. One side of me's sad, I guess."

I watched her again as she joined Astaire on the set, as the "play-back" blared, as she whirled, smiling, into the maze of the dance—a figure of airy grace, casual, breezy, ultra-modern, with all the pep and exuberance her name implies and never a thought that lay beyond the moment—the Ginger I knew on the screen.

But behind her I saw, and shall always see, another figure—that of an old-fashioned little girl who worried at seven about a gift for her granny, and set her teeth hard over an agonizing pain because she didn't want to make someone she loved feel "dreadfuller."

Is Hollywood Going Hayseed?

Continued from page 31

Hollywood folk. It will be near Cheyenne, Wyoming. Joel has sixty-five hundred acres of mountain land optioned and he intends to have some of his guest cabins ready to receive paying visitors next summer. There will be deer and bear to shoot, trout to catch, and cowboys to add color to living amidst the pines.

Our active list emphatically includes Ann Dvorak and Leslie Fenton. They have sunk their picture earnings in a forty-acre walnut grove, in the San Fernando Valley. This is just across the hills from Hollywood, an easy run from town. They personally pick and sack a generous share of their crop and spurn such help as a gardener.

They planted their lawn and flowers and they tend what they have sown. I find them proud of their chickens, horses. And cow. In fact, Ann pulled the same stunt as Frances Dee McCrea. She hired the itinerant milk-man who "services" them to teach her to milk. Which job she

undertakes more frequently than you'd suppose!

Ann's study of bacteriology continues out there, and her knowledge of botany is coming into practical use at last. The Fentons have a greenhouse in which she tries her skill at nursing rare plants. Once mad about travel, they now hate to leave their ranch. They live in what was intended to be a guest-house. When they found they were having so much fun without importing company they shoved out a few walls and called it their little nest.

Paul Muni is right across the road on a ten-acre walnut ranch. The main idea with him is to have a quiet residence in a bit of pleasant rural atmosphere. He has his study, an ex-set dressing-room, parked out beneath the trees.

Louise Fazenda is more energetic. She's on a walnut grove twice the size of Muni's, and she bosses all the details. The expensive Spanish farmhouse she is com-

pleting is beautifully furnished with the fine furniture she has long been collecting. But she knows her walnuts as well as her antiques!

Al Jolson and Ruby Keeler are being publicized as farm-dwellers. They have taken a crack at it in the way that appeals to most movie stars. First they lavishly remodelled the house, their ten acres of oranges being chiefly landscape. Al asserts that he'll be jubilant if they come out even. The one thing he demands is enough fruit and flowers so he can pick a basketful for a sick friend—at a moment's notice!

There isn't a busier actor in Hollywood than Edward Everett Horton, who resides near Al and Ruby on an eight-acre plot. When he put down his hard-earned cash they told him very particularly that he could grow anything but cherries. That was a red flag. Mr. Horton promptly planted hundreds of cherry trees. After half-a-dozen years they're quite large,

only they don't bear a bit of fruit. He's also been continually adding onto his home and another wing has been going up this winter.

A tractor and a plow are Warren William's prize possessions. His five acres are in adjacent rolling foothills. When an industrious mood overwhelms Warren he gives his swanky tennis and swimming pool set-up a jaded glance and hies for "the back forty." There, arrayed in regular overalls, he plows like mad. He's even invented a stone-catcher; it's hitched onto the tractor to keep his land ultra-neat. But being so meticulous hardly ranks him as a real farmer.

Paul Kelly expects to be one, though. He went for a drive recently with a wily real estate agent and ended up with thirty-five acres of barren property. Now a California-Spanish farmhouse is going up on it and Mr. and Mrs. Kelly and daughter move out to pioneer this spring. Paul fancies he'll sell fruit. The unique feature in his plans, however, is the private slaughter-house he'll erect. He says he'll raise pigs and kill and store them. Seems he's doing this for himself on account of

he's never in his life had enough ham!

The only other two stars actually engaged in combining a touch of ranching with their private home-life are Charlie Ruggles and Wally Ford, who both go in for chickens. It's Charlie's dream to have ten thousand layers laying daily. Meanwhile, he gets enough eggs to take into a Hollywood market to swap for his supplies. Wally concentrates on broilers and prize samples roam his half-dozen acres.

A few of the players have farms as investments, and occasionally sojourn at their manor-houses.

The once so-secret Richard Dix hide-away has materialized as a big chicken ranch in the Malibu Hills. Edmund Lowe prefers grapes for his fifteen hundred acres near San Jose. Warner Oland has a fruit set-up near Ventura, an island off the coast of Mexico where he breeds Brahman steers, and a rustic nook in Connecticut.

Retiring to dignified New England farms is the ultimate goal for Robert Montgomery, Joan Bennett, and Miriam Hopkins. Caretakers hold down the historic old houses which they are slowly filling with valuable antiques. As yet the soil hasn't

been tackled, nor farm machinery bought.

When Ramon Novarro purchased twelve thousand acres at Durango, Mexico, the story spread that he was retiring to his native town. Not so! Ramon has informed me that he merely made the buy to aid relatives who couldn't meet the mortgage. And he isn't quitting acting anyway.

Irene Dunne has sixty acres up in Maine, which she wonders what to do with. And Kay Francis did possess a rural haven in Massachusetts. She lost it along with hubby Ken McKenna. I mustn't forget Alison Skipworth's chicken plot on Long Island, either. Skippy bought it decades ago and has never got around to retiring to it.

Away over in jolly England Mary Ellis has a terribly well-groomed farm. The vegetables of this siren win prizes! And she has just added a Beverly style swimming pool—to give the neighbors something really to gossip about on the party wires.

That's the truth about these back-to-the-farm blurbs. Aside from these particular ranch experimenters, the rest of the movie stars are still city slickers!

Or—Is Hollywood Going Highbrow?

Continued from page 33

"Harlequinade." She holds court in her Beverly Hills home just as she did in London and New York, usually sitting up in bed with a cup of tea in one hand and a Pekinese in the other, and all sorts of actors, actresses, writers, directors—even poets—engaged in noble conversation of which she is the ring-leader. An indomitable party, the Collier, her mind keen as a rapier and engaged in a variety of intellectual pursuits. Perhaps you noticed, when you saw "Peter Ibbetson," the adaptation is credited to one Constance Collier.

Miss Collier has the nearest approach to a *salon* in the town, and if you engage in a dull conversation in her house, it is your own fault.

Important writers are now attracted to Hollywood who never before took pictures seriously. They come out to work, and they have definite and constructive ideas for the screen. No longer are they ashamed of the idea. They do not think it is all madness and champagne any more. The place that used to be full of play is now a work-shop, and the hi-hat intellectuals have come to regard it as a medium that demands their *best* work.

The group that held out the longest includes Marc Connelly, George Kaufman, Edna Ferber, Dorothy Parker, Alice Duer Miller, and Bob Benchley.

The group that has the most fun and makes Harry Ruby's house a headquarters includes writer George Oppenheimer, Hecht and McArthur when in Hollywood, scribe Jim McGuinness, Comic Sid Silvers, Benchley, Connelly, Kaufman, Irving Berlin, Herman Manckiewicz, D. Parker and A. Miller, (on ladies' day); and, when actors are allowed, Groucho and Harpo Marx. This bunch could be called the Times Square Boys in Hollywood. They are a club with no by-laws, and Harry's house is elected because he is the only *bona fide* bachelor among them. (A bachelor in Hollywood is a man who is paying alimony to only two wives.) The married men are all jealous of him, the widow and maidens are all trying to marry him, (or at least re-decorate his house), which makes it quite an amusing rendezvous at all times. The club meets almost every night to converse, to hear Gilbert



Keeps busy! Nelson Eddy sings regularly on the radio as well as doing films and concerts.

and Sullivan records, to play mad imaginative jokes on each other.

Harry Ruby writes gags for the Marx brothers, Wheeler and Woolsey, and Joe E. Brown, composes popular songs, is a baseball nut and has a great collection of books on baseball. On the other hand, he has a superb collection of firsts in great English literature, and Jack London's original manuscript of "The Princess," one of London's fugitive rareties. A gentleman of contrasts, Mr. Ruby.

Ed Sedgwick, rough-and-tumble director and ex-Texas Ranger, has the largest collection of books and literature on the World War, except that in Stanford University. Ed has also the most comprehensive collection of dime novels in existence. (If you have any old "Diamond Dicks" in an attic trunk, get 'em out. They're worth dough.)

Have you heard of Robert Montgomery's

Max Beerbohm collection? He has the majority of original manuscripts, cartoons, and first editions of this writer-caricaturist. The high spot of Bob's European trip was his visit at the Beerbohm home in England, where he purchased the original manuscript of "Zuleika Dobson." I don't know what he paid for it, but a dealer in collectors' items once told me it would be cheap at \$5,000.

Edgar Allen Woolf collects cook books and has hundreds of them. Eddie Horton has a passion for them, too, and not only collects but uses them. (So does Woolf, and is one of the best cooks anywhere.) Eddie is a *cordon bleu* in the kitchen, can run you up a Crepe Suzette in no time at all. Cooking, in case you think it is merely an ordeal, is regarded in our Hollywood as an intellectual endeavor when approached with enthusiasm and research—as it should be.

Edward G. Robinson is a patron of the arts in no merely ostentatious manner. He *knows*. Grant Woods' "Daughters of the Revolution," the painting by a ranking American that aroused so much controversy, hangs in the Robinsons' drawing room. Robinson has representative modern French—Matisse, Picasso, Derain. He has even Van Gogh, several of them. Priceless museum pieces by Vincent Van Gogh, who realized during his short tragic life, exactly one hundred dollars from all his works. Now every painting of his is worth many thousands. Each visiting celebrity who paints or sculpts, heads straight for the Robinson home, where he is assured of a warm reception, even bed and board, as long as he cares to stay.

The Warner Olands belong in the upper bracket of Hollywood intellectuals. Mrs. Oland was Edith Shearn of Boston, a painter of great distinction. The Olands shun cinema society, so-called, and flourish in a small select group of friends, most of whom are interested in the arts. They were the first translators of Strindberg, and produced several of his plays some years ago. Their friends include the Diego Riveras, whom they visit in Mexico, and they have an interesting collection of Rivera. Another painter in whom they are interested is Modigliani, and interest-

ing examples of his work hang on the walls of their enchanting beach house in Carpinteria. Warner paints the loveliest little sun-lighted landscapes, like poems. Both of the Olands are brilliant scholarly persons with a fine appreciation for the art of living. At intervals, they jaunt over Europe, leaving two big cars in the garage, taking a Ford. They entertain rarely, preferring to invite a few friends at a time to their truly epicurean dinners, which are an experience one remembers always. I think for genuine sophisticates, in the true sense of the word, the Olands belong at the head of the class.

Jean Harlow wrote a book. She put it away for two months to cool, went back and read it then, was her own critic, and decided it was terrible. She is rewriting parts entirely, but some day you may see it.

It is a trifle difficult to think of the Marx Brothers as high-brows, but I am afraid it has come to that. They study international politics and relations, until they speak with authority. Chico is a piano student, Harpo is good enough on the harp to have been invited by the great conductor, Otto Klemperer, to play a solo part in a symphony concert. All of them collect first printings of new books by contemporary authors; and when they buy a book, it has to be a mint edition in the dust jacket. Chico is acknowledged to be the best bridge player in the village, and plays for a dollar a point.

Hugh Walpole is forming an extensive collection of Americana which he intends to give to a British Museum. He is especially fond of Herman Melville firsts, and the New England poets; he has a huge collection of books published in the 1890's.

Jean Hersholt bids at every sale of the American Art Association in the Anderson Galleries, in New York, for first editions. He is a cautious and contemplative buyer, never improvident as we imagine collectors to be. Jean bids purposely low, figuring if he gets one item out of every

sale, he is doing well. Hersholt has a fortune in books, many of them Dickens firsts, and prefers to invest his money that way. He and Walpole are bosom companions.

Sid Silvers, (the funny man in "Broadway Melody," who wore the girl's clothes), collects Ring Lardner, and is determined to assemble the best collection extant. Speaking of Sid, I have to pause and relate an amusing dialogue between Sid and Harry Ruby which I overheard in the M-G-M commissary the other day. (Sid, who used to stooge for Phil Baker, and get paid for it, now stooges for Harry, *gratis*.) They passed by a huge baked ham on a side-table. "Who is that?" asked Harry, dead-pan, walking by. "John Barrymore," answered Sid, who knows all the answers.

Charles Chaplin's home has practically become Athens on the Hill, in Beverly. He entertains all the psychologists and philosophers. No great thinkers arrive who are not invited to the Chaplin estate, and Charley discusses learnedly with them, too.

Frank Capra, director of "It Happened One Night," owns a first edition of the "Decameron," a little item which set him back not more than eight or ten thousand dollars. He also has one of the most discriminating assortments of firsts in great English literature.

Joan Crawford is an omniverous reader of modern literature, reading everything printed as fast as it comes out, but is not particularly discriminating in her choice. Joan has changed greatly in the past five years from the dancing daughter to the cultured lady. In place of Bing Crosby records she now plays the Beethoven Fifth, and has developed, in a phenomenally short time, the appearance of discrimination.

Nelson Eddy can be relied upon to entertain a roomful of guests more expertly than perhaps any other singer in town. He has a routine of his own invention which puts them in stitches. You may

not know that Nelson is a self-educated young man. He did not even get through high-school. But it would take some sitting up nights to think of a subject to stump him. Nelson is now studying banking and history. He has given all the religions and philosophies a good going over. Earlier in his career, he took seven correspondence school courses.

Claudette Colbert goes in for fine bindings of various periods, and has a passion for sets of books by various authors. Her new house should rank high among the genuinely fine dwellings, since it is being architected by Lloyd Wright, foremost architect and son of the celebrated Frank Lloyd Wright.

Besides Joseph von Sternberg's really magnificent collection of modern art and sculpture, (he has the most comprehensive Brancusi in the country), Joe should go down in history for having the largest collection of self-portraits ever assembled.

Aside from the picture names who are certainly giving Hollywood a cultural fame, there is, in our midst, a distinguished gentleman named Walter Arensberg who is known to few in the colony but whose fame has extended to far parts of the earth. He has a houseful of magnificent paintings, drawings, and sculpture, many of the modern French now so popular which Mr. Arensberg collected long before the current rage. Some of his items, ("Nude Descending the Stairs," by Duchamps, for instance), were borrowed by the Chicago Exposition for their art gallery. Aside from this interest, the quiet and amazing Mr. Arensberg is the world's greatest authority on the Baconian Theory, with five stenographers working all the time at top speed on his ideas. His library of data and reference books and Shakespeare is perhaps the most extensive in existence.

All this goes on in Hollywood, my little dears, the land of wisecracks and dumbbells. C'mon up some time and go over the Einstein Relativity idea—we'll give you a good run for your money and get it all straightened out for you.

It Happens in Manhattan

Continued from page 59

whenever they get a breather from the studios that flourish and bloom under the kindly California sun. And those two famous radio J's mentioned up there—Jane and James, the girl and boy who made good in their first film—did declare and affirm, to me at least, that they were glad to be back in town.

Ever since Jimmy Melton was declared "in" as a film personage on the strength of his work in "Stars Over Broadway," this typewriter seems to hum a little tune whenever it's called on to click out his name. It's that perennial boast, even more common to humans than to typewriters—the old familiar yawn-inducer, "I told you so." Maybe it's a machine with a memory, (what could be worse?), and recalls it copied out the lines which duly found their way into the pages of SCREENLAND for last October under the guise of a cautious but nonetheless forthright prophecy that Jimmy Melton was a bet, at favorite's odds, to score on the screen.

As a collaborator in this daring piece of prediction, I was almost—but surely not quiet—as jittery as Jimmy Melton himself when we two held conversation in an apartment at Mr. Melton's club, the afternoon before the premiere of "Stars Over Broadway."

Of course you know that, with the pos-

sible exception of interviewing the condemned who is soon to order that "last hearty meal," there is no place like the presence of a film star about to have his



Bonita Granville plays a leading rôle in the film co-starring Miriam Hopkins and Merle Oberon.

picture get one of those premieres, where the conversation will seem as manufactured as the tunes whistled by grave-yard passersby. Melton was a surprise in this respect. Oh, he was plenty nervous. But everything was under control, and that hale and confident manner of his was turned on full whenever he talked about anything but the impending premiere.

James Melton got the nickname of "Shorty" around the radio studios, because he's six feet two in his socks. He needed all of the space afforded by a big divan on which he sprawled to stretch out and relax as he talked of Hollywood, and avowed that, much as pictures would mean to him if he made good, he would never quit radio.

As a subject of conversation he seemed to be interested in explaining why he was feeling pretty wobbly about his career that time I saw him for a SCREENLAND interview about a year ago. "Success came too easy," he said. "When I started in radio most anybody with a pleasing natural voice could shoot right up to the top. But when they started bringing the big vocal artists on the air, it was a case of working up to that standard or passing out. Well, I was never afraid of work, and I did work, and was coming along right up to where I was before. But then it seemed to me I was

just going along, not progressing, and about a year ago I wondered if I wasn't just marking time. Then things swung into high again with my present radio contract, and if this picture works out right, everything will be swell."

I had to agree with that, things do seem to be sitting nice and pretty for him.

As an expression of how he really felt at the time—what was on his mind—Melton asked if there was a stage door at the Strand. He figured he might be wise to go in that way, "so I'll know how to get out if the audience thinks me pretty sour on the screen." As a matter of record, Melton went in the main entrance, top hat, white

The text there now seems anything but different—many and many a star, secure in her knowledge of an established position of eminence, has said precisely that. But uncommon indeed was the sheer, and shining, and completely honest declaration the words expressed.

Jane Froman is one of the most refreshingly natural persons you ever met. A large statement that—but we'll let it stand, it's our story, and we don't feel we'll ever be stuck with it.

Before doing the picture, her stage experience consisted of appearances at the large picture theatres around the country, and the Broadway run of the Ziegfeld

Donald were planning. The trip came off, as things later turned out. But back to Hollywood. The agents called on the 'phone, and Jane and Donald said "no, we're not interested in pictures." The more indifferent they were, the more persistent became the agents. The upshot was that Jane took a test at the Warner lot. She was hired. Donald took a test, and he was hired. So the moral seems to be: don't be too eager and you'll get the job.

I was getting my first close-up of a man who has written some 80 or 90 books and is rightly considered one of the most eminent of modern authors, when I watched the stocky, very well-groomed fellow in the dark blue suit with fine white stripes running up and down it, walk across the blue carpet of a movie executive's office with a springy step that seemed to give the lie to biographies which date the birth of H. G. Wells as 1866.

Wells, in New York for a brief pause in his trip to Hollywood from London, where he had recently taken an active part in the filming of two stories he wrote for the screen, was giving an interview. He was on his way to visit with "my old friend, Charlie Chaplin," and said he wants to learn all he can about pictures in Hollywood.

Wells insisted he is an "amateur" in pictures. But he's no amateur in this business. One of America's greatest showmen—Flo Ziegfeld—whenever asked whom he considered the greatest actress, unfailingly, and with emphasis, named the lady who happened to be his current star. Well, that question came up eventually. Like a flash the eminent author who claimed to be a tyro in the field to which he is now devoting all his efforts, answered: "My favorite film actress is Miss Margereta Scott, who plays the leading rôle in my picture, 'Things to Come.'"

Not bad, is it, for an "amateur" in show business?

One big advantage Manhattan seems to have as a playground for the picture stars is that, if they want to wander about as one of the crowd, it's quite possible to do so. Of course, if the news gets out they are to be at a certain place there are plenty of fans. But Manhattanites have to know in advance, and here's a little street scene that proves it.

About sixty paces east of SCREENLAND's office the mid-day crowd swarms all over the sidewalks of Fifth Avenue. A big black town car driven by a broad-faced Jap pulls up at the curb. Of course, the letters and numerals "ZM 814" in white on the red ground of Connecticut license tags is no ordinary clue, and the monogram on the door of the car, tracing in delicate lines the initials "LP" is too inconspicuous to be noted by any but the most observing. However, when the door opens and there steps forth a petite and very chic lady, a close-fitting blue felt set atop a mass of bronze-gold waves that ripple to the collar line of her mink coat, there is lots of the air of special distinction about this lady. And one glance at her who, bearing an armful of fur pieces, walked casually to the entrance of a swank furrier's, should have induced a second look. That second look was enough to tell any autograph collector that here was a chance to hail and importune for hers, that opera star and film star, Lily Pons.

And among other impressions that stick is how much ringing conviction Betty Furness can put in a line. A truth noted when she confided as she fluttered from one party to take in another, that she'd "be here another week—I wish it were to be months." And we'll bet that many a young man of Manhattan was at that very moment wishing precisely the same thing.



Everybody's happy! James Melton, Mrs. Melton, Jane Froman, and her husband, Donald Ross, in the lobby of the Strand Theater after the New York premiere of Jane's and James' first film, "Stars Over Broadway."

tie and tails, and he came out with applause ringing in his ears.

And Jane Froman! There's a girl for you to watch in pictures. She was not very prominent in the story of "Stars Over Broadway." But there was plenty there to prove that this songbird has something to engage the ears and eyes of the picturegoers. Moreover, there was enough to make Warners snap up her option, just as they did James Melton's, after seeing "Stars Over Broadway."

Meeting Jane Froman in person was a new experience when I called at the hotel apartment occupied by Jane and her husband, Donald Ross, singer, actor, radio announcer—and if you look sharp you'll see him as a film actor in "Broadway Hostess."

And let me say that when "Pop and Mom," (which, s'help me, is what Jane and Donald call each other), open the door and invite you in, *you're in!* For theirs is quite the most informal and stimulating cordiality one can sample in this business of noseying about for a close-up of the people who are in pictures.

There was talk. Oh, lots of it. But chiefly this interviewer was a spectator; a watcher who, with fascinated gaze, simply ogled the slight girl in the red velvet frock with a black tie knotted into a bow at the collar of her blouse; and whose expressive hands, perfectly drawn features, and softly glowing colorings—dark hair, violet blue eyes, pale skin—were so very kind to the eyes. Said she:

"I don't see how one can be egotistical after seeing herself on the screen. Of all the deflating experiences!"

Follies put on by the Schuberts a season back.

Her entry into the film studios was as casual as her start as a radio singer. A student at the Cincinnati Institute of Music, Jane, who was studying to sing the classic music of the concert and opera stages, was invited to the home of a very prominent radio executive. In the course of the evening she was asked to play and sing a bit, and offering the only popular song she knew, "St. Louis Blues," her host asked if she would be interested in doing radio work. She might. So Jane was sent to sing for the program director at the local station, offered her repertory of concert songs, and was told, "That's fine, but can you sing a popular song for us?" She did "St. Louis Blues," was hired, and has been singing popular songs over the air ever since—much, she adds, to the respectfully polite horror of former teachers and her mother—who is a prominent musician, a vocalist, but more famous as a concert pianist, who has appeared in concert here and in Europe under her own name of Anna Barcafer.

"After my experience," Jane said, "I think it might be a good idea for girls who want to get in the pictures to pretend they are not interested in them at all."

It seems that's how Jane got in. She and Donald Ross were on vacation, motor-ing across the country, and of course stopping in Hollywood for a spell. Jane was in holiday mood. That's a habit with her, she admits. Why this very day I talked with her, Jane was inclined to pout because pending engagements were threatening to interfere with a trip to Bermuda she and

What's New About Loy?

Continued from page 20

Friend for quite some time. Cheer up—you'll be cured by Valentine's Day, because glamorous Loy is on her way with a whole batch of new pictures.

As everybody knows who reads the newspapers, last spring Myrna and her studio had a little contract trouble, Myrna wanted more money, (you can't blame her for that!), and Metro held a contract that called for a certain salary, and there was a deadlock; and so Myrna just upped and went to New York and Europe on that vacation she had been promising herself ever since she left Helena, Montana, to become a movie star. She took the plane out of Hollywood that followed the plane that crashed in Missouri, and if that isn't nerve I'll eat my hat—though when I said as much to Myrna she simply shrugged her shoulders and said, "That wasn't nerve. Remember lightning never strikes twice in the same place! Anyway, I was so glad to get away from Hollywood and pictures just then that I would probably have taken a sky rocket if anyone had suggested that that would be the speediest way to New York." (It was Leland Heyward, Katherine Hepburn's agent, an experienced pilot, who warned Myrna not to take the plane that crashed on account of bad weather conditions.) "However," Myrna continued, "when we were caught in a thunder and lightning storm above Kansas and the plane began to rock I wasn't so sure but what Nature was going to make a lie out of that old bromide."

Myrna had a perfectly elegant time in Europe riding on all the trains and planes that she is supposed to have ridden on in pictures, even the Orient Express, the train that played such an important part in "Stamboul Quest." And she visited all the towns and cities in which she has played spies, and mystics, and lady Borgias back home in the Hollywood studios. And it was all a lot of fun, and New York was marvelous except that it was hot, but just the same little Myrna was pretty darned glad to have her contract difficulties all ironed out and return to work and Mr. William Powell.

After "Whipsaw" and "The Great Ziegfeld" and "Wife Versus Secretary" Myrna is scheduled to do the long-awaited sequel to "The Thin Man," and judging by the enthusiasm with which she spoke of it I'm sure that Myrna is rarin' to go for another "Thin Man." And I'm positive I'm ready for a sequel, aren't you? "The Thin Man" is still my favorite picture. "In the sequel," Myrna told me, "Bill and I will return to San Francisco where my family lives. My family is very rich and society and hoity toity and they don't care much for my husband and his sense of humor. But Bill doesn't let it get him down. There's another murder mystery which he solves in his own charming manner. As far as possible the studio will use the same cast, those New York gangsters will arrive in California, and my family will probably be the only newcomers. Van Dyke, of course, will direct again." Me, now—I can hardly wait.

"I have been married to Bill Powell in four pictures," Myrna added. "The sequel to 'The Thin Man' will be the fifth. When I came back from New York and found Bill waiting for me on 'The Great Ziegfeld' set it was just like going home. He's so casual and charming about everything, and always so gay and amusing I really couldn't ask for a better screen husband. Do you know I still get hundreds of letters asking me why I don't marry Bill Powell?"

"Well," I said, "why don't you? I think it's a good idea."

At times like that movie stars generally manage to change the subject, and Myrna was no exception. "The height of something or other was reached the other day on the 'Whipsaw' set," she said apropos of nothing, certainly not of marriage. "They had to provide a rooster with a stand-in. It seems that this little cock was a professional crower, but he wouldn't crow if he had to stand in the lights too long. So they gave him a stand-in. And I can remember that I was a great big girl before the studio considered me important enough to have a stand-in!"



Basil Rathbone puts the hypnotic eye on Aline MacMahon in this dramatic scene for "Kind Lady."

Myrna and Bill Powell are charter members of the best Mutual Admiration Society in Hollywood. You can't talk to Bill more than fifteen minutes before he simply goes into ecstasies over Myrna Loy, and *vice versa*. But, kiddies, I'm afraid that's all. Myrna is paired off with Arthur Hornblow, Jr., a Paramount producer, who is a nice guy even if he isn't a Bill Powell. The gossip columnists all say there will be a wedding ere the birdies nest again. And despite all rumors to the contrary, Mr. Powell still seems to be head man in Jean Harlow's life. Haven't I told you that you can't believe everything you see in the movies—it's all done with mirrors!

As she started on a second slice of corn beef, swathed in mustard, Miss Loy also started on Spencer Tracy. (Tracy co-stars with her in "Whipsaw.") Spence, it seems, brought out a new side to the Loy. Myrna has never been one to play pranks while making a picture, and she has never gone in for gags à la Carole Lombard and Bing Crosby and Jean Harlow and a lot of other movie stars who'll do anything for a laugh just to liven up the day. When Myrna finishes a scene before the cameras she usually goes to her stage dressing-room to rest or study her script, or else she reads until she is called back to the set. (Of course when Mr. Powell is in the scene this is different.) Myrna is a very shy person, and this makes her seem rather formal and stand-offish

when she really doesn't mean to be. If she doesn't happen to know you very well she isn't going to give an inch. Anybody afflicted with shyness knows exactly how that is.

Well, Spencer Tracy was so excited over having Myrna Loy in a picture with him that he could hardly eat his spinach for weeks. "Gee, I'm crazy about that girl," Spence would say to everybody at the studio, and I'm pretty sure he counted the days and even the minutes. At last came the first day of production. Miss Loy and Mr. Tracy said "How do you do?" and Miss Loy retired to her dressing-room. This went on for several days, a week, ten days, and Spence was just about to go nuts. He's a very sensitive man, given to moods, and he couldn't figure out why Myrna didn't come over and swap repartee with him. It began to prey on his mind. Myrna didn't want him in the picture! Yes, that was it, Myrna didn't want him in the picture! Oh, how awful, what should he do? So he went into a mood. In the meantime, Myrna had gotten over her first shyness and began to take notice of the dismal Mr. Tracy stretched out in his chair and looking as if he had lost his last friend. "What in the world is the matter with that crazy Irishman" she said to herself. "Doesn't he like me, doesn't he want me in the picture?" Well, this went on for several days—you know just how much two sensitive people can suffer imagining all kinds of things. Then one day Spence could stand it no longer. He walked over to Miss Loy's chair and blubbered like a deeply hurt little boy, "What's the matter with me? Don't you like me? What's wrong?" Myrna took one look at that grand Irish pan and burst out laughing, "Of course I like you!" she giggled. "I think you are one of the best actors in Hollywood. I'm just shy, that's all. Why didn't you come over and talk to me?"

Well, with the ice broken "Whipsaw" suddenly turned into the gayest set in Hollywood. Spence thought up new pranks every day, and Myrna was right there to join in the fun. One day Spencer complained long and loudly about missing the wonderful electric victrola belonging to Jean Harlow that played beautiful numbers continually between scenes of "Riffraff" (which picture he had just finished.) "Oh, well," said Spence with pseudo hauteur, "I suppose you get the best music only when you play with the most important stars." A few hours later Myrna's chauffeur arrived on the set carrying the oldest victrola in Hollywood. Quite casually Myrna cranked the thing up and it began to play a cracked record of "The Old Grey Mare, She Ain't What She Used to Be" with a blunt needle.

If she has many more pictures to make with Spencer Tracy our Myrna will probably go around ringing door-bells. And she's always been such a dignified girl.

Myrna has gone quite social, too, since her return from New York. I don't mean you'll find her dancing at La Maze or the Trocadero every night, mercy no, not when she's making three pictures at once; but she has attended quite a few parties, and even given one or two small ones. And this is being quite gay for Myrna, for up until a year ago she was just about as much a woman of mystery in Hollywood as Greta Garbo. Dear me, what with Garbo stepping out at the Troc and Myrna going in for pranks and parties, the recluse racket isn't what it used to be. And I'm glad—are you?

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3. This contest will close at midnight February 3, 1936.
4. In the event of ties, identical prizes will be awarded.
5. Judges' decisions are final. No entries will be returned.
6. Mail entries to: Spotlight Contest Editor, SCREENLAND, 45 W. 45 St., New York, N. Y.

Merle Talks About Miriam—and Herself

Continued from page 23

strange to me and I didn't know many people and they didn't seem to want to know me, and when Christmas came around—it's always such a heavenly time in England, you know—I thought I would simply die. I remember that Maurice Chevalier and I had Christmas dinner alone on my kitchen table and I could hardly swallow the turkey I was so choked with sobs thinking about other Christmases I had had in London. You have no idea what a home-sick girl I was. Well, Miriam sort of scented that I was having a dismal time of it, so she took charge, introduced me to her friends, and assured me that it takes a year for Hollywood to 'take.' She was right. I like Hollywood so much now that as soon as I am financially able I am going to buy a large ranch here and raise all kinds of animals, but especially dogs. I love dogs. You should see my two Dalmatians. I brought them to the studio one day when they were puppies and they made themselves quite at home on Mr. Goldwyn's rug so I haven't dared to bring them here since.

"When the studio wired me that Miriam would co-star with me in 'These Three' I was on the Atlantic and was so thrilled that I nearly fell over-board. I have great

admiration for Miriam as an actress. I have been quite a fan of hers for some time, and am certainly delighted at the opportunity of making a picture with her. She flew to New York and met me at the boat, you know, and with her and David both making a fuss over me I really felt quite the returning actress. She had a cocktail party in my honor at her lovely New York home in Sutton Place, and I don't think I have ever met so many important people at one time. They were all well known authors, playwrights, decorators, painters, architects, and tops in their professions. Miriam's friends are people who do things—people with ideas—interesting people. Most stars, I have noticed, surround themselves with satellites who bask in the glory of the Great One. But not Miriam. She doesn't mind having friends who are more important than she is.

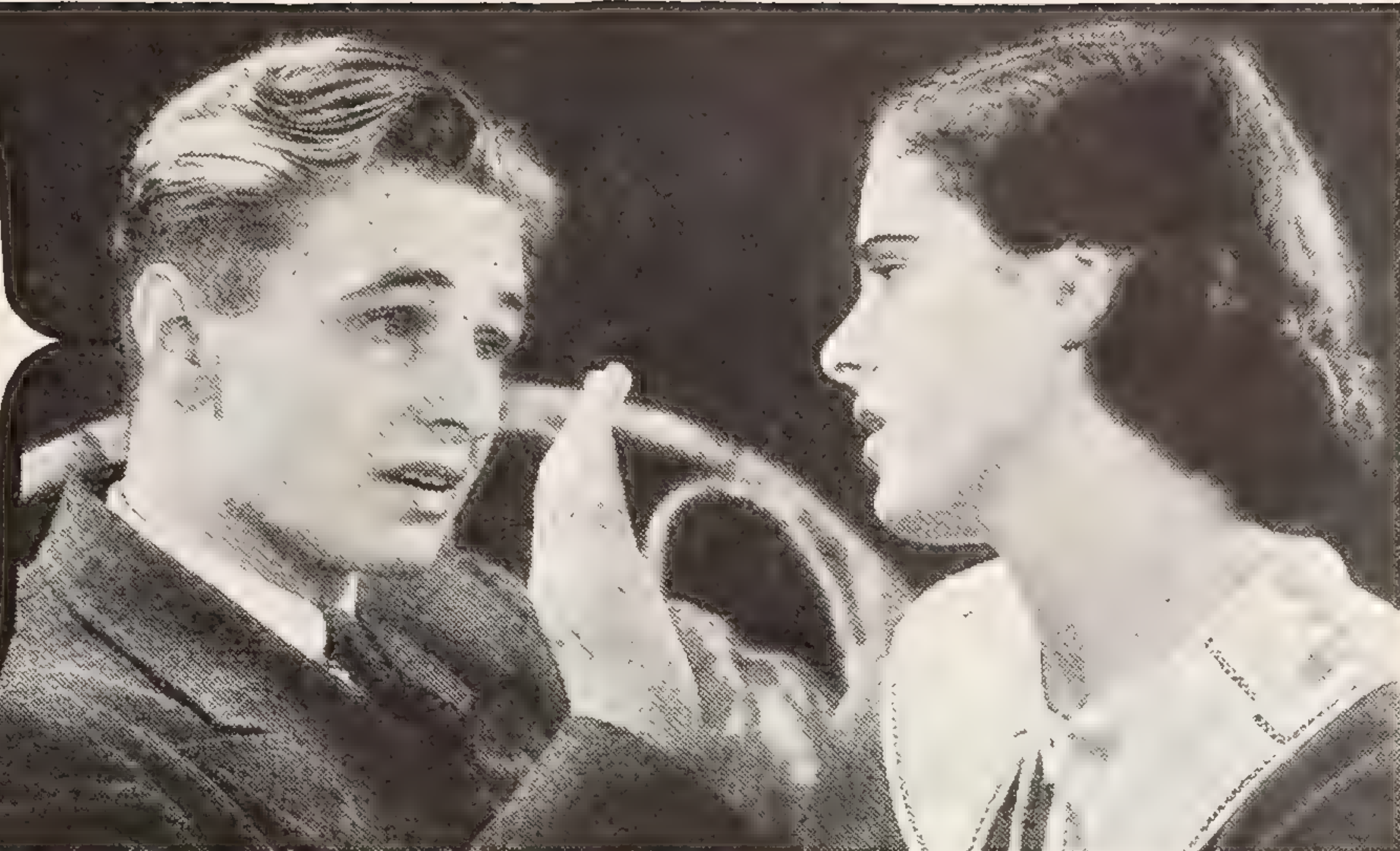
"Another reason I like Miriam is because she is so frank. There are very few people with whom you can be frank, you know that; and being frank with an actress and hoping to keep her friendship is just about as dangerous as slitting your throat with a razor and hoping to live. But true friendship is based on frankness; that is

the only way it can survive. Miriam and I realized that appearing in a picture together would be a great test of our friendship—you know how difficult it is to be friendly with any rival without the old demon jealousy raising his ugly head—so we talked it over beforehand and definitely promised each other that we would be frank with each other. No sulking over some unintended slight. No pouting like a couple of children. If either of us hurt the other's feeling we would say so. No moods. No temperament. I'll have you know that it has worked beautifully. We have both been frank from time to time—oh, no, I'm not going to tell you what about and here we are in the midst of the picture and as good friends as ever."

But just to cinch it, and just because she is superstitious, Merle Oberon knocked on wood.

Merle is quite enthusiastic over "These Three"—(Joel McCrea is the third)—and she and Miriam both declare that it is the most beautifully written script they have ever read. (Miss Hellman, take a bow.) They had been making that scene where Aunt Lily (played by Catherine Doucet), comes to visit Karen and Martha who are up to their ears in a bit of house-cleaning.

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Merle was wearing blue overalls, a bandana handkerchief over her hair, and a lovely smudge across her chin. This was certainly not the exotic that Mr. Korda had permitted to come to America. "It's Mr. Goldwyn's fault," said she who had been de-exoticized (I pulled that one out of the air, not the dictionary). "He has a perfect mania for simplicity. I like simplicity—I didn't at all mind wearing tweeds in 'The Dark Angel'—but I do think simplicity can be over-done. I thought up a smart new hair-dress for this picture, it fairly shrieked of Paris; but when Mr. Goldwyn saw it he had a fit and made me change back to this at once." And Miss Oberon shook her childish curls rather disdainfully. One of the things she likes most to do is change her hair-dress; she adores discovering new coiffures; but Mr. Goldwyn, it seems, isn't going to humor her in her favorite pastime. Another thing Merle Oberon likes is discovering American words—though I must admit she already speaks better American than any British actress I have ever met. This is due to the fact, probably, that she has spent most of her life in India, and did not go to England until she was seventeen. Anyway, she had just discovered "prissy" and was as delighted with it as Shirley Temple with a new rabbit. I contributed "tacky" (only we of the far South know "tacky"), and Merle's happiness was complete, for the moment.

Since coming to Hollywood only two young men seem to have made much headway in Merle's love life: David Niven, the date-eater whom we dismissed quite a few paragraphs back, and none other than Mr. Irving Thalberg, Junior, who is going on six—and mercy, how time flies! This "affair" was off to a good start before Merle took her English vacation last summer, but since her return in October it has been hotter than ever. Merle brought Norma Shearer's little man a guardsman's suit back from London, a perfect replica of a guardsman's uniform, bright red with gold braid and a sword, and a hat with feathers in it. It was a six-year-old size, and it fit him perfectly, except for the chest. Irving has been swimming so much that he has a broad chest, and since the uniform episode he sticks it out more than ever. He's a little bit too American to like the uniform, which has been altered to fit him, and is prone to call it "sissy"—but not when Merle is around. His present to her was a dead fish. He had heard that David Niven had brought her some fish so he wasn't going to be out-done. Merle was prone to call the fish "smelly"—but not when Irving was around.

Habitual bathers at Santa Monica are quite accustomed to seeing Merle and young Irving take their afternoon stroll along the beach. Irving is always the perfect little gentleman, helps her over driftwood, and walks on the side nearest the ocean, that being his idea of the correct thing to do. But Merle loves to tell of the day that her two Dalmatians came swooping down on them, all rough and ready to play. But little Irving took one

frightened look at the approaching animals and leapt into her arms where temporarily he forgot to be a little man. When Merle took him back to his nurse that evening she said, "Irving, say to Miss Oberon, 'Je vous adore.' That means, 'I love you.'" "Oh, she knows that already," said young Mr. Thalberg quite casually.

"What one thinks comes out in one's face," Merle had to say of Norma Shearer. "I have never known a sweeter or more unselfish person than Norma. And I could simply sit and look at her face by the hour. She is truly beautiful."

As you doubtless know by now Merle Oberon was born Estelle Merle O'Brien Thompson, February 19, 1911, on the Island of Tasmania, the daughter of an English army officer and an English mother of French and Dutch descent. When she was seven she and her mother moved to Bombay, India, and two years later to Calcutta. Merle hated army life, and as a kid decided that her life's ambition was to be a Hollywood movie star, so when her uncle got leave from the army and offered to take her to England on a trip she had only one idea—the cinema. She was seventeen then. When her uncle's leave was over and he had to return to India, Merle begged to stay in England, so her uncle gave her her return ticket and the equivalent of one hundred dollars—and Merle was on her own! She haunted the agency offices and almost died of hunger before she got a job. It was Alexander Korda who gave her her big chance. He saw her in a restaurant one day and said to his wife, "That is the most striking face I have ever seen." He signed her on a contract and Miss Estelle Thompson has been doing all right ever since.

She was working in "The Scarlet Pimpernel" with Leslie Howard, a Korda production, when Darryl Zanuck arranged for the loan of her services in his Hollywood production of the "Folies de Bergere." The very day that the cameras stopped grinding on "The Scarlet Pimpernel" Merle packed her bags and sailed for America—and Hollywood, the realization of her life-long dream. Her first production under her Samuel Goldwyn contract was "The Dark Angel." "These Three" is her third American picture.

Merle is five feet two inches tall and weighs 112 pounds. She has that air which only the French word "chic" can describe, doubtless a heritage from her French mother. She wears clothes like a French mannequin, but likes to dress up only at night. Slacks are plenty good enough for the day-time. She loves perfume, any kind of animal, and red finger-nail polish. She hates hats and cigarette butts in ash-trays. She thinks that picking up pins and seeing piebald horses will bring her luck. Right now she is sort of in-between two countries and rather confused by it all. At the tennis matches she found herself cheering away for the Americans to win and booing the British. Perhaps it was because Frank Shields represented the Americans. Women have forgotten more than countries where Frank Shields is concerned. I'll say they have!

What Leslie Howard Really Thinks of Hollywood

Continued from page 17

fierce fury of nations exhausted itself.

The winter sun shot through the drapes beside him as we sat there talking, burnishing his light brown hair into semi-blondness. Of those years in the trenches he preferred not to speak. What is there to say? He returned to England and his

bride, anxious only to erase the horrors of mass brutality. He shared the spirit of unrest, sternly resolving not to resume the dull clerkship. He vowed that he would force his way into the magical whirl of the theatre.

His smile was tender as he remembered

those initial onslaughts on the moguls in power. He had had to begin humbly, touring the provinces. Radiant, inspiring Ruth went along, and so did their bouncing baby boy Ronald.

He spread his hands, expressing so much with a gesture of lean, sensitive fingers. "I plugged as best I could. Came prominence in London, and then on Broadway. Came Hollywood." With characteristic sprightliness he grasped a tumbler of water and raised it in a toast. "To Hollywood!" he exclaimed. A trace of a sardonic chuckle flashed and as quickly disappeared. He bent forward.

"Please get this straightened out for me. I have no highbrow condescension toward this place. I merely disagree with a number of its customs. I don't concur with the commandment, for instance, that popularity zooms in direct ratio to sensational personal publicity. People will not pay to see fantastic players in any show. The quality of the picture is what counts. I would rather search for quality than for space in gossip columns.

"Fortunately, I do not have to be a yes-man here. I can fall back on the stage and on English films. When I come to California what story I'm to do is determined in advance. I shun the puppetry.

"This brings me to what I have been endeavoring to explain all this while. I have discovered—*me*. I feel as though I have crystallized at last. Among my dominant desires, I want to be with my family more. What I suppose you might dub the 'real' things in life appeal most strongly. I have perceived, also, that Hollywood, and the routine of a star here, cannot absorb me. Mind you, no reflections! It is just that I am matured. I am terribly fond of the sunshine one can have here. Too, the splendid equipment of these studios for enhancing one's personality is impressive.

"But the money I might earn by staying in California permanently is an outmoded lure. With the higher income taxes prevailing it's impossible to build up a fortune. So the former philosophy of 'let's take the cash while we can and then we'll be set' is passé. You might as well do what you wish because you can't accumulate a huge reserve fund.

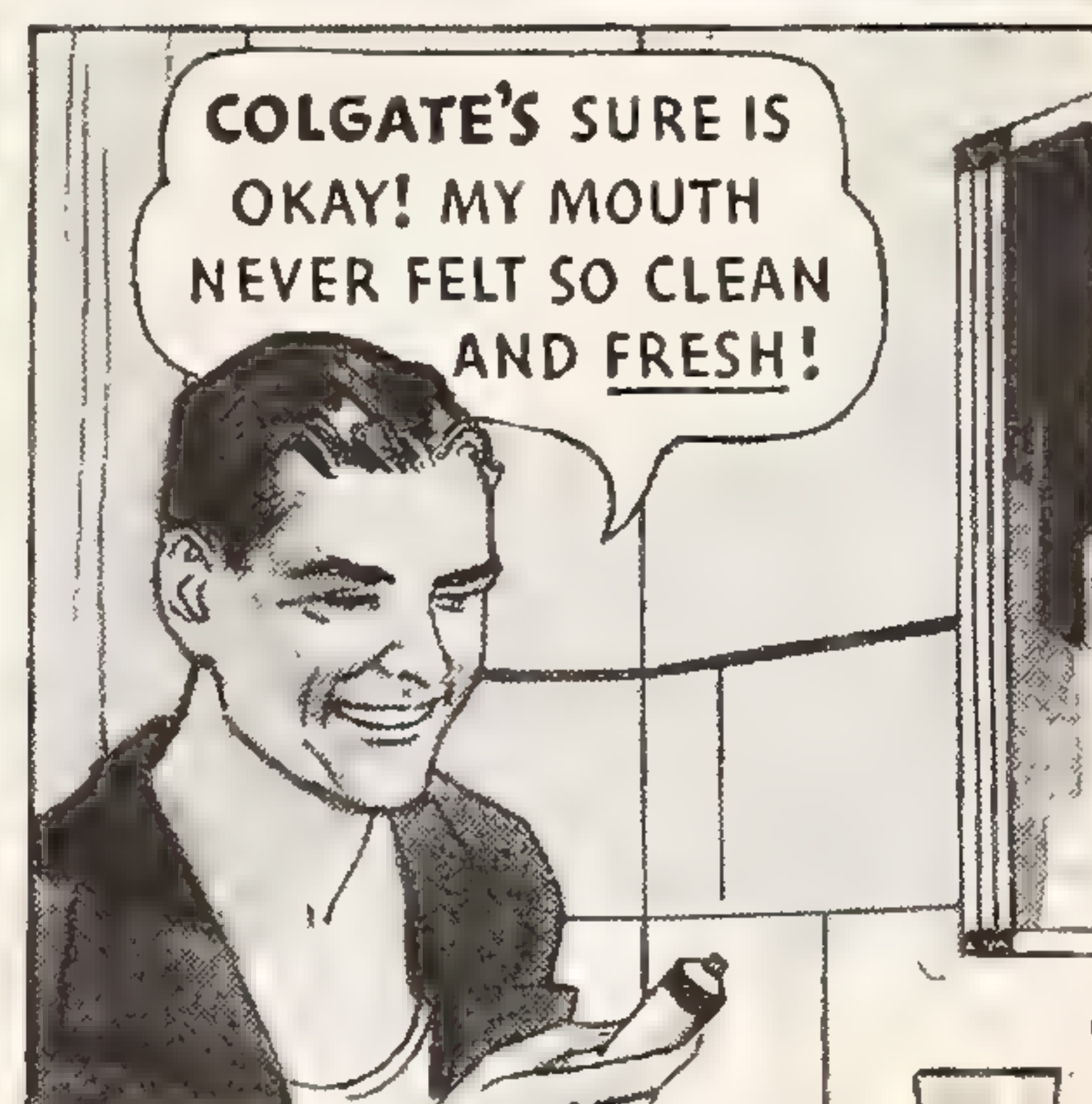
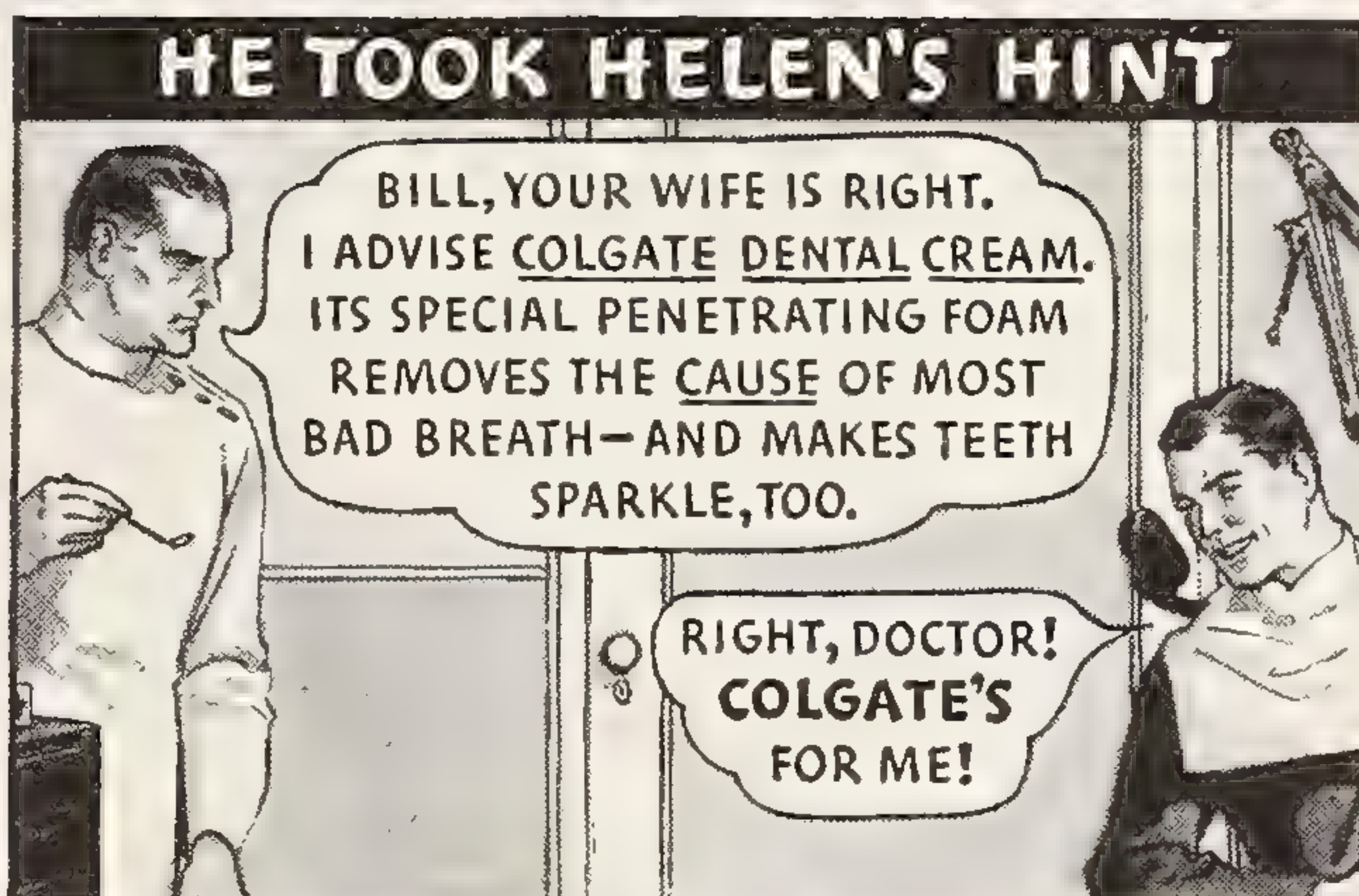
"Then, the superficial glitter I might attain isn't intriguing to me. The exhibitionist urge is wearing thin. I even receive less pleasure from acting itself. It doesn't furnish enough mental exercise. I fancy only a beautiful young woman or an exceptionally handsome young man actually responds to wholesale flattery!"

His earnestness rose to a crescendo. "I want to appear in fewer and 'more quality' pictures. And also: I want to swing into the production end. Already I have an interest in an English company. We will not attempt to turn out dozens of films, on a big schedule. Instead, the story will first be chosen, the cast then selected carefully. When one unit is started it will be time to plan another.

"There are so many marvelous tales waiting to be screened. I feel we have only touched the surface. I have been delving into historical periods, into every stirring book and play that promises to evolve into a stimulating show. Not with myself alone in mind, as used to be the case, but for the sake of the drama itself. I have practiced filling the rôles.

"In stating that actors ought to try English studios I mean in addition to Hollywood. It will be beneficial both to the actors and to audiences for British films to progress. There will be more good engagements for the players and the healthy competition from abroad will automatically weed out the inferior offerings."

Leslie Howard's headquartering in his



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native land is no derogatory decision, as you recognize; it is a natural aftermath of roaming and experimenting. Literally, home is an enchanting estate in the countryside, an hour's jaunt from London. There he has everything from a polo field to vegetable gardens. It is a heaven-like haven from the activity which regularly surrounds him. Although, for a measure of seclusion, he resides at a quiet hotel when busy in London, and locates likewise whenever he is in New York.

The movies, a current national radio hook-up, the legitimate—in work that invigorates, Leslie has stumbled upon stability. The more responsibility he assumes, the more details fall upon his shoulders. He told me of his forthcoming production of "Hamlet" on Broadway. "They have been so grand to me, American theatre-goers, that I want to do my utmost in thanks!" Essaying the title rôle would be sufficient for the average star. Yet

Leslie, for his most ambitious stage effort, has been slaving over the special adaptation necessary; he has schemed out the lighting effects, supervised the designing of the costumes, the painting of the scenery, and the picking of the performers.

A man of his intelligence wouldn't settle down to standard Hollywood stardom when his scope can be so much wider. He is not only emphatically *not* guilty of ingratitude to American fans, but on the contrary he estimates them so highly that he is actively in the vanguard of a new crusade for better entertainment. In acquiring personal discernment he has hit upon a cause we will all favor.

When he stood up to bid me goodbye he broke into an embarrassed grin. He was thoroughly surprised with his own frankness. I beamed myself. Had I been bolder I'd have patted him on the back and cried "Bravo." There's happiness ahead for Leslie Howard now!



Leslie Howard, his wife, and their son Ronald, photographed as they dined at a Beverly Hills cafe frequented by the Hollywood film colony.

International

Forever Yours

Continued from page 25

much to say beyond agreeing. But then that wasn't unusual, Karen never had said a great deal and Tom had always filled in every conversational gap.

Columnists, seeing them *a deux*, didn't hint any more. The platonic companionship of Tom and Karen had become an old story. The most ardent gossips had long since relinquished Tom as a matrimonial bet—he was the perennial bachelor who liked women, but not that much. As for Karen, she was a strange proposition.

"Too cold to fall in love," a scenario writer said, with a touch of rhetoric, "her air of chill aloofness is borrowed from her native fjords." The world at large, you see, had forgotten that Karen was French—excepting, always, the wife of the west-coast millionaire who had imported her and who now, on rare occasions, entertained her at tea.

Naturally there were a few torrid rumors. A cameraman went swimming with Karen and was marked for a fortnight by the glare of publicity. Her chauffeur was rumored to be a love-crazed nobleman, and was trailed by a reporter who saw him eating with his knife, at a cheap lunch counter, and lost interest. An impressionable leading man went about in a dither through the length of a picture and didn't get his contract renewed.

But though there was no one else in either of their lives, and though they were

continually seen with each other, Tom and Karen were actually drifting apart. He had his interests—she hers. And hers were growing by leaps and bounds, and his were slowly diminishing. There was a lugubrious dumpling of a fat man who was sneaking past Tom in the laughter consciousness of the country. There was a hungry-looking boy, with a sad gaze, who convulsed the picture going public with his pantomimic agonies. Nor did competition have a quickening effect upon Tom's comedies—it dulled them, and made him lose zest. He dismissed the blonde with the dimples and the legs (grown plumper at ankle and knee) and hired a slim brunette, and then a platinum statuette. But it didn't help much, for Tom had begun to slide ever so slightly while Karen was steadily mounting the rungs of the well-known ladder. She was at the beginning of a vogue, Tom was nearing the end of one.

It was late of an afternoon when Karen drifted into Tom's studio. The girl at the switchboard automatically rang Tom's private office and announced her, before she said in a husky little voice—

"You can go right in. He's with Mr. Feinberg."

Karen said, "Thanks." On impulse she turned to the girl, who was as familiar to her—and as impersonal—as a bit of the reception hall furniture. "Do you notice anything different about Meester Kildare's

pictures?" she said. "You're interested—you work for heem. Are they as they were once?"

The girl was a thin little thing. All eyes. A muscle began to twitch, nervously, in the slender column of her throat.

"They're not as good as when you were with Mr. Kildare," she told Karen, "but they'll always be splendid, as far as I'm concerned."

Karen studied the nervous, small face. She smiled. It was the smile—though she didn't know it—that had helped make her famous.

"You're loyal to Meester Kildare, aren't you?" she said. "Well, so am I. Often do I weesh I were back on thees lot."

The girl at the switchboard said, hurriedly, "I rang Mr. Kildare. He'll be wondering what's happened to you."

So Karen went along the corridor and into the private office. Monte Feinberg was bellowing, as she entered:

"I tell you, you got to think up a flock of new gags!"

Tom Kildare sighed and answered, "There's nothing new under the sun. Not in pictures."

Karen, standing in the doorway, stared down at Tom. He glanced up and rose swiftly to his feet.

"Except Karen," he amended, "she's new."

"She's better than that!" exploded the manager. "But you won't be better; not much longer—"

Tom interrupted with a shrug.

"It's on the laps of the gods," he said. He folded his hands in a comic prayer—

"Send a break to Tom," he murmured, "make it a different kind of a break. Anything different. So that the hungry fans will get a bellyful of excitement—"

* * *

It was just a moment from that afternoon—as motion picture moments are measured—that the talkies were born. They sprung, full-armed as did a mythical goddess, from the heads of the powers-that-be.

A number of people were worried, but not Tom. To him the talkies were a direct answer to prayer.

"I've got the world by the tail, now," he confided to his manager. "Ninety-nine per cent of my competitors are trained to the celluloid and nothing else, but I've had stage experience. This voice stuff is going to change—throw a monkey-wrench in the works. They'll have to bring in actors—legitimate actors—and teach 'em the tricks of the screen. They'll have to teach the old movie guard to read and memorize and enunciate. They won't have to teach me—I know the whole bag of screen tricks, and I was an actor before the movies were thought of."

Monte Feinberg was wildly excited.

"I'm going to give big dinner," he said, "for the entire staff. This here is the stuff, Tom."

Tom agreed, "It's the stuff, all right." He asked, "Will you invite Karen to your party?"

Monte Feinberg turned serious.

"I'm sorry for Karen," he said, and he was being rarely honest. "That day she came to us—you know!—to get a job, I said she had no conversation and you told me it didn't count as long as she could make signs. Well, it counts, now."

Tom answered, "You're darn tootin', it does." He was thinking, "I'll have to take the kid on and blow her to a flock of private elocution lessons." It gave him a warm throb of emotion to realize that he could still teach Karen something.

Suddenly, and for the first time, he was conscious of the fact that he and Karen had been meeting, of late, with a gulf—the gulf of her ability to stand alone—between

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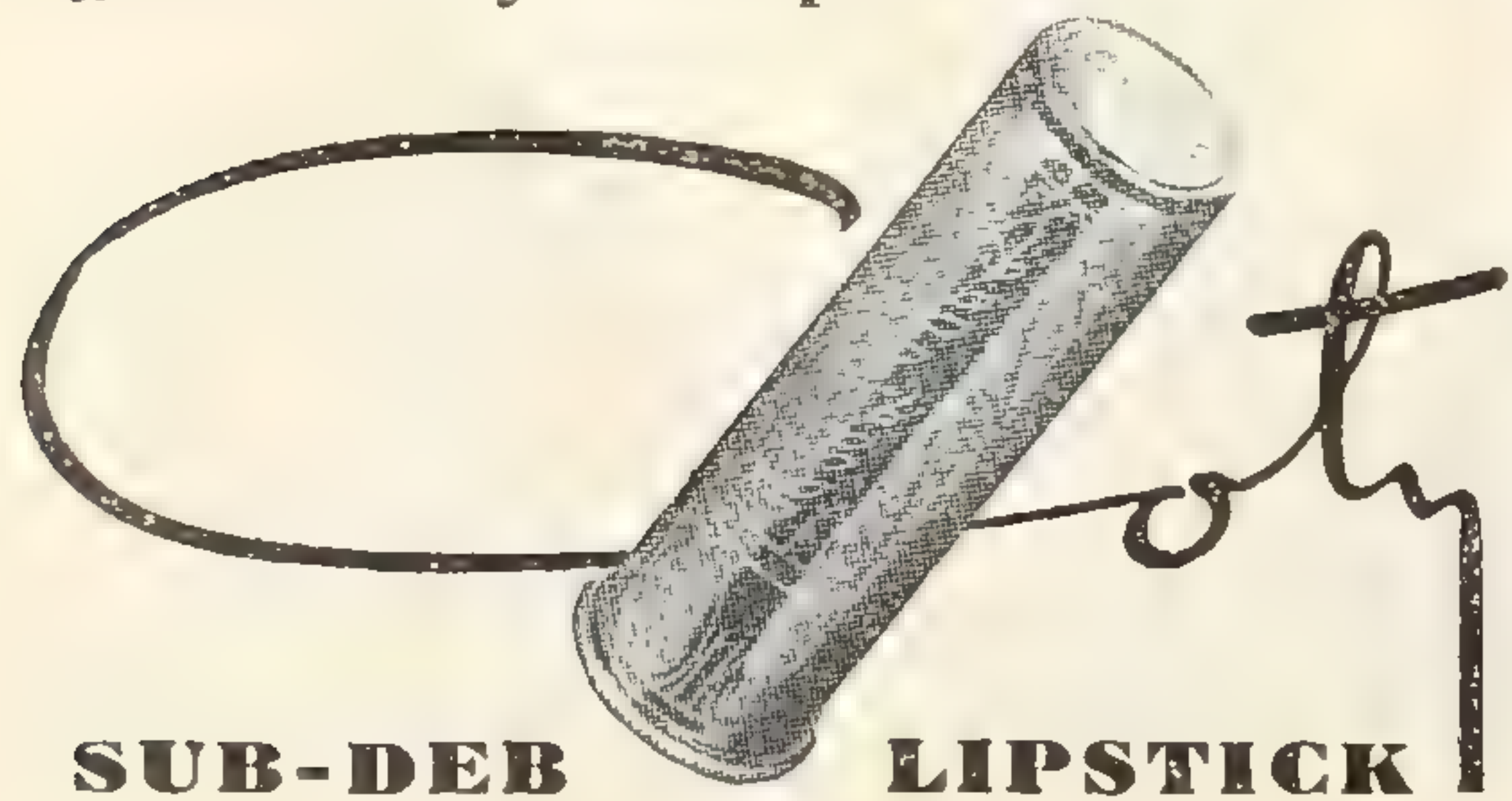
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them. The talkies, and her consequent need of him and his knowledge, had bridged that gulf!

"Maybe I'm in love with her, at that—" he said to himself. "Good Lord, maybe I am!" That night he sent Karen a cluster of white orchids, and they were on the pillow beside her face as she drifted into sleep.

* * *

While Karen was being coached by Tom—the entire movie colony, it appeared, was being coached by someone—they were both happy. Karen, though she was intensely worried about her future, wore a cloak of radiance—and Tom was pleasantly cocksure and oddly possessive.

"You'll make the grade, baby," he told her fifty times during a lesson. "Read over that balcony scene, will you, and try to put a muffler on the accent!"

Karen, slim volume in hand, brows knit, intoned patiently from Shakespeare—

"What light from yonder weendow breaks?" she wanted to know. "Ees eet the so-on—"

Tom groaned. "I almost thought you were losing your accent for a while, but since you've been putting your mind to this elocution stuff it grows more pronounced. I don't get it."

"Eet's because," said Karen, speaking carefully, making each word clear, "I — am — trying — so-o — hard. I — so-o — want — to — please — you."

"It's yourself you want to try and please," Tom said. "I might as well tell you, hon, that I'm fit to be tied—waiting for them to make your voice tests. I'd be ashame—" he didn't finish the sentence. Karen misunderstood.

"You would be ashamed of me?" she asked, very low. "If I failed—in thees? After what you have taught me? After what you have geeven me?"

Tom's hand reached out to pat her hand. "I don't mean that at all," he said, "you can't help it if you were born abroad, can you? Lord knows, you've worked at it. Say, do you know you have the softest, smoothest skin?"

Karen said, "I roob my fingers with cream each night. They are so beeg—" she made one of her rare jokes, "it should be the cream of vanishing. Tom, weel you hate me if I fail in thees talkies? If I have to go back to being a nurse-maid?"

Tom was still staring at her fingers. He

said—

"If you're an entire bust, Karen, it won't cut any ice—not to me. Or to you, either, I—" was Tom Kildare embarrassed? "I *hope*. I got something in mind for you, old dear."

Karen stared at her fingers. Tom had never patted them in just that way.

"My main comfort," she said, "ees that you, Tom, are on the—how would Monte say it?—up an' up. You have such a fine, carrying voice. These nasty talkies weel not faze you."

Tom wasn't smug, not in the least. He tried earnestly to keep the self-satisfaction from his voice.

"How I hated the stage," he said, "how I loathed the music halls! This business of making whispers carry to the top gallery—and getting an egg for your trouble. But I've discovered, baby, that everything has its uses. It's the old stage—the shabby music hall—that's going to carry me through while a hell of a lot of A-1 actors go back to the sticks."

Karen recaptured the slim volume that she had laid aside. She thumbed through the pages.

"Perhaps," she said, "I had better pass by the loove scenes—eh, Tom? Perhaps my accent would be less fonney in the serious drama—"

Tom said, "I don't think you're so funny in your loves scenes. Maybe you lack feeling, but—*ever been in love, Karen?*" He fairly shot out the question.

Karen answered by asking, "'Ave you?"

Tom Kildare looked moodily into space.

"Oh," he told Karen, "I've been having affairs since I was sixteen, boy and man. But it never hurt me very much if the gal ran off with a traveling salesman—it was all in the day's work. No woman ever made what you might call a dent. Think I'm a bum?"

Karen murmured, demurely, "A beeg bum!"

Tom sighed, and said, "To me your accent's cute as a button. But the Lord alone knows what the sound men'll do to it. Well—" he repeated the sigh, a shade more gustily, "we'll know soon. It won't be long, now."

It wasn't. Within a space counted by days, he and Karen sat in a shadow shrouded room and listened to what the sound men had done.

(To Be Continued)



First action still from "These Three." The scene shows Miriam Hopkins registering displeasure when she finds Catherine Doucet and Merle Oberon, with Joel McCrea's help, turning their farm house into a girls' school.

ASK ME!

By Miss Vee Dee

Margaret J. Just to refresh your memory on birthdays of your favorite stars, here are a few. Norma Shearer was born August 10, 1904, in Montreal, Canada. She married Irving Thalberg on October 6, 1927. Their son, Irving, Jr., was born August 24, 1930; and now they have a baby daughter, born in June. Katharine Hepburn celebrates her birthday on May 12. Born in 1908. She is 5 feet 5 inches tall, weighs 105 pounds and has auburn hair and green eyes.

Leta F. Of course I will settle your argument about the cast in "Seed" starring John Boles. It was released in 1931. Lois Wilson was John's wife, *Peggy Carter*, and Genevieve Tobin was *Mildred*, John's former sweetheart. No, John did not have a singing part but turned in a grand performance in a difficult rôle. Richard Cromwell played with Marie Dressler in "Emma." Conchita Montenegro as *Carmencita* and Nora Lane as *Sally Benton* were the women in Warner Baxter's life in "The Cisco Kid." Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., played opposite Joan Crawford in "Our Modern Maidens." Davey Lee and Betty Bronson played with Al Jolson in both "Sonny Boy" and "The Singing Fool." In "The Jazz Singer" May McAvoy was Al's leading lady. Now Al is about to make "The Singing Kid."

Julianne A. Look out for Frankie Darro in one of his new pictures, "Three Kids and a Queen." He is also scheduled to play in a series of Peter B. Kyne stories, the first to be "Born to Fight." Frankie did not appear in "Laddie" but 13-year-old Jimmy Butler was *Leon Stanton* in the film. Frankie played in "The Payoff" and in "The Unwelcome Stranger." He was born in Chicago, Ill., on December 22, 1917. He has brown hair and eyes and his real name is Frank Johnson. He is an only child.

Virginia. The man you so much admired in "Hell in the Heavens" was Arno Frey, who played *Baron Kurt Von Hagen*. Warner Baxter was "the big shot" and with Russell Hardie, Ralph Morgan, Andy Devine and Herbert Mundin, made up the excellent cast. Sorry I haven't any information on Arno Frey. If he appears in any other film, I may get a line on him.

Jean T. Jackie Cooper is the tops in his latest release, "O'Shaughnessy's Boy" with his old pal Wallace Beery. Little Spanky MacFarland, rapidly demanding attention in feature pictures, plays Jackie as a child. Jackie was born September 15, 1923. He has blond hair and hazel eyes but is growing so fast I can't keep up with his measurements. Mary Pickford was "America's Sweetheart" for a dozen years and now up pops a new Sweetheart, little Shirley Temple, who will star in one of Mary's former pictures, "Poor Little Rich Girl," a 1917 release.

J. K. Your new thrill, Henry Wadsworth, came from the stage and radio. The screen snatches from the ether and the stage the handsomest heroes; to wit and to woo for example: Fred MacMurray, Nelson Eddy, Robert Taylor, Michael Bartlett and Henry Wadsworth. Henry was born in Maysville, Kentucky. He is 5 feet 9 inches tall, weighs 145 pounds and has blue eyes and brown hair. He has a prominent rôle in "The Big Broadcast of 1936." His next will be "Ceiling Zero" with James Cagney and Pat O'Brien.



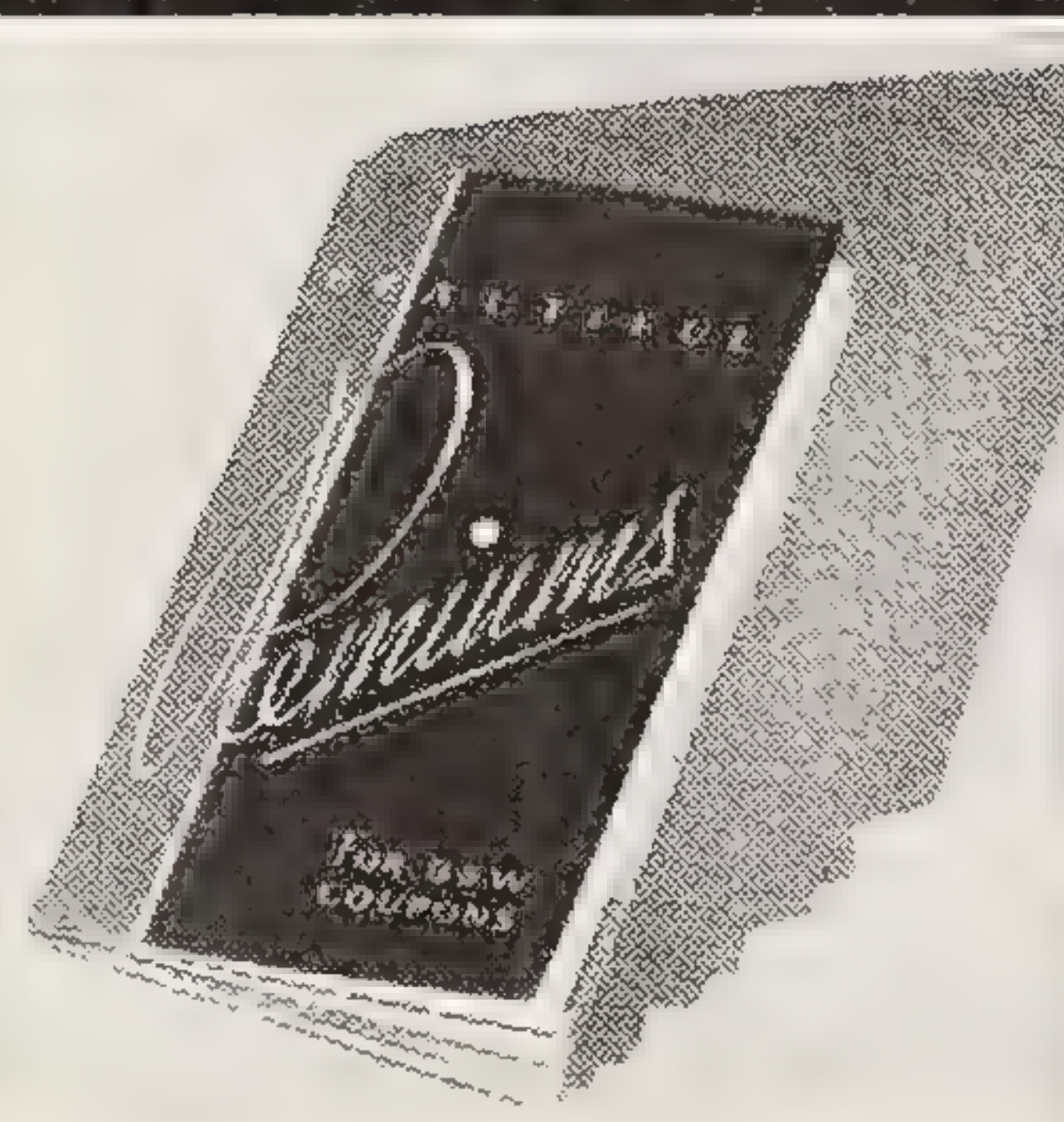
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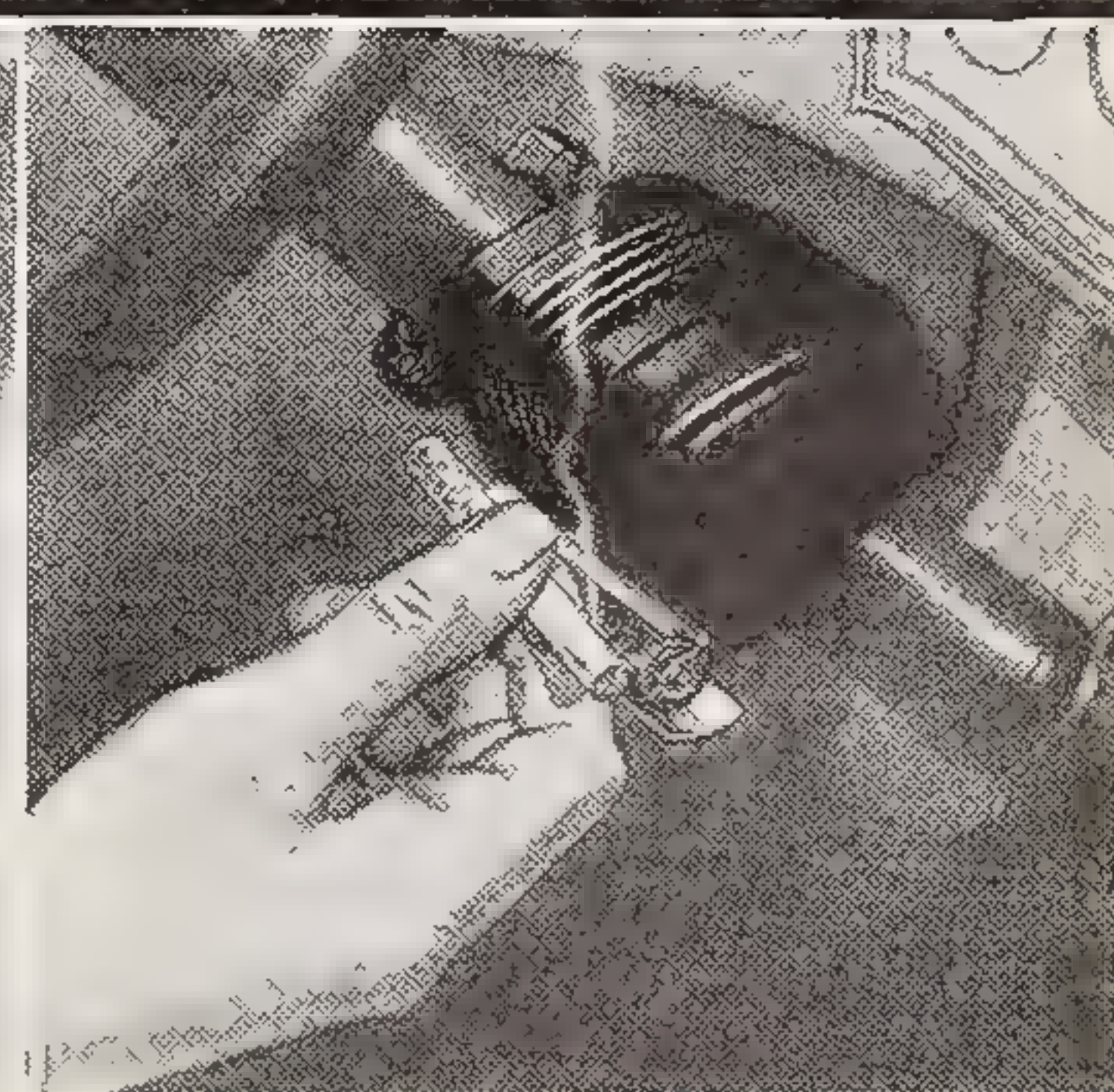
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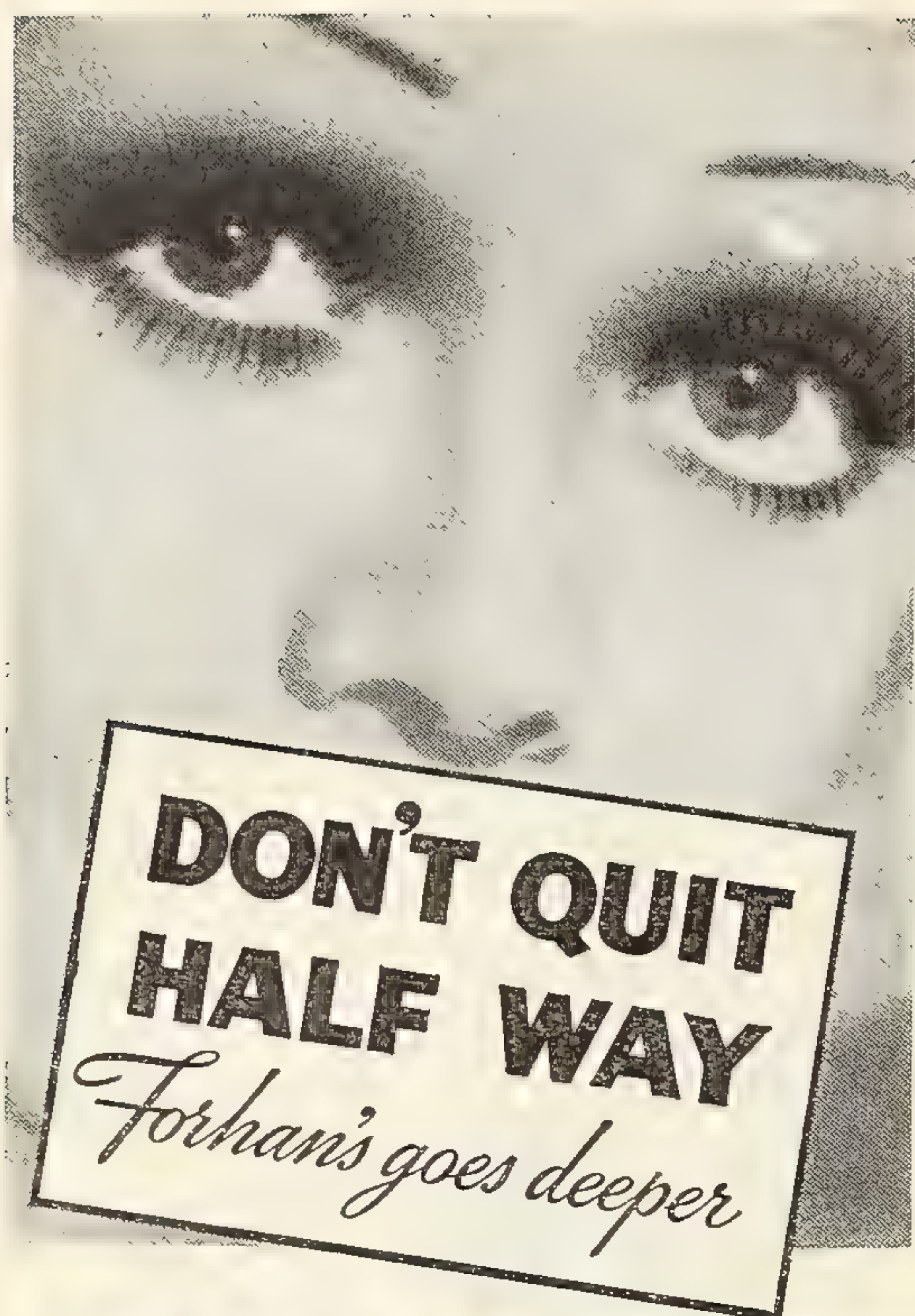


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The Truth About Jackie Coogan's "Million Dollars"

Continued from page 27



DOES BOTH JOBS

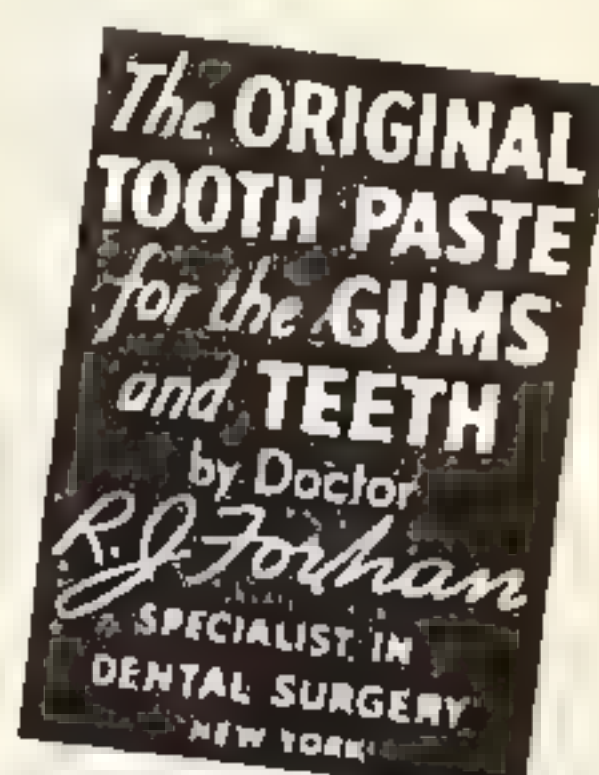
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to him in his whole life—all this interest in what he was going to do with his "money." He had just come out from a swim, and his hair, slick and completely waveless, lay plastered down on his head in freshly combed, wet neatness. He wore slacks, (and no "tops"), under his bathrobe. There was a sort of desperate embarrassment about him.

"But listen—there's no story to tell. Honest. It's all so doggone silly. It's," he fumbled for words, "humiliating! I'd hate for people to think I'm the kind of a fool the newspapers have been painting me for the last couple of months because," he blurted, "I haven't got one cent more to spend today than I had before my birthday!"

I said: "But what about your million dollar trust fund?"

"There isn't any trust fund," said Jackie with a slow rise of the shoulders. "That's just a lot of hooey, made-up stuff!"

I said: "Well then, Jackie, would you mind telling me the truth about all this and let me set the world straight on the subject?"

He eyed me unsmilingly. "C'mon in," he conceded.

His slender physique, bathrobe flapping, sprinted in front of me in the general direction of the enclosed veranda of the exclusive beach club. It was deserted. Outside, the sun poured valiantly on the slate-gray Pacific. My youthful host thumbed me into a chair next to the one he had chosen near the window. The words began to pour out of his mouth.

"Gee, I hope the folks who remember me on the screen don't believe all that guff that's being printed about me. It makes me out such an ass; besides which, I never said a word of it myself!"

"Listen, here's the truth about my million dollars; I haven't got a million dollars—because, like I told you, I haven't any trust fund. I've been incorporated ever since I was a kid. That isn't the same as a trust fund, you know. My earnings have been carefully managed all through the years by my family and a very capable business manager. But I'm just as incorporated today as I was yesterday, and I haven't one cent more to spend just because I'm twenty-one. In fact, I haven't got as much, because I spent some on the way down here."

He grinned at this lighter note in his financial discourse.

"There's not a chance of it; but let's say, (just for fun), that they were to hand me today, in a lump sum of cash, all the money I have in the world. What do you think I would do with it? I'll tell you. I'd hand it right back to them. Every dime of it! And here's the reason: I don't think I'm entitled to it!"

"I had no more to do with the earning of that money—nor did I know any more of what I was doing and why—than does Shirley Temple right today! As a matter of fact, I had even less to do with my success than Shirley because there are some facts in my case that aren't a part of hers. How many people know that my mother wrote almost every picture in which I appeared as a kid star and that my father was the real director of almost every picture—no matter who got the credit? I had the best material and help from the people who knew me better than anyone

else in the world. Of course, I got most of the credit; actors usually do. But I haven't been fooled by that for one minute. I know who should get the credit: my mother and dad.

"All my life, since I've been earning money, I've had an allowance just like any other kid. And I've had what I



Evalyn Knapp and Milburn Stone, stage actor, light up after a happy hunting day in Imperial Valley. The dog seems jealous.

wanted, within reason. That's important: *within reason!* I've never had anything but the best in the way of food and clothing, and mother always saw to it that I had enough allowance of spending money so I could live like the kids I went around with. But thank the Lord, I never had more than the rest of them. Right to this day, I find myself thanking God and my family for the fact that I was brought up to have a decent balance both on myself and the money I spend. Here is a good example:

[There was something about Jackie's manner of presenting his case that made me wonder if he might not have had a legal education. The Kid is strong for *Exhibit A!*].

"I asked for a car every week of my life from the time I was sixteen until I was twenty. Nothing unusual about that, is there? Lots of fellows have cars even earlier. But mother made me wait until my twentieth birthday before I finally got one. So, for two solid months after I received the car as a present, I was up in the clouds of happiness. Other kids I knew, who had been handed cars and other things out of proportion every time they so much as hinted, seemed to get no kick whatever out of the fulfillment of their desires. They became jaded with more

luxuries than they could appreciate and they always came to have a very cynical outlook on life." He nodded his slick head in self-corroboration.

"And so, while I didn't fall heir to a million dollars cash like some people think, I know I've come into something a lot more important and wonderful to me: the good fortune to feel that *what I make from now on will be earned by my own efforts—and my own efforts alone!* My only thought with regard to the money I have already earned is that I want it to stay with those who made it all possible. Now that Dad is gone, I find myself feeling all the more that way about Mother. I am all pepped up to go out and earn my own way in the world!"

He stared longingly at the waves pounding at our feet.

"You know what I've got in mind right now? A sailboat. I hope I'll be able to earn some money in pictures in the next six months so's I can buy me one. Second-hand boats can be picked up for *that*, (a snap of the finger)—just about one-sixth of what they cost new. I've found a honey. It cost about \$30,000 to build and the man said he'd sell it for five thousand cash. It's eighty-five feet long and could go anywhere in the world." And I wondered if I was merely imagining a touch of wistfulness in the comment. "Of course," he added. "Five thousand dollars is a lot of dough!"

"Well, suppose you don't earn that much dough in the next six months. What then?" I asked.

His stare continued fixed on the rolling water. "Oh, I suppose I'd ask mother for it," philosophically. "If she wouldn't go for the idea right away, I'd just have to keep after her. It might—gosh! it might take as long as the car. But I'll get a job, sure. That's why I'm so pepped up about looking forward to it, if you know what I mean." I had a vague idea.

I said: "How about pictures, Jackie? Are you anxious to get back in the fold, not counting the money for the sailboat?"

He shook his head. "Pictures have lost their glamor."

Silence, to let that announcement sink in. "Or perhaps I should say: picture-making has lost a lot of its glamor for *me*. I don't know whether you remember it or not but pictures used to be—oh, sort of a family affair. It was fun making them. Everyone took them seriously, yes, but there was time to enjoy them as well. Now the picture has changed." He gestured nonchalantly in the direction of Hollywood, thirty miles away. "Everything has a face like Wall Street, today. There's a lot of so-called temperament taking the place of real talent, and you hear about directors who are supposed to have the 'Chaplin touch' and all that sort of thing. Well, I haven't seen any of it. There never will be another Chaplin. Most of the men of the screen today say it from *here*, (pointing to his lips), and Chaplin said it from *here*, (fondly touching his heart).

"Of course, there is a type of thing I'd like to do if I had the opportunity to choose my own pictures. A type of picture patterned after the old-time Wally Reid ideas. Good, clean sports stories. You know, Doug Fairbanks was always an idol of mine when I was a kid. All my life I've tried to emulate him and keep in fine physical condition."

The Kid didn't have to tell me that he is a "Six-Handicap Man" at golf, captain of his University swimming team for two years, and a member of the football and tennis teams as well. But he did have to answer one more question before I could leave. I drew his attention away from the ocean with:

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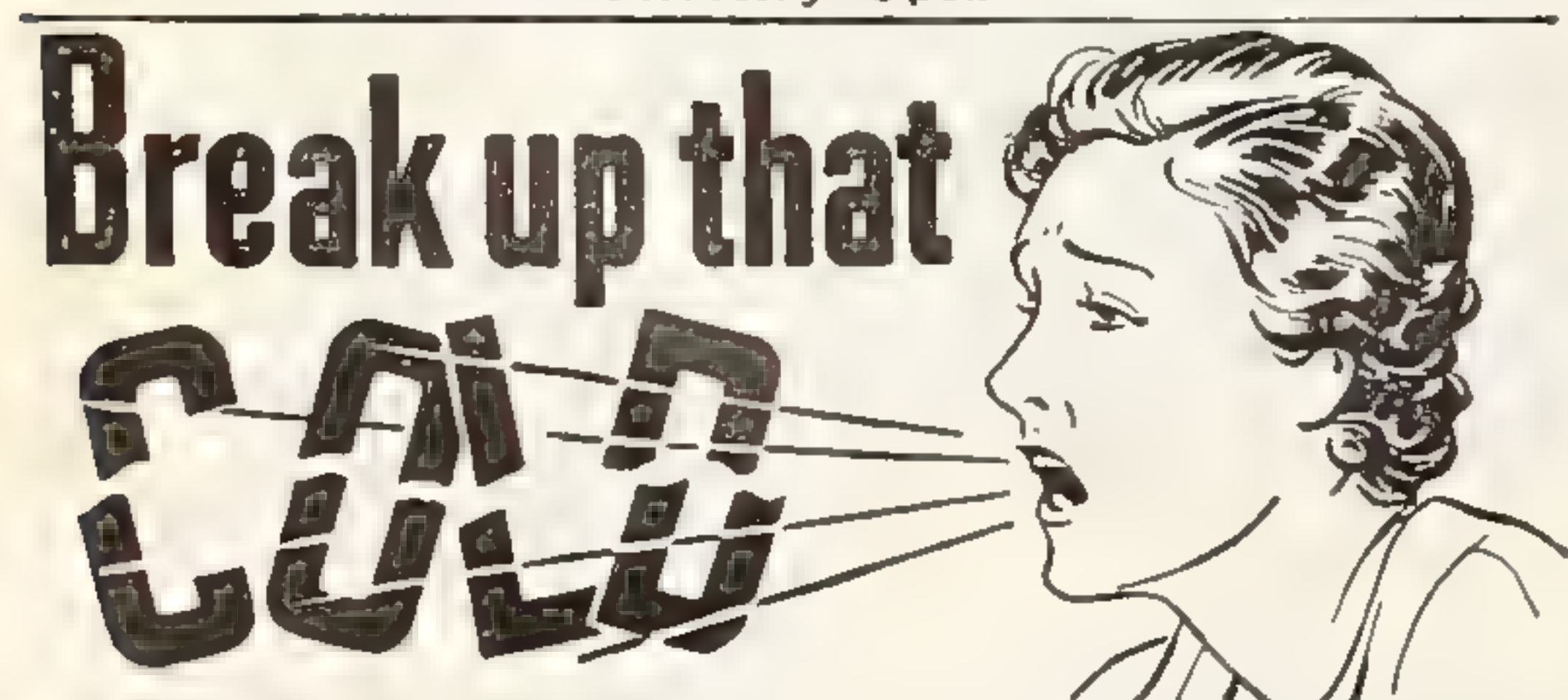
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"What's all this talk about Betty Grable? Are you going to get married? Let's have the lowdown and then I'll let you go."

"Why, er—"

Just then the manager of the Club went by the window with Jackie's surf-board under his arm. Jackie swung into action:

"Hey! Wait for me, fellow," he called through the window. Then he turned to me as he started to leave with: "Why, I can't really say anything about that, really,

but—" Then he was in the Pacific, headed for the big waves.

That very evening the papers carried a story under the headline: MRS. COOGAN SAYS JACKIE WILL NOT WED FOR FIVE YEARS!

But another evening the papers told how Jackie said 'twas true, he would be married in the near future to Betty Grable, and Betty flashed an emerald-cut diamond ring.

Truly, The Kid grows up!

Movie Bachelor at Home

Continued from page 29

"This living room doesn't quite please me," he said, glancing with appraising eyes at the wine-colored carpet, the soft drapes of blending shades, the grand piano holding its prominent place, and the many bowls of flowers scattered about. Besides his petunias, Dick grows prize dahlias and the largest zinnias I've ever seen, for house decorations.

I thought the room thoroughly charming and said so, but he shook his head.

"No, it isn't just right," he went on. "I've discovered it is possible to create a definite mood in a room and I spend most of my leisure hours rearranging the furniture trying to capture just the right keynote. I want it friendly, cheerful, inviting. I even draft my friends for the job, and the favorite game when I have guests is changing everything around and even re-hanging the pictures. I'm open to all suggestions!"

As we stepped through a panelled door of knotty pine, he gaily announced, "I call this the guest suite, but it really belongs to Dad and Mother, and I had more fun planning it than any other spot in the house." Then, stopping to smooth the blue-silken spread on one of the twin beds, he added, "This room looks like Mother. Now, that's what I mean; it is sweet and warm and happy, just as she is!"

The living room and guest suite extend across the front of the house. In the left wing are the dining room, kitchen, and quarters for the servants. In the right wing is Dick's suite, consisting of a small study, connecting with a sitting room that is lined with book shelves; then his bedroom, bath, and dressing room. All are decorated in shades of brown and yellow and they are the ultimate of masculine good taste.

The outstanding feature of his sleeping room is the six by seven-foot bed which he had especially built according to his own original design. He should have it copyrighted; I'm positive everybody is going to make a grand scramble for one just like it.

Now, Dick's idea of real luxury is to read in bed or listen to the radio while he relaxes. So, he had a radio, with a world wide hook-up, built into the headboard of his mammoth bed, and by merely reaching up and dialing, he can tune in on any distant land. That isn't all. On either side of the radio are book shelves where he keeps a few favorite volumes; then at one end is his phone, and at the other end of the bed is a cleverly arranged cabinet enclosing an electric refrigerator. When he opened it, there was a plate of fruit, a bottle of milk, and several bottles of Coca Cola!

How is that for sheer novelty? And luxurious comfort?

"It is fun," chuckled Dick, in reply to my ravings. "I'm glad I didn't waste all that space when it can be put to such a

happy and very convenient employment.

"I spend most of my time when I'm home here in my rooms, and with the slightest excuse I light the logs in that big fireplace. I don't run around very much for I'm too busy. Besides my pictures and weekly radio hour, I take a singing lesson every day and put in several hours practicing. So, why shouldn't I plan to make my evenings at home pleasant?"

Dick's greatest extravagance is clothes. Yet, on his days at home he likes to slide into swimming trunks, a bath robe and sandals, so he can splash into the pool at a minute's notice.

In his closets hang a very fine wardrobe and he bemoans the fact that he seldom has the opportunity of wearing good clothes in a picture. Not recently, at least. In "Broadway Gondolier" he appeared in picturesque Italian costumes, his special kick being the jaunty beret; in "Page Miss Glory," it was gaudy uniforms, with a final fling in feminine pajama pants with fur cuffs. In "Shipmates Forever," he did flash once in a tuxedo; and also in "Thanks a Million," though in its earlier scenes he wore a shabby suit and old sweater. In "A Midsummer Night's Dream," he donned Elizabethan tights.

Dick likes to entertain informally, with a few guests at dinner, followed by contract. As we entered the dining room, which is French Provincial, with some very lovely old pieces of period furniture, he told me the Jimmy Cagneys and the Hugh Herberts had been there the night before, and it turned into a hilarious affair, for Jimmy and Hugh were geared in comedy high.

Dozens of humming birds were fluttering among the gay window boxes in the yellow and white breakfast room, and this reminded Dick that they have a tiger cat, named G-String, who spends most of his time watching them, but so far there have been no casualties. And girls, girls, if you could only see his kitchen! It's the very last word in modern equipment, and all white.

"I like to fuss around a kitchen," Dick confessed, as he showed me all the new gadgets, "but I'm not much on cooking, scrambled eggs being my only accomplishment. I'm easily satisfied as to my meals; I like almost everything. We never have desserts, and I never eat at night; that's what puts on weight. I am at 170 pounds, and believe me, that's where I'll stay.

"There is a standing order to serve breakfast on the terrace of the patio if the sun is shining, and it usually is, out here. I frequently have luncheon there and dinner, too, in the summer.

"Breakfast is my favorite meal and it's always the same; orange juice, coffee, toast, and strawberry jam. And I want plenty of toast and jam!"

So—here we find Dick Powell, the romantic singing star, heart-throb of a mil-

lion feminine film fans, in the rôle of housekeeper, and a grand one, at that. He insists he has no domestic troubles, only joys. He has a colored couple, and a Japanese man who has been with him for several years, and all are very competent. There's a young man secretary who comes every day to attend to his screen and radio fan mail, which is enormous. Then, there's the gardener. Dick keeps a close tab on every detail himself, and while he has no housekeeping budget, he tries to keep within a certain limit.

With one of his cheerful grins, he said, "Sometimes I think I am working for my servants, good as they are, for I'm always running around picking up after them. Guess I'm fussy about some things. I don't like to see ash trays running over, or newspapers and magazines scattered around. I want the flowers to be fresh and the curtains hanging straight. I like order, with everything in its own place. Confusion always disturbs me."

Later, having gone through his playhouse which offers everything from a small bar, a huge fireplace, another grand piano, and all kinds of games for amusement, we lingered on the veranda that overlooks the swimming pool.

Dick may not know it but his slogan is "To heck with yesterday, today is the Big Adventure!" For him, with his unquenchable pep, the hours aren't long enough to hold all the exciting things that crowd them.

I asked, "Does this comfortable domestic independence banish romance from your thoughts?"

He deftly parried the question, answering, "Love, romance—why, they are the greatest things in the world—in their place; but I'm too busy right now to think about them. Honestly, my plans at present consist of work, then more work. I want to go as far as I can on the screen and radio. After that? Well, we'll just let the future take care of that. Maybe it will be travel, maybe marriage and a family. Maybe both. Who knows?"



Three-quarter length wraps, like this very smart sable worn by Gail Patrick, are vogue now.

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TAKE our word for it, you can have alluring eyelashes in a jiffy, thanks to the new Creamy Mascara made by Winx! It comes in a dainty little tube, all ready to squeeze out on your brush and apply—water being unnecessary. We find it takes no longer to put on than lipstick. It lasts beautifully, is waterproof unless rubbed when wet, and doesn't smart if it gets in your eyes. Even if you've never used mascara before, you should like this new creamy kind. Most lashes are longer than they look without benefit of mascara, as the tips are naturally light. Brush your lashes up to make them curl. Besides coloring your lashes and making them look longer, the cream in this mascara is beneficial and keeps them from being brittle. It comes in black, brown, and an intriguing shade of Parisian Blue.

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NOXZEMA, the greaseless cream that has gained so much fame for the way it clears up blemished skin and softens chapped faces or hands, has a sister cream that's equally fine. Noxzema Combination Cleansing and Tissue Cream is medicated like the original. It can be used alone, but it's more effective in this complete treatment: Cleanse face and neck with the combination cream. Then, after wiping it off, apply another coat, massage it into the skin and leave it on all night. In the morning, use greaseless Noxzema for a foundation. They have a new face powder, too, called Noxgio, which is the perfect finishing touch.

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FACE masks deserve the popularity they're having right now, in our opinion. A dandy one that will tone up your skin and make it look like a million

dollars is called Tarkroot. It's easy to use. Just moisten a little Tarkroot with lemon juice and spread it over your face and neck. Leave it on 20 to 30 minutes, while you're working around the house. Or, if you can manage the time, lie down and relax for half an hour while it's on, and you'll feel fresh and fit in body as well as in face. This mask gives your face a complete rest, smoothing out tense lines at the same time it improves texture and color. It's a perfect pick-me-up!

Stars' Love Scene Tabus

Continued from page 19

how simple and sweet. And maybe Fred is right. Somehow I just can't picture him swearing on his word of honor to Mrs. Astaire over their morning coffee that he'll never kiss another woman, movie star or no movie star, as long as he lives! Such carrying-on would probably tickle the pretty and popular Mrs. Astaire no end. So we'll just have to take Fred's word for it that the reason for his non-kissing love technique is purely business.

In the first place Astaire does not consider himself a Great Lover, by any stretch of the imagination. No matter how many fan letters arrive extolling his charms to the sky, he still refuses to believe he is a sex-appeal boy. He is stubbornly sold on the idea that his chief screen attraction lies in his feet, not his eyes. And besides, it embarrasses him to *watch* love scenes on the screen, much less play in them!

Janet Gaynor is another box-office headliner who has feelings, but not ardent ones, about screen kissing. And her ideas are equally non-personal. Janet has never *promised* somebody she wouldn't kiss anybody. In fact, in more romantic stories she has done a little screen kissing after her fashion, which is very quaint and sweet, indeed. She has no real objection to the cheek or forehead kiss. But Janet draws the line at lip kisses. She just doesn't like them.

Swept along by the charming continuity of the love story as we see it on the screen, few of us realize how very little real kissing there is in movie love scenes. Especially is this true since the advent of sound. There are very few professional, or even non-professional, osculators who can bestow the salute without a slight sound that registers disturbingly like a smack, or a click, over the sound recording. Heavy love scenes there have been, and still are. But if you are a careful observer you will be surprised to note the shortage of kissing scenes played before the camera. Kisses are more often suggested than enacted. Rollo may gather *Desdemona* to his heart in an embrace, but before they kiss, the film cutter has usually had his scissors on the scene. Among the stars who particularly object to kissing scenes besides Janet and Fred are Ann Harding, Gary Cooper—who co-star in "Peter Ibbetson"; Warren William, Kay Francis, and practically all the singing stars who are enjoying such a tremendous vogue on the screen.

It is probably a hold-over from grand opera technique that so many screen singers refuse to indulge in clasps, ardent clinches, or passionate embraces before the camera. It is no easy task to sing romantically while held in a deathlike vise by a panting young man who is squeezing the very breath out of your lungs. Critics have frequently kidded the long distance love-making of grand opera. But there is an excellent reason for it. They need room to sing!

Grace Moore's pictures contain very few actual embraces. The most potent love scene Grace ever played on the screen was the tender finale of "One Night of Love" when Grace, singing "One Fine Day" from "Madame Butterfly," gazed rapturously at Tullio Carminatti, ten feet away from her in the orchestra pit!

Jeanette MacDonald and Nelson Eddy made screen love charmingly in "Naughty Marietta" with Jeanette at the top of a staircase, and Eddy at the bottom!

Lawrence Tibbett is just about the only opera star who has not drawn the ban at



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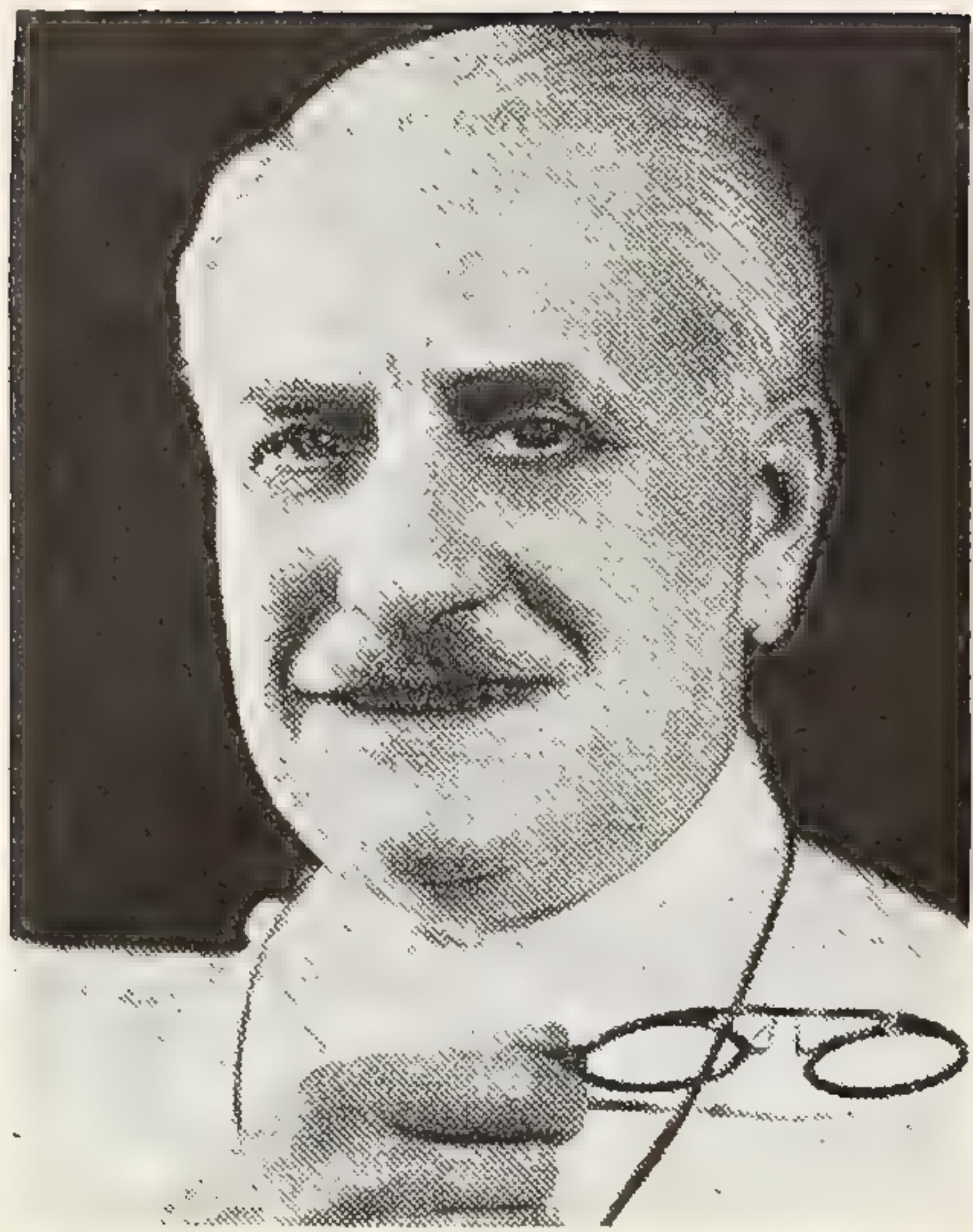
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ardent screen embraces. Larry can sing as potently with a lady clasped in his arms as he can when he is across the room. But then it has always been a boast of his that he can sing sitting down, standing on his head, or from under the divan. He ridicules the standoffish love technique of the average singer; and while you frequently wonder why he doesn't blast the ears off his screen love with the power of emotion he pours on her at short range, you are fully impressed with the realism Tibbett puts into his love making!

But the most stubborn of all screen love-makers is none other than Bing Crosby, who has never spoken a word of love dialogue in a single picture he has made! And, what's more, it isn't likely he will begin at this late date. Bing's reasons are certainly logical as they apply to his own case:

"Speaking love dialogue makes me very self-conscious," he will explain if you ask him. "It makes me feel foolish and ill at ease, and when a player is nervous about what he is saying, he certainly can't be very convincing in his love scenes. When you come right down to it, there is very little original dialogue that can be spoken. After the customary 'I love you' declaration, the situation is pretty well summed up. The actor making love in a modern romance would be snickered off the screen if he declared 'You remind me of a moonbeam.' But you can sing a love song and get in all the individuality and poetry you like without appearing ridiculous. That's the reason I insist on singing the love-making in my pictures. Romeo is the only guy who ever got away with dialogue of the same idea!" Certainly none of Bing's admirers are complaining.

Perhaps it wouldn't be fair to tell the name of the charming girl star who just won't speak the line, "I love you," in a movie scene. As I heard the story, this particular girl has said those words to one man only in her life. And she has sworn she will not say it to another, not even a make-believe sweetheart on the screen. Oh, she doesn't become temperamental about it, or make a big scene. But it is

pretty cute the way she dodges the issue. If those three little words happen to crop up in the script, she changes them in some simple way or adds words to them, or between them, so cleverly that the director and script writers are seldom aware that she has never once uttered the phrase "I love you" in a motion picture!

So far as I know there have been no conscientious objectors to hand-holding, but with romance what it is in the most imaginative town in the world, you never know what we *won't* be seeing in love scenes of the future!



Frank Albertson and Mary Carlisle put conviction in a lovers' quarrel scene for a new film.

Beautiful Baffler

Continued from page 51

with big white frogs, and she was sitting with her feet on a low table and absorbing a dish of tea as we went into our sedate conversational waltz.

"Well, I'm going back to Hollywood in a week, and I'm glad of it," she said. "New York seems to be getting crazier all the time. People expect me to stay up till morning every time I go out."

This sounded pretty middling strange to me.

"I thought you came to New York to have fun. Haven't you had it?"

"No," she said, and she obviously meant no.

"But I've crossed your trail everywhere. I saw you at the Hurdy-Gurdy Ball, and I know you go to this Saturday night dancing-club."

"That's true," said Irene. "But what with staying out all night and interviewing tenors all day, I've had a hard month. That's what I laughingly call my 'rest.' Tenors all day!"

"Why the tenor-singers?"

"For 'Show Boat,' which I start as soon as I get back. You have no idea how hard it is to find a good tenor who can act, or a good actor who can sing tenor. They are hunting just as hard in Holly-

wood, but none of us has found the man we want for *Ravenal*, the male lead."

"This sounds pretty grim. What else have you been doing?"

"Nothing much, except going to my singing-teacher every day to keep the pipes in trim."

She was striking a sort of wistful note. I'm probably just a sentimental old fuddy-duddy, but to me there is something stupendously pathetic about Irene Dunne's efforts to kick up and make whoop-ti-do on her holidays.

She sort of reminds me of a kid who has been looking forward for weeks to a surprise-party for a pal down the block—and when the great night comes she gets spots on her best dress, doesn't enjoy the ice cream much, and finds her best beau being called out in "Post-Office" by a rival beauty.

Irene approaches her vacations with such eagerness and zest, and somehow the bubbles go out of it. She dresses up like a girl on her honeymoon, she goes to all the places and does all the things, and somehow the glorious adventure just doesn't come off.

In spite of the pretty clothes, the luxury hotel and all the good-will in the world,

Irene just doesn't seem to be gaited to the life of a giddy girl about town. It must take more than lights, music, and a pint of wine to make a rip-snorting time, in spades.

My observation of the luscious Dunne on the loose inclines to convince me that the real Irene is the one who lives and labors in Hollywood—the soul of discretion, the devotee of peace and quiet, the hard-working, serious-minded star. She likes to laugh, and does, but the glorious tomfoolery of life eludes her. Yet I am equally sure that she would love to stick the vine-leaves in her reddish hair and caper merrily down the world when the fit is on her. But I don't think she possesses the talent for good old-frivolity.

Of course, the cards are pretty much stacked against her. Hollywood, who loves to paste labels on its marionettes, has a sticker for such as Irene. Any girl who conducts her personal and professional lives with any dignity and decorum is promptly ticketed a First Lady of the Screen. Whether she likes it or not, because she respects the marriage vows, does not get drunk and is an ornament of screen drama, she bears the brand of Screen Ladyhood. It must be a ghastly life, this business of being a First Lady of the Screen—or even a Second or Third Lady. The very tag is accursed—it denotes, even to my irreverent mind, a most appalling type of dullness.

Another factor in Irene's failure to kick up much dust with the public lies in the fact that, in common with many of her sisters, she does not enjoy coping with the press. She probably feels that she has little to give out. And after all, what sense would there be in asking Dunne the old chestnuts—what do you think about Luv, and Marriage for Artists, and are you really goofy about Montgomery Filbert? Her own life is an answer to such fool questions—by her works ye may know her!

Yet when an interviewer does confront her, she is the essence of charm, and will chat affably. Yet here again we are faced with another facet of the Dunne enigma. Risking a charge of ungallantry, I must say that Irene, lovely though she is, reminds me inevitably of a favorite aunt. I can't explain this, yet there it is. And in all justice I must add that when she took my arm to see me to the door of her suite, I opened a door and walked blithely into a closet filled with Doc Griffin's clothes and golf tools, at which Miss Dunne laughed long and merrily.

I doubt that Irene has changed one jot, or even tittle, in character and habit, since the day she walked out of her Chicago singin' school and went on the stage. During her Broadway years no breath of scandal clouded her fair name—she did her stuff in the theatre, and when the curtain fell faded quietly into her private and personal life. When "Show Boat" brought her to Hollywood, and she scored her first smashing success in "Cimarron," she was the same unpretentious, quiet, decent Irish girl that she was in her Louisville school days, where Pop Dunne was a builder and owner of river boats.

She takes her acting career seriously, and works at it like the good trouser she is, which is always a terrible thing for a beautiful woman in Hollywood. Picture people incline to the belief that a pretty star should toil hard enough to earn her sables, but when the five-o'clock whistle blows should be able to go out with the boys. The Dunne girl must be a great disappointment to many of the folks out west.

It is because I respect and admire her as a woman and actress that I feel sorry when I see her hopeful, relentless efforts

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to Carry On when she is on parole in the east. I feel that she really belongs in her Hollywood home, with her books and Doctor Griffin about her.

I am a highly moral man, as my few friends will attest, and anything but a tempter and home-cracker, but I should like to see Irene do a little high-class experimenting in devilment when she is on furlough from the lots. I should like to see her get mildly corned at some gay haunt of gilded sin—perhaps flirt with a tall, dark, handsome stranger when the doctor isn't looking, or bite a supercilious head-waiter. I am very much afraid, however, that nothing would happen but a severe bout with morning-after Grief and Remorse.

For such modest methods of release would not be in character. Irene would say, as she pressed an ice-pack to her throbbing temples, that she was not herself, and she would be right. For it is probably the fate of Irene Dunne to long, almost girlishly, for hectic times, and not quite know what to do about it.

No—Mrs. Francis Griffin is doomed for life to decency, discretion, and dignity—three D's not too highly rated in the gaudier reaches of Hollywood society.

I'm all for her. The highest compliment I can pay Irene Dunne is to say that she neither looks nor acts like a movie star. And her Christmas presents were all marked "For A Good Girl!" May they always be many, and beautiful!

Inside the Stars' Homes

Continued from page 6

You've no idea how good the onion is. "Mother and I are light eaters. Days go by and we serve no meat. We like salads—lots of salads. But there is a meat course we are fond of—and that's Swiss Steak. Alice will tell you how she fixes it."

Alice is Rochelle's very efficient maid. This is her recipe:

SWISS STEAK

Get a thick steak and pound it hard after dipping it in flour. Sear it well, get it nicely browned. Add a small can of mushrooms, a can of tomato sauce, plenty of onions, and a kernel of garlic. Simmer for an hour and a half.

"If you want to be very, very Californiaish, try avocado and cumquat salad," recommended Rochelle. "You cut three medium-sized avocados in half—this to serve six people—set each half on a nest

of lettuce; fill the centers with thinly sliced preserved cumquats and pour over them a lemon French dressing seasoned highly with paprika. The trick is to serve this very cold."

We stepped back into the sitting room again, where a typewriter now stood open on a table, flanked with piles of fan mail.

"Everyone who comes in has to take a hand at answering my fan mail," laughed Rochelle. "Mother taught herself to use the typewriter, but she can't possibly answer all the letters, so I make my guests useful! I had the sweetest letter from a boy at Annapolis, sending me an invitation to their prom. It seems each boy gets just one invitation, so he asked me to please send it back if I couldn't come because he wasn't allowed another. It was a gorgeous thing, all engraved, with a picture of a ship. I'd like to have kept it, but of course



Rochelle Hudson's Beverly Hills home, described in the accompanying article, shown in a photograph taken exclusively for SCREENLAND.



And here's Rochelle Hudson in a white silk and linen ensemble on holiday at a desert resort.

I couldn't do the poor boy out of his party." The tones of ivory and blue are repeated in Rochelle's charming little breakfast room.

"Some day all my rooms will be as satisfactory as this one," planned Rochelle, bending a dark head over a fruit basket.

"Oranges—whenever you think of this State, you see an orange, don't you? Ever taste a baked one? I'm mad about them. We tried broiled grapefruit, too, one day, and it was quite a success. You serve the broiled grapefruit as a first course for dinner—rather nice for holidays. You cut the fruit in half, take out seeds and the tough skin sections, put sugar and cinnamon on top and broil it until the sugar gets all bubbly on top. Then it's ready. Baked oranges are not so simple. Let Alice tell you about them."

BAKED ORANGES

Select one orange for each person to be served. Cover with cold water and let stand overnight.

Wipe them dry, cut off tops and remove core. Separate rind from pulp two-thirds of the way down and press into each orange 3 tablespoons of sugar or all the sugar it will hold. Place in baking pan 3 inches deep, fill half full of water, cover with another pan and bake in slow oven for 2 hours, or until skin is soft.

Remove from oven, put teaspoon of butter on each orange, leave off cover and return to oven to brown lightly. Remove oranges to hot platter, then add to the water in the pan the strained juice of two oranges and one tablespoon of cornstarch rubbed smooth with 3 tablespoons cold water; stir and cook until thick and smooth. Pour the sauce over the oranges and serve hot.

"That's the way to serve them if you're

making a dessert," explained Rochelle. "If you are having baked oranges with your roast turkey or duck, you don't make the sauce. Just put them on the platter with the fowl."

Rochelle's young friends are not connected with pictures. Hers is a very lively young crowd.

"My friends are likely to drop in any time," she said, her blue eyes bluer in the powder blue of her setting, "but Sunday night is their favorite time, and Sunday night suppers are the favorite meals. We never set a table, we just eat off the kitchen sink.

"We have bottles of sweet pickles, toasted cheese sandwiches—with everyone toasting his own—coffee, and sometimes cake. The kitchen has endless miles of tiled sink, and we sit around on it and eat and eat—and throw pickles at each other!

"One night, one of the boys belonging to the crowd was invited to a very swank dinner party at a big Spanish house. He had to sit in a high-backed Spanish chair, with butlers poking food at him from both sides. They served about everything in the world. Then he came right over here and demanded his toasted cheese sandwich! He said he was hungry."

Some of Rochelle's young guests like pimiento cheese which they spread on mustard-buttered bread and sprinkle with chopped nuts before toasting. Others use American cheese, melted, mixed with butter, the mashed yolks of hard-boiled eggs and enough mayonnaise to make a paste. Or they merely stick a wad of cheese on the bread and toast it.

Orange rolls are much in demand at these Sunday night suppers.

ORANGE ROLLS

Scald 2 cups of milk, add 3 tablespoons butter, 2 teaspoons sugar, 1 teaspoon salt; stir until lukewarm, add 1 cake yeast dissolved in $\frac{1}{4}$ cup lukewarm water and 3 cups sifted flour. Beat 5 minutes and set in a warm place to rise until light.

Cut down and work in $2\frac{1}{2}$ cups flour, knead well and let rise until light.

Place on floured board, roll out to $\frac{1}{3}$ inch thick, cut with biscuit cutter, lay a section of orange in center, fold over and press the edges together. Bake until half done, not brown; remove from oven, open each roll and insert sauce made by beating to a cream $1\frac{1}{2}$ tablespoons butter, 3 tablespoons powdered sugar, $1\frac{1}{2}$ tablespoons orange juice and grated rind of $\frac{1}{2}$ orange.

Place rolls back in pan, spread tops with sauce, return to oven and bake 5 minutes. Don't let the sauce burn.

"We don't care much for meat, as I've told you," said Rochelle, "but no story about California dishes could be complete without the favorite chef salad that's served in all the nice places to eat. Wherever I go, I see people ordering it.

"You take cold chicken or turkey, cold ham, tongue and corned beef, and cut the meat in very fine, rather long strips. Then you cut up romaine lettuce, watercress, endive, celery and the hearts of artichokes, and combine the whole thing with Russian dressing."

RUSSIAN DRESSING

Mix 1 cup mayonnaise with 3 tablespoons chili sauce, 3 tablespoons chopped pimiento, 1 tablespoon tarragon vinegar, 1 tablespoon chopped chives, 1 teaspoon Worcestershire sauce. Pour the dressing over the salad, toss the ingredients with wooden fork and spoon, and then garnish with slices of hard boiled egg, strips of pimiento and circles of green pepper.

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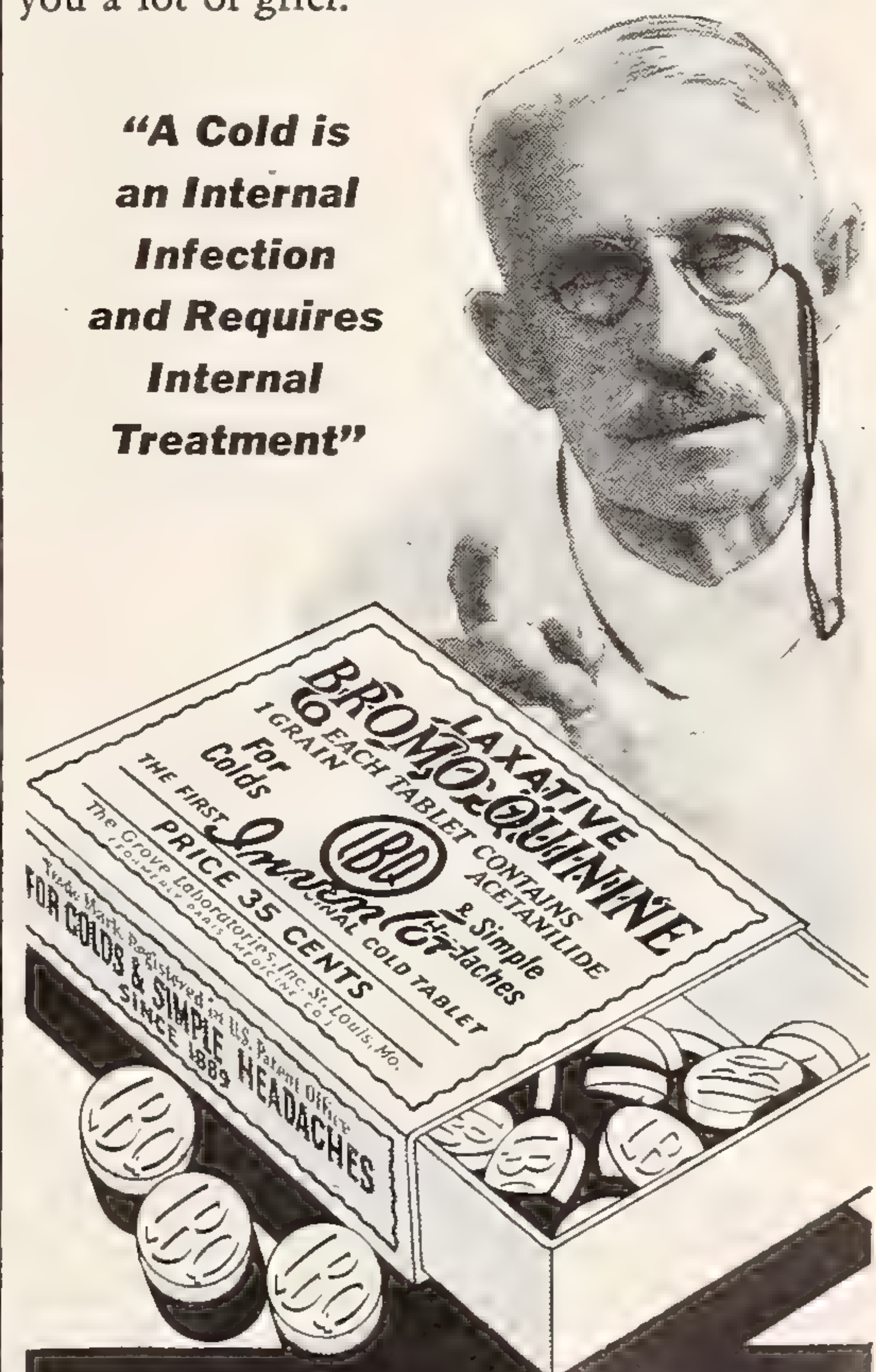
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The Two Taylors —Robert Taylor

Continued from page 60



Dolores Costello, who retired from the screen when she married John Barrymore, whom she recently divorced, signs to play DEAREST, a rôle in which she will appear as Freddie Bartholomew's mother in "Little Lord Fauntleroy." Producer David O. Selznick, left, and Director John Cromwell, right, are delighted witnesses.

Angeles. The arrangement didn't last as long as they expected, however, so I moved in instead.

"Do you remember that first apartment we had, Don?" he went on, with a twinkle in his eyes. I might add that they're the bluest eyes I've seen since Gary Cooper's. "It was a little bit of a place, but the best we could afford. You see, I'd been put in stock at Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer at a very small salary, and Don hadn't been working very steadily, so we couldn't afford to spend much money for rent

"But we decided that the one thing we must have was a servant. So we hired a Chinese cook. And was he awful! He could hardly understand English, in the first place, which made it a little difficult. He'd ask if we wanted rice for breakfast, and in spite of all the negative answers—verbal and with much shaking of the head—we'd get rice! And neither one of us knew quite what to do about it. You see, we'd never had a servant of our own before. We finally had to let him go, though, when we found soap powder in the mashed potatoes!"

They both laughed at this. There seemed to be a nice feeling between the two boys. You could tell that Don was very proud of Robert's success.

"I guess I've always had a lot of fun," Robert began, reminiscently. "I suppose I had it pretty easy, when I was a kid. I don't know whether I was spoiled or not; I don't think people ever do. But I did have things pretty much my own way.

"You see, I was an only child. My dad was a doctor and he had a pretty good practice in Beatrice, Nebraska, the little town where I went to school. We had a little cabin about five miles out of town where we could go fishing in the summer, and I always had a couple of horses to ride. And automobiles. I loved cars. Had four of them before I graduated from

high school. That's quite a lot for a kid, isn't it?" He looked at me a trifle anxiously.

"Dad and mother always wanted me to have a good time," he went on. "I came and went pretty much as I pleased. I had plenty of spending money and could do just about as I wanted with it as long as I didn't do certain things. They were pretty strict about how I should behave myself, in spite of all the freedom I had."

"Did you always want to be an actor?" I asked.

"No. I'd never really thought about it. As a matter of fact, I didn't know what I wanted to be. One time I thought I'd like to be a musician. I've always loved music. So I took piano lessons, then saxophone, then banjo. None of them took. Finally, I hit upon the cello. I stuck to that. Used to play in the theatre sometimes, just for the fun of it. That was really what brought me West, you know.

"I'd been studying cello under Professor Herbert E. Gray, back at Doane University, in Nebraska. He was coming out to Pomona College to teach. So I came along, too. He never wanted me to be an actor. Disapproved highly of my dramatic work in school.

"You'll never make any money, acting," he told me one day, just after I'd been made President of the Dramatic Society. "But if you stick to the cello, you might become a good musician some day and can make as much as \$85 a week! You'd better forget this acting business. It'll never get you any place."

"But he thought it was swell when I finally landed in pictures. Said he knew I had it in me all the time," Robert laughed. He had nice, even white teeth. His eyes smiled when he laughed, too, and seemed a little bluer.

"I've always been a picture fan," he ad-

mitted. "But the idea of acting in pictures never occurred to me until they sent a talent scout out to Pomona College, where I was appearing in 'Journey's End,' and asked me to come in and make a test. Even then I wasn't very excited about it. By this time I'd discarded the idea of being a doctor, which I'd had at one time, and had taken up business administration and then psychiatry, in the order mentioned. When I graduated from Pomona, I'd just about made up my mind to be a psychiatrist. That is, until I found I didn't have enough credits. Then I thought I might as well try acting, so I signed up with Metro, when they offered me the contract."

"How do you like pictures?" was my next query—the usual one.

"I love them!" he said, emphatically. "Yes, I'm afraid I've got the bug. I think it's the most fascinating business in the world. I'd never want to be a star, though. Gosh, I worry enough now."

"What in the world do you worry about?" I asked, curiously.

"Oh, everything! I worry about every scene, for fear I won't be any good. And I don't seem to be able to do anything much about it. I'm not a good enough actor to be able to really study each scene the night before, although I do try to if there's a lot to learn for the next day. Mostly, though, I just go out to the set and read over the script and hope for the best."

"He's a very quick on study, too," Don Miloe piped up. "I don't think I've ever seen anyone learn lines as fast."

"Well, I never studied in college," was Robert's retort. "I guess it's too late to learn now. I'm just thankful I have a pretty good memory."

"You know," he added earnestly, "this picture business is darned hard work. I've worked around in a lot of places, when I was a kid, just for the fun of it, but I've never worked as hard as I do now. But I love it! I guess that's why it doesn't seem like work."

"Are you saving your money?" I asked, curiously.

"You bet I am!" he replied, without any hesitation. "I'm the greatest believer in security you ever saw. My dad taught me that. He spent most of his money on me and didn't have much left when he passed away a year or two ago. Yes, sir, I've bought myself an annuity and an endowment policy already."

He's a strange combination, this Robert Taylor. A happy-go-lucky boy who will never lose his youthfulness, with a goodly portion of common sense thrown in.

"What about marriage?" I asked. "I've been hearing engagement rumors about you all over town."

"Not until I'm at least thirty," he answered, firmly. "Gosh, I'm having too much fun without thinking about settling down to married life. And besides, I want to become a really good actor first."

"Do you entertain much?" I queried.

"Nope, hardly at all. I've a little ranch out in the valley. Don spends a lot of time with me and I've bought a couple of horses to ride, so it's really swell. I've got three chickens, too, and a dog. Oh, yes, and seven cats."

"Seven cats!" I exclaimed. "What on earth for?"

"Well, I don't really like cats," he admitted, laughing. "But the mother brought her family of kittens over and started living under the house. So what could I do?"

"You could give them away," I suggested, helpfully.

"Yeah, but you don't know Bob!" Don Miloe chimed in. "He's too soft-hearted. Tell her about the pigeons."

Robert flushed a little under his heavy make-up.

"There's nothing to tell, dope! It's just that about twenty pigeons moved into the garage the other day and now I can't keep my car in there. I don't think the pigeons like it very well. Anyway, they're kind of nice to have around—you know, kind of homey."

"Yeah—homey pigeons," Miloe wisecracked—and ducked.

Kent Taylor

Continued from page 61

did, putting awnings up at all the windows. I put most of them up myself, and I used to look down on the big cars of the movie stars as they went by, and I became more and more determined that I would one day make the grade and become one of them."

So Kent set about the business of studying every moment he could spare from his work. He practiced his singing and tried to improve his diction to the best of his ability, hoping and praying for that big opportunity to arrive.

And the opportunity came in the form of a friend who was a character actress in pictures. She was very sympathetic and was also confident that Kent's personality would register on the screen. So she took him, one day, to Henry King, who was preparing to make "Hell Harbor" in Florida. King liked him immediately and gave him a test, which eventually took him to Florida. Kent was sitting on top of the world. He went right home and started singing his song, which was to be in the picture, until he felt he had perfected it. He'd gotten his break at last! He could hardly believe it.

Kent was doomed for disappointment, however. At the end of four weeks on location, he was sent back without ever having been photographed. They'd changed the script of the picture and there was no part left in it for him!

Dejectedly, he returned to the business

of selling awnings, deciding to forget about motion pictures. This was a lot easier to say than do, though, especially when he had to pass the studios daily on his rounds.

He was going by Paramount one day, when he decided to take the bull by the horns, and forget the advice people had helpfully proffered about working as an extra. Extras never got beyond that point, they had told him. But the desire to act was so strong within him, he felt that anything was worth trying. Experience was the thing he needed, and he was going to get it!

Timidly, he walked up to the casting director and asked for a job. Much to his surprise, he was told to report for work that very evening—wearing a tuxedo.

Kent was thrilled beyond words and dashed madly home to drag out his tuxedo. Smelling faintly of mothballs, Kent looked at himself in the mirror before he left for the studio. He was quite pleased with the reflection. The tuxedo looked pretty good, he thought, even if it was fifteen years old!

Filled with renewed confidence, he walked on the set, ready to go to work. He began to have qualms, however, when he looked about him at the mob of well-groomed, up-to-the-minute extras. He vaguely sensed that some of them seemed amused at something. Then came the

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realization that he was the object of their mirth—he and his fifteen-year-old tuxedo! Memories of high school days came crowding into his mind. Nothing would ever go right for him, he was convinced, and his shy soul shriveled inside him. He never knew how he got through that evening's work.

The casting director didn't forget him, however, and he began to receive calls more or less regularly for extra work. Finally, came the day of his "big break." He was called in to make a test. This couldn't be really happening to him! He arrived at the studio in fifteen minutes flat, made up and ready to shoot, and was sent promptly over to the test stage. Kent became more and more nervous as minutes passed and he sat waiting for the test to get under way. The director finally walked in.

"Mighty nice of you to come over," was his greeting to Kent, as he slapped him on the back. "Knew we could count on you in a pinch."

Slightly dazed, Kent stammered: "Well, it's mighty nice of you," he began.

A sudden flurry at the door of the stage interrupted.

"Miss Dodd, this is Mr. Taylor," he was introduced to a tall, stately blonde who had just arrived. "Mr. Taylor was nice enough to come over to help you make your test."

So that was it! He was merely helping someone make a test. Claire Dodd, who had just come out from New York. It wasn't for him at all. Kent's heart sank. Just another disappointment!

When the test was viewed in the projection room, however, the studio executives were immediately attracted to this pleasing young man, quite as much as to Claire Dodd. They were both given contracts!

The path of a young player, Kent soon discovered, was a rough one. Just because you had a contract in your pocket didn't mean you were a full-fledged actor, by any means. All the patience he possessed was called upon during the year that he was being coached for more important rôles—going from bit to bit—but never seeming to get anywhere.

Kent, as he had always been, was a hard worker. He had of necessity been schooled in the art of waiting—and being able to "take it." He had within himself the courage of his own convictions. He was still positive that some day he would get his chance to do something worth while.

This opportunity came, strangely enough, through no less a person than Mae West.

Mae was lining up the cast for "I'm No Angel," and after looking at tests of practically every young man in Hollywood, chose Kent for one of the important rôles in the picture. Never had he been so excited! The thought of working with the great West—the woman who had set the whole country talking just a few months before—was overwhelming.

This experience was the most valuable Kent had ever had. From the first day, Mae took a decided interest in this young man's ambitions. His seriousness about his career appealed to her and she went out of her way to give him the benefit of her years of training. No one person he had ever met helped him as much as Mae.

With renewed confidence, he went to see the preview of the picture. As he sat with the audience, watching his performance on the screen, he died a thousand deaths. He was, he thought, terrible. He would never be any good. He might as well forget this acting business and go back to selling awnings.

He went to the studio the next morning, determined to ask for a release from

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his contract. He went to his dressing-room and packed all his belongings. On his way to the executive offices, he saw Fredric March approaching. Kent's spirits sank lower than ever. He'd seen March at the preview the night before. He carefully avoided looking in March's direction.

"You're Kent Taylor, aren't you?" a voice called. And Kent realized that it was March speaking to him.

"Yes, I am, Mr. March," he quavered, getting red in the face.

"Well, I just wanted to congratulate you on your performance in 'I'm No Angel.' You did a swell job!"

Just one little pat on the back—but that was all he needed. His great idol—one of the finest actors on the screen—thought he was all right. Maybe he should give it another chance. He determined to stay and fight. And his very next picture was the leading juvenile rôle in "Death Takes A Holiday," in which March was starred.

From that time on, things began to come Kent's way. He had come to the attention of not only the Paramount executives, but those of other studios. He began to be loaned out.

Kent took a new lease on life. He decided to buy himself a house—the kind of modest bungalow he'd always dreamed of—with a yard big enough for the kind of

dog he'd always wanted. He spent days, searching for just the right furnishings—a piano, so he could keep up his singing lessons—a workshop in the garage, so he could tinker with things.

Then one day the dog came. It belonged to a friend, and had really just come for a visit. It was a setter—just the kind of dog Kent had always wanted. The dog became his pride and joy, and followed him wherever he went. Came the day when his owner returned from his vacation. The dog was taken away. Kent was completely lost. Of course he could get another dog. But he just liked that one. But the friend was forced to bring him back. The dog had refused to be comforted. He had become so attached to Kent, he was pining away! He is now an integral part of the Taylor ménage.

Kent is by no means satisfied with the small degree of success he has had. He admits he lacks confidence in himself, but doesn't know quite how to overcome this failing. He continues to study constantly, often standing by on the set, just watching, while other actors are working—learning.

And some one of these days, you'll pick up your morning paper and read: "Kent Taylor to be starred."

He can't lose!

Hands to Love

Continued from page 58



As an aid in keeping hands white, try lemon juice, just as Betty Furness does in this picture.

much to the beauty of her famous hands. Another excellent aid to hand beauty is classical dancing. It teaches you to express moods through your hands and to co-ordinate them with the rest of your body so that perfect poise comes naturally.

Hands to be loved should be pale, smooth, and soft to touch. Wintry weather makes this difficult, but far from impossible with the help hands creams and lotions afford. Busy hands need special care. If washing dishes and clothes fill part of your days, do use soap that is easy on your hands! And let modern soaking preparations take the place of the old-fashioned way of rubbing clothes clean. Then take a minute to rub a little cream or softening lotion into your hands after their work is done.

Most hands need more whitening than a soap and water washing will give them.

Cucumbers and the lowly lemon are renowned for their whitening effect on the skin. But you don't have to use them as Nature provides them. The best hand creams and lotions, besides being lubricating, contain lemon, cucumber, or other harmless bleaches to whiten your hands.

Here's a tip to business women: Wearing dark gloves, as so many of us do in Winter, makes it hard to keep hands clean without frequent washing. Have a hand lotion or cream handy in your desk and get in the habit of using it after each washing.

And now for manicures! Tip your pale hands off with beauty. We have it from one of the most fashionable manicure salons that there is a continued demand for deep nail polish shades and more of them. These deep polishes are harder to apply than the paler flesh tints, if you want the effect to be flawlessly smooth and smart. First outline the half moon with a single stroke of the brush across the nail. Then cover the rest of the nail with three or four strokes toward the tip. Your nails will look longer and your hands slenderer if you apply the polish right to the very tip of the nail or take off just enough to leave the slightest rim of white showing for contrast. The light polishes can be applied over the entire nail with a very smart effect, but the dark ones are difficult to get on this way without staining the cuticle. If you cover the entire nail, any excess polish around the cuticle should be removed with an orangewood stick. Just between us, this way of applying polish is grand for hiding any trace of dirt under the fingernails that you might pick up during the day.

Using two coats of polish for added lustre and increased wear is being done so generally that we wouldn't even mention it except that you can get such fascinating effects by applying two different shades. Here are some of the combinations: After a first coat of gold polish, apply Chinese or tomato red—for that Oriental effect. A coat of topaz may be followed by cyclamen or imperial red, (an alluring new deep red shade that reminds one of hangings in the palaces of kings).



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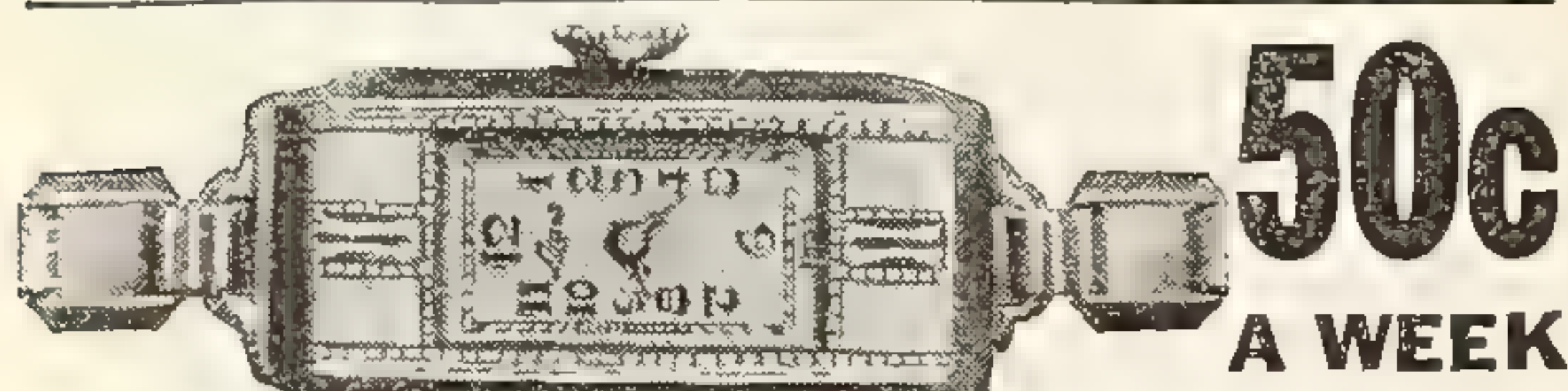
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The pearl finish polishes are having quite a vogue. They have a dull, moon-glow lustre altogether different from the shiny polishes. A pale, natural shade of pearl polish over a darker color gives your fingernails a luminous wrapped-in-cellophane look.

If you like to make the most of your fingernails and change the polish with your moods or gowns, you can do it with no harmful, drying effects by using an oily type of remover. Cuticle oil or cream will help keep your nails in good condition, too. It is better to apply this after the polish than directly before a manicure as it is apt to keep the enamel from adhering well.

There are nail tonic oils and creams which are excellent to prevent broken, split or brittle nails. And they soften rough, ragged cuticle, too. These can be used nightly, rubbed over the nails and around the edges, without having any effect on the polish.

Always finish off your manicure by treating your hands to a good hand cream or lotion. And if you are really serious about keeping your hands pale and lovable, do keep a hand cream or lotion where you can rub in a little after each washing.

More Reviews

Continued from page 8

Way Down East
20th Century-Fox

Just a reminder, in case you may have missed this stirring new version of the famous melodrama, to try to catch up with it if it comes your way, for it is good, honest, rousing entertainment—a bit on the "old school" side, perhaps, but nevertheless excellently done. Rochelle Hudson plays with fine sincerity the rôle enacted in silent days by Lillian Gish, while Henry Fonda is splendid in the old Dick Barthelmess part. The supporting cast couldn't be better. On the whole, here's much the best "modern" version of the old, old story of the girl who "wasn't done right by," but who nevertheless wins happiness finally.

La Maternelle
Metropolis

One of the finest pictures ever to come out of France, and one of the most touching ever to come from anywhere. The star, or rather two stars, are Madeleine Renaud, of the Comedie Francaise, and little Paulette Goddard, child actress of extraordinary naturalness. It is a very moving story about a young woman who becomes a maid at a day nursery and her unselfish love for these waifs. Worth going to see if you like tender drama.

Man of Iron
Warners

Drama in the machine shops featuring one of the best actors to come to the screen, Barton MacLane. But the play doesn't do right by MacLane's talent. It shows him as a shop foreman who is elevated to general manager, in which lofty position he goes swell-head and loses the faith his men have had in him. The iron-man turns to jelly, not convincingly either. Of course, wifey induces him to be a foreman again.

Your Uncle Dudley
20th Century-Fox

Made to order for Edward Everett Horton, a Mr. Milque-Toast sort of guy who finally has his innings and gets the girl,

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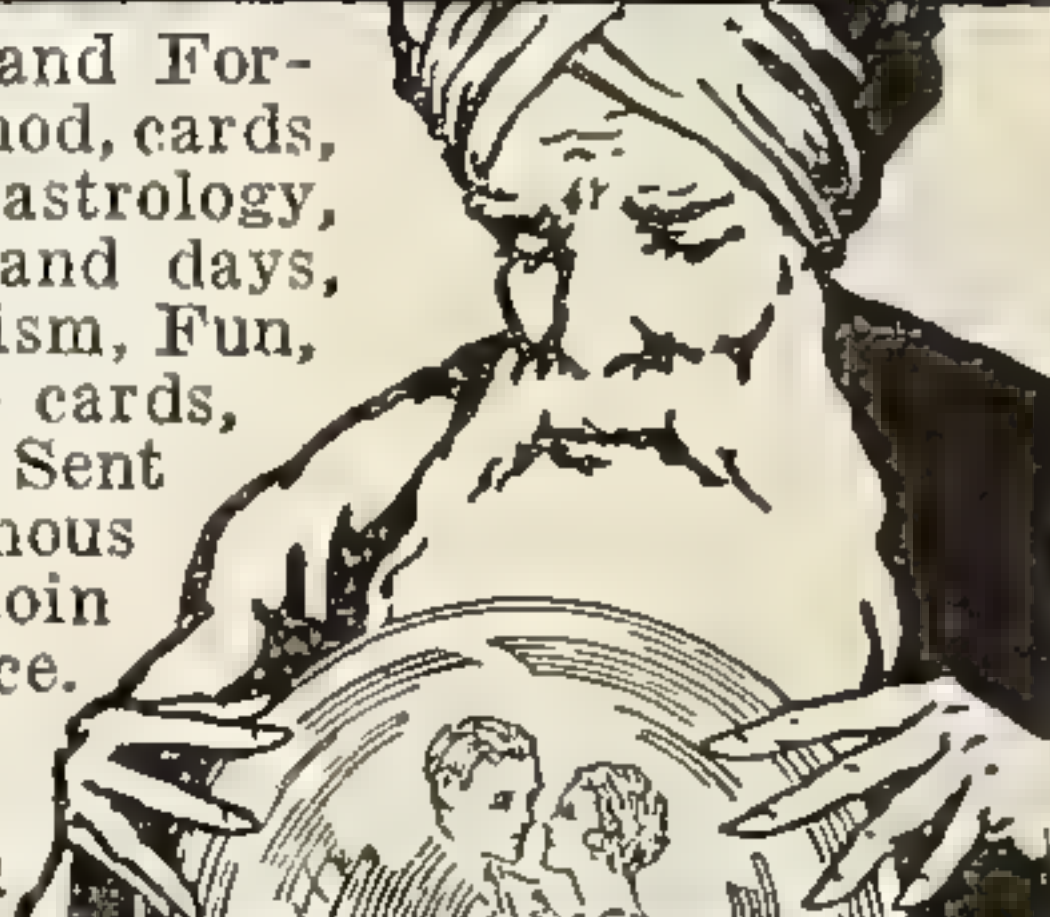
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Lois Wilson. The story concerns a music award which is won by Eddie's niece, an event which turns Eddie tough. This is a very neat and clean little offering, providing excellent entertainment for everybody, and it's a positive *must* for the Horton fans, who will vote it Eddie's best yet.

Forced Landing Republic

Mystery murder on a transatlantic airliner. Final score: two dead; one by murder, the culprit by suicide. It's a very involved plot to explain, but the formula is the usual gag of having a lot of suspects held for questioning about the killing of an ex-jailbird who knows where is hidden a huge ransom paid to kidnappers. Esther Ralston, Onslow Stevens, Sidney Blackmer, and Toby Wing are in the large cast.

One Way Ticket Columbia

A picture that will surprise you. Neither of the principals—Peggy Conklin and Lloyd Nolan—is well known in films, but you never saw more refreshingly natural performances. Peggy's father, Walter Connolly, is a prison official. Nolan is in jail on a sympathetic robbery charge, and there is a charming and delightful love story unfolded. The cast also offers Edith Fel-

lows, Brat No. 1, and Gloria Shea. Mighty appealing romance, very capably acted.

It Happened in Hollywood RKO-Radio

An intimate picture of Hollywood studio life runs into a gangster plot and moves along with plenty of interesting detail. Wallace Ford and Phyllis Brooks carry the romance, interesting Brian Dunlevy does the gangster, Erik Rhodes caricatures every assistant director alive, and Addison Randall shows a lot of promise as a western star. The plot has a gangster, whose face was lifted, being found as a screen star.

Ship Café Paramount

Carl Brisson comes into his own at last as a fine actor as well as a man with a voice. The picture starts him as a stoker who wins a shovel fight, very brawny, and the interest of a certain Countess, Mady Christians, who is slumming in the stokehold. Later he turns up as a singer in the "Ship Café." Another performer is Arline Judge, and it's love, but the tough little gal won't admit it. Countess reappears, lures Carl away with the promise of his own night-club; he runs out on the idea, and to sea again, but Arline catches him in time. William Frawley and Inez Courtney are a grand team in the café scene numbers.

Winners in SCREENLAND'S Freddie Bartholomew Contest

Following are the principal prize winners in the Freddie Bartholomew contest in the November, 1935 issue of SCREENLAND. All winners have been notified and their prizes forwarded to them. Names of the winners of the 100 autographed portraits of Freddie Bartholomew are on file at the offices of the publication and are open for inspection.

FIRST PRIZE: John M. Shields, 2814 North 19th St., Philadelphia, Pa.

SECOND PRIZE: Mrs. Ramona Carle Woodbury, Braintree, Mass.

6 THIRD PRIZES: Michael Basile, Long Island City, N. Y. Alan Kaufman, Brooklyn, N. Y. Aloysius McHugh, Appleton, Wis. Mrs. C. D. Palmer, Fort Wayne, Ind. Teddy Thompson, Amarillo, Tex. Thomas Moses, Dormont, Pa.

FOURTH PRIZE: Helen Dudley Young, Los Angeles, Calif.

FIFTH PRIZE: Catherine C. Schanz, Glen Ridge, N. J.

6 SIXTH PRIZES: William Bachmaier, Union City, N. J. Harry Smith, New York City, N. Y. Mrs. James H. Lynch, Portland, Ore. Donald Jackson, Pasadena, Calif. Carl Hyams, Penland, N. C. Walter N. Hamilton, N. Providence, R. I.

10 SEVENTH PRIZES: Harold Brady, Gretna, La. Mrs. L. J. Buchan, New Orleans, La. Robert Hill, Hornell, N. Y. Stanley M. Greenstein, Warren, O. Jimmy Randall, Minneapolis, Minn. James Callas, Jr., Lomita, Calif. Junior Beet, Howell, Mich. Junior Shaheen, Canton, O. Warren Gaillard, Dahlonega, Ga. Edward Aspenberg, Pleasantville, N. J.

3 EIGHTH PRIZES: John Dowdle, Chicago, Ill. Charles Mersich, San Francisco, Calif. Ivy Wentzell, Kew Gardens, N. Y.

12 NINTH PRIZES: David Dawson, Cortland, N. Y. Gus Rodeiguez, Jr., Santa Fe, New Mexico. Frederick Bird, Jr., Quincy, Mass. Pat Edwards, Charlottesville, Va. Manuel Mann, San Francisco, Calif. Alvin Dischler, Harlan, Ky. Francis Smith, Augusta, Ga. Patrick Urso, Chicago, Ill. Billy Davine, Troy, N. Y. Joseph Gabryelzyp, Milwaukee, Wis. Bernie B. Taylor, Parkersburg, W. Va. Mrs. Louise Devon, Philadelphia, Pa.

3 TENTH PRIZES: Mrs. Henry Edwin Wilcox, Alma, Nebr. Charles A. Stein, New York City. Mrs. James F. Victorin, Cicero, Ill.

12 ELEVENTH PRIZES: Freddie Santon, Mullens, W. Va. G. H. Prill, Jr., Spartanburg, S. C. Kenneth TeWalt, Waterloo, Ia. Vincent Hefner, Rochester, N. Y. Dick Falk, St. Louis, Mo. John Harker, Cortland, O. John Scott, Brooklyn, N. Y. Jack Corsale, Plainfield, N. J. Donald Jackson, Pasadena, Calif. Charles Alfortish, New Orleans, La. William Steger, Brooklyn, N. Y. Bennet Fairorth, Philadelphia, Pa.

3 TWELFTH PRIZES: William W. King, Jr.,

Charleston, S. C. Armand Salas, Beverly Hills, Calif. Roy Robert Smith, Denver, Colo.

10 THIRTEENTH PRIZES: Leonard Eckhardt, Bronx, N. Y. Bruce Cameron, Oak Mont, Pa. Leland Starnes, Rock Hill, S. C. Gilbert Peterson, Chattanooga, Tenn. Everett Tarlox, Wakefield, R. I. Harvey Wood, Detroit, Mich. Jim Whittet, Eagle Rock, Calif. James Krinsky, Chicago, Ill. Jerome Lindsey, Brookhaven, Ga. Harold D. McLauchlan, West Brighton, N. Y.

12 FOURTEENTH PRIZES: George S. Rowe, Johnson City, Tenn. Penny Weeks, Minneapolis, Minn. James Catravas, Astoria, L. I. Taras Yavaron, Boston, Mass. Donald Mullen, Springfield, Mass. A. Gilbert, Kew Gardens, N. Y. Vincent Beede, Orangeburg, N. Y. Harold Petee, Birmingham, Mich. A. E. Anell, Seattle, Wash. F. R. Moore, Detroit, Mich. Robert Kepford, Inglewood, Calif. Carl R. Greimel, Washington, D. C.

12 FIFTEENTH PRIZES: Normand Besets, Pawtucket, R. I. Thomas Mantooth, Tulsa, Okla. Eugene Vellela, Dunmore, Pa. Mrs. Jean L. Day, Terrell, Tex. Glenn F. Powers, Oklahoma, Okla. Bonnie McKoin, Monroe, La. Howard Arnold, Jr., San Francisco, Calif. Tommy Sessa, Hollywood, Calif. Dale Daugherty, West Sunbury, Penna. Steve Zenos, Binghamton, N. Y. Robert Pallakowski, Dearborn, Mich. Neil Lovett, Double Springs, Ala.

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After

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Sailor Randy Scott tells Harriet Hilliard she should be wherever he goes, in this scene. Wouldn't you like to know what Randy tells those society lovelies he's seen with so much after he doffs his studio make-up?

Here's Hollywood

By Weston East

Continued from page 65

LESLIE HOWARD wants to die at the end of "Petrified Forest," just as he did in the stage play. But the studio thinks maybe it is a little too harrowing, so they will make two endings. The preview audiences will decide whether Leslie can live or not. Gosh, that's putting it up to the public with a vengeance!

TWO studios received a positive "NO" from Ann Harding when they approached her for her daughter's signature to contracts. Ann remarked: "I think a normal childhood is a lot more important to Jane right now than money. I want her to live as nearly like other little girls as is possible for the daughter of a screen star. Before any career talk, she must have an education." A lot of other sensible mothers will applaud Ann's decision.

OF COURSE, if we were an old meany, we could name at least three girls who are sitting around waiting for Henry Fonda and Shirley Ross to have that final battle. So far they have declared an armistice on every one, and it looks as if the side-liners will have a long, long wait.

WELL, well, it looks as if little Isabel Jewell is back with us—to stay. Anyway, she just put dough on the line for a sixteen-acre avocado ranch just out of town, and said she expected to bring up every one of 'em by hand.

HELENE COSTELLO is giving a number of our most glamorous little starlets a run for their money, since her return to Hollywood. One night at the Trocadero with a producer, another with a director, the next night a popular leading man. Helene must know the answers.

AND so now Virginia Bruce deserts the long-haired ranks! That leaves only Ann Harding to carry the banner. Virginia will yield to the barber's shears for her new M-G-M picture, after debating the subject pro and con for many months. She told me it would save a great deal of time she now has to give up to the hair-dresser, and that almost any type of coiffure is now possible with short hair—and that she expects to feel very dashing, daring, and madcap with short hair for the first time in her life.

JOAN, Diane, and Melinda Markey, (mama's name was Bennett) are sitting for their portrait in a group, all wearing gowns of the exact design. Probably will be one of the loveliest paintings ever made of a family group.

CLARK GABLE returned to town from another "duck hunt"—and there is a reason for those quotes—and is dashing hither and yon in a very handsome new car. Mrs. Rhea Gable gave a very handsome dinner party on a recent evening, and one of the guests was a Mary Taylor. One of Clark's late rumored romances was with some one of the same name, and that ought to stymie *that*.

THE Glenda Farrell-Addison Randall romance is still piping hot, but somehow we have a sort of a feeling it will never reach the altar—put it down to intuition or what you like. The only way for Glenda to marry is to rush headlong to a church—and think about it later. If she thinks too long, she changes her mind.

PATSY KELLY was born after her parents emigrated to America from Ireland, but she has an older sister who remained in Ballinrobe, County Mayo. So the other day an old Hal Roach picture with Patsy in it was shown in the local theatre, and they advertised her as a "home-town girl"!

DOROTHY PARKER, that nimble wit, has all Hollywood studying up so they can compete in her games. She plays tough ones, those question-and-answer things about historical characters and what not. A lot of guests have given up and decided cards and backgammon are safer. Except Glenda Farrell, the die-hard. She's reading biographies a mile a minute. "I'd like to be an authority on *something*," she remarked to a book clerk. Grimly, we might add.



Binnie Barnes, who is a collector of antique jewelry, is proud of the rare old Italian amethyst set she is wearing in this close-up above.



Turn about's fair enough, says Ethel Merman as she puts a deft touch to the coiffure of Connie Conroy, her hair-dresser at the studio where the blues singer made a picture in which she appears with Bing Crosby.

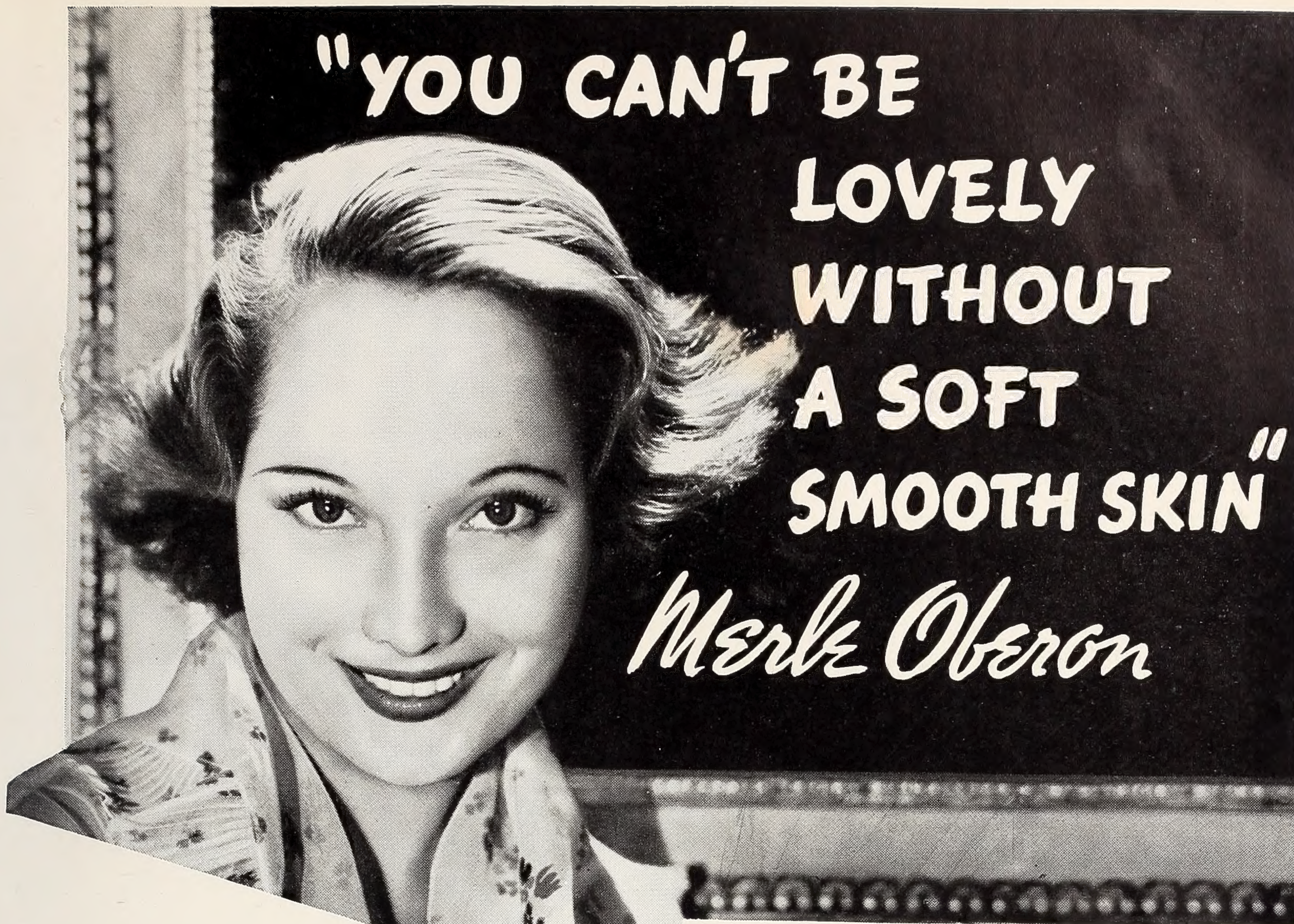
DID you know that Grant Mitchell, one of your favorite screen fathers, is a bachelor? He was a cavalry officer in the Spanish War, his father was a general in the Civil War, and his great-uncle was President Rutherford Hayes. With this background, you would expect him to play quite different rôles than the meek little spectacled papas he does, wouldn't you? However, the adventure in his life is supplied by a gold mine with which he shares his screen career.

ONE of the most novel bars in town was thought up by Binnie Barnes. Binnie has a horror of going in a store and buying ready-made the same things everybody else has. So she got herself a spread of corrugated iron, shaped it in a semi-circle, and applied several coats of white paint. With a maple top shaped to fit, and shelves below, she now has a stunning modern bar, with lots of room for the bartender to move around. Plus the fact that it didn't break her in the bank-account.

AT LUNCHEON time in the commissary, Ida Lupino goes around and checks with all the assistant directors to find which actors can leave the various sets by four o'clock. The ones who can come are invited to tea on her set, and thus she has a nice party every day.

ONE of the finest friendships in the village has sprung up between the celebrated author, Hugh Walpole and Jean Hersholt. They are ardent collectors of rare literary items, and have spent much time together happily hunting the house for Walpole to settle in for his present job of scenario writing in Hollywood. His first time here he accomplished "David Copperfield."

FREDRIC MARCH used to lose tobacco pouches all over the place, until he devised a swell scheme. He has a special pocket sewn in all his suits, lined with chamois. He carries a supply of "makin's" loose in this pocket, and saves a lot of wear and tear. We know girls who could profit by Freddie's example and have pockets fixed up for powder.



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Miss Dixon’s dinner dress is from Bergdorf Goodman

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